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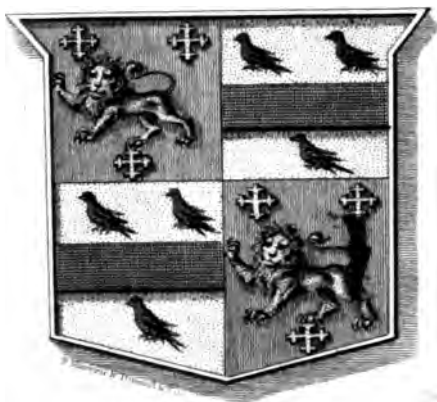
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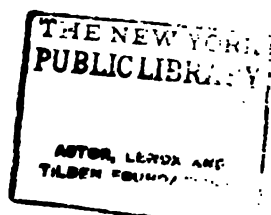
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THE
COMEDIES, HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES,
AND
POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

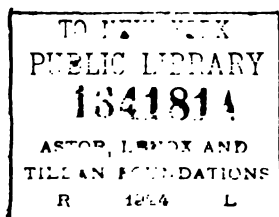
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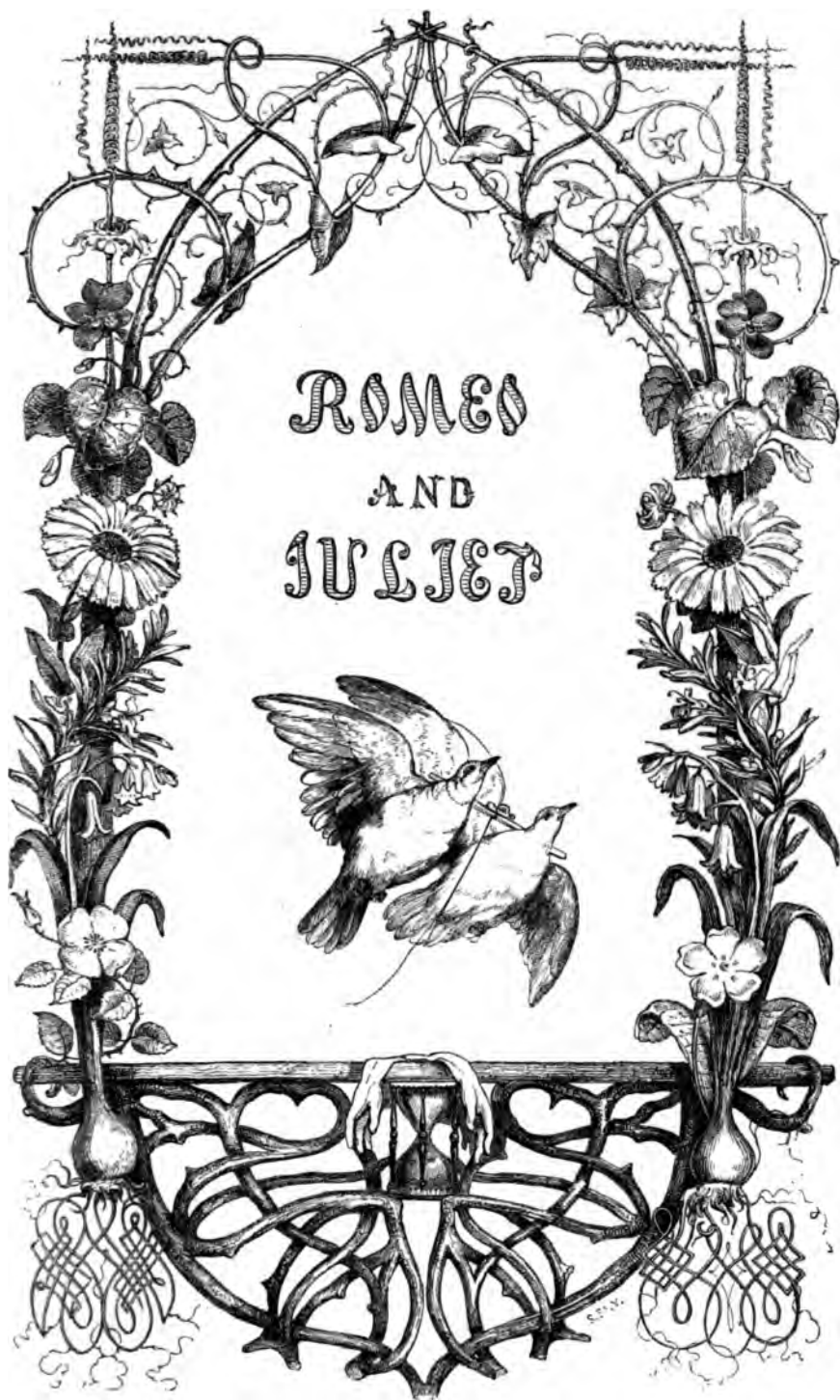
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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'ROMEO AND JULIET' was first printed in the year 1597. The second edition was printed in 1599. The title of that edition declares it to be "Newly corrected, augmented, and amended." There can be no doubt whatever that the corrections, augmentations, and emendations were those of the author. We know of nothing in literary history more curious or more instructive than the example of minute attention, as well as consummate skill, exhibited by Shakspeare in correcting, augmenting, and amending the first copy of this play.

"Of the truth of Juliet's story, they (the Veronese) seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love." Byron thus described the tomb of Juliet to his friend Moore, as he saw it at the close of autumn, when withered leaves had dropped into the decayed sarcophagus, and the vines that are trailed above it had been stripped of their fruit. His letter to Moore, in which this passage occurs, is dated the 7th November. But this wild and desolate garden only struck

Byron as appropriate to the *legend*—to that simple tale of fierce hatreds and fatal loves which tradition has still preserved, amongst those who may never have read Luigi da Porto or Bandello, the Italian romancers who give the tale, and who, perhaps, never heard the name of Shakspeare. To the legend only is the blighted place appropriate. For who that has ever been thoroughly imbued with the story of Juliet, as told by Shakspeare,—who that has heard his "glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul,"^a—who that, in our great poet's matchless delineation of Juliet's love, has perceived "whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose,"^b—who, indeed, that looks upon the tomb of the Juliet of Shakspeare, can see only a shapeless ruin amidst wildness and desolation?

"—— A grave? O, no, a lantern,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light."

In 'Romeo and Juliet' the principle of limiting the pathetic according to the degree in which it is calculated to produce emotions

^a A. W. Schlegel's 'Lectures.'

^b Ibid.

of pleasure, is interwoven with the whole structure and conduct of the play. The tragical part of the story, from the first scene to the last, is held in subjection to the beautiful. It is not only that the beautiful comes to the relief of the tragic, as in 'Lear' and 'Othello,' but here the tragic is only a mode of exhibiting the beautiful under its most striking aspects. Shakspeare never intended that the story of 'Romeo and Juliet' should lacerate the heart. When Mrs. Inchbald, therefore, said, in her preface to the acted play, "'Romeo and Juliet' is called a pathetic tragedy, but it is not so in reality—it charms the understanding and delights the imagination, without melting, though it touches the heart,"—she paid the highest compliment to Shakspeare's skill as an artist, for he had thoroughly worked out his own idea.

Coleridge has described the homogeneousness—the totality of interest—which is the great characteristic of this play, by one of those beautiful analogies which could only proceed from the pen of a true poet:—

"Whence arises the harmony that strikes us in the wildest natural landscapes,—in the relative shapes of rocks, the harmony of colours in the heaths, ferns, and lichens, the leaves of the beech and the oak, the stems and rich brown branches of the birch and other mountain trees, varying from verging autumn to returning spring,—compared with the visual effect from the greater number of artificial plantations?—From this, that the natural landscape is effected, as it were, by a single energy modified *ab intra* in each component part. And, as this is the particular excellence of the Shaksperian drama generally, so is it especially characteristic of the 'Romeo and Juliet.'"^a

Schlegel carried out the proofs of this assertion in an Essay on 'Romeo and Juliet';^b in which, to use his own words, he "went through the whole of the scenes in their order, and demonstrated the inward necessity

of each with reference to the whole; showed why such a particular circle of characters and relations was placed around the two lovers; explained the signification of the mirth here and there scattered; and justified the use of the occasional heightening given to the poetical colours."^a Schlegel wisely did this to exhibit what is more remarkable in Shakspeare than in any other poet, "the thorough formation of a work, even in its minutest part, according to a leading idea—the dominion of the animating spirit over all the means of execution."^b The general criticism of Schlegel upon 'Romeo and Juliet' is based upon a perfect comprehension of this great principle upon which Shakspeare worked. The following is the close of a celebrated passage upon 'Romeo and Juliet,' which has often been quoted;—but it is altogether so true and so beautiful, that we cannot resist the pleasure of circulating it still more widely:—

"Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem. But, even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly-bold declaration of love and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; then, amidst alternating storms of rapture and despair, to the death of the two lovers, who still appear enviable as their love survives them, and as by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power. The sweetest and the bitterest, love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fulness of life and self-annihilation, are all here brought close to each other; and all these contrasts are so blended in the harmonious and wonderful work into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind resembles a single but endless sigh."^c

^a 'Literary Remains,' vol. II. p. 150.
^b 'Charakteristiken und Kritiken.'

^a 'Lectures.'

^b Ibid.

^c Ibid.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

MONTAGUE, *head of a house, at variance with the house of Capulet.*
Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

CAPULET, *head of a house, at variance with the house of Montague.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

An old Man, uncle to Capulet.
Appears, Act I. sc. 5.

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the Prince and friend to Romeo.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1.

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*
Appears, Act II. sc. 3; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

FRIAR JOHN, *a Franciscan.*
Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

SAMPSON, *servant to Capulet.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

GREGORY, *servant to Capulet.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

ABRAM, *servant to Montague.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

An Apothecary.
Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

Three Musicians.
Appear, Act IV. sc. 5.

Chorus.
Appears, Act I.

Boy.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

Page to Paris.
Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

PETER.
Appears, Act II. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 5.

An Officer.
Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2.

LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 3.

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*
Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Nurse to Juliet.
Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE,—DURING THE GREATER PART OF THE PLAY, IN VERONA; ONCE (IN THE FIFTH ACT) AT MANTUA.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 Where civil blood makes civil hands un-
 clean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
 Do, with their death, bury their parents'
 strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd
 love,
 And the continuance of their parents'
 rage,
 Which, but their children's end, nought
 could remove,
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
 The which if you with patient ears attend,
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive
 to mend.



[Verona.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

SAM. Gregory, o' my word, we 'll not carry coals¹.

GRE. No, for then we should be colliers.

SAM. I mean, if we be in choler, we 'll draw.

GRE. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

SAM. I strike quickly, being moved. •

GRE. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAM. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GRE. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand^a; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

SAM. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GRE. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

^a The first quarto of 1597, which we mark as (A), "Stand to it."

SAM. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GRE. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

SAM. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel^a with the maids, and cut off their heads.

GRE. The heads of the maids?

SAM. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

GRE. They must take it sense^b, that feel it.

SAM. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GRE. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John^c. Draw thy tool; here comes^d of the house of the Montagues².

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

SAM. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

GRE. How? turn thy back, and run?

SAM. Fear me not.

GRE. No, marry: I fear thee!

SAM. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GRE. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

SAM. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them³; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAM. I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAM. Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?

GRE. No.

SAM. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

GRE. Do you quarrel, sir?

ABR. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

SAM. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

ABR. No better.

SAM. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

GRE. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAM. Yes, better.

ABR. You lie.

^a *Cruel*, in the undated quarto, which we mark as (*D*). In the folio, *civil*.

^b (*A*), in sense.

^c *Poor John*—hake, dried and salted.

^d (*A*), two of the house.

SAM. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow^a.

[*They fight.*]

BEN. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do.

[*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

TYB. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BEN. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYB. What, draw^a, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward.

[*They fight.*]

Enter several partisans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

1 CIT. Clubs, bills, and partisans^b! strike! beat them down! Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and LADY CAPULET.

CAP. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

LA. CAP. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

CAP. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

MON. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

LA. MON. Thou shalt not stir a foot^b to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.

PRIN. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins!

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil broils^c, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;

And made Verona's ancient citizens

^a The quarto of 1609, which we mark as (C), *drawn*.

^b (C), *one foot*.

^c (C), *brawls*.

Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate :
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away :
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther^a pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE and Attendants ; CAPULET, LADY CAPULET,

TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.

MON. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?—

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began ?

BEN. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach :
 I drew to part them ; in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LA. MON. O, where is Romeo ?—saw you him to-day ?

Right glad am I^b, he was not at this fray.

BEN. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore^c,
 That westward rooteth from this city's side,
 So early walking did I see your son :
 Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood :
 I, measuring his affections by my own,—
 That most are busied when they are most alone^c,—
 Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,

^a So (A). The folio and (C), *father's*.

^b (A), *I am*.

^c So (A). The folio and (C) have

" By my own,

Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
 Being one too many by my weary self,
 Pursued my humour."

And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

MON. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the farthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself;
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night^a :
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BEN. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

MON. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

BEN. Have you importun'd him by any means ?

MON. Both by myself, and many others, friends :

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun^b.
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

BEN. See, where he comes : So please you, step aside ;
 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MON. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
 To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let 's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]

BEN. Good morrow, cousin.

ROM. Is the day so young ?

BEN. But new struck nine.

ROM. Ah me ! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast ?

BEN. It was :—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours ?

^a The first ten beautiful lines of Montague's speech are not in the original quarto; neither is Benvolio's question, "Have you importun'd him?" nor the answer. We find them in (*B*), the quarto of 1599.

^b The folio and (*C*) read *same*. Theobald gave us *sun*; and we could scarcely wish to restore the old reading, even if the probability of a typographical error, *same* for *sunne*, were not so obvious.

ROM. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BEN. In love?

ROM. Out—

BEN. Of love?

ROM. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BEN. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROM. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first created^a!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

BEN. No, coz, I rather weep.

ROM. Good heart, at what?

BEN. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROM. Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made^b with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving^c tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

[Going.]

BEN. Soft, I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROM. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BEN. Tell me in sadness, who is that^d you love.

ROM. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

BEN. Groan? why, no;

^a (A), *create*. The modern editors have adopted this: but it introduces, improperly, a couplet amidst the blank-verse.

^b (A), *rais'd*.

^d (A), *whom she is*.

^c (A), *raging with a lover's tears*.

But sadly tell me, who.

ROM. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will^a:—

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BEN. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

ROM. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I love.

BEN. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROM. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd^b.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor open her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store^c.

BEN. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

ROM. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BEN. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

ROM. O teach me how I should forget to think.

BEN. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

ROM. 'T is the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:

These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair^d;

He that is stricken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

BEN. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a So (A). The folio and (C), *A sick man in sadness makes.*

^b So (A). The folio and (C), *uncharm'd.*

^c The scene ends here in (A); and the three first lines in the next scene are also wanting. (B) has them.

SCENE II.—*A Street.**Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

- CAP. And ^a Montague is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.
- PAR. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
 And pity 't is, you liv'd at odds so long.
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
- CAP. But saying o'er what I have said before:
 My child is yet a stranger in the world,
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
 Let two more summers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
- PAR. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
- CAP. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
 Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth^b:
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent^c is but a part;
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast^d,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; and you, among the store,
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
 At my poor house, look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars^d, that make dark heaven light:
 Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel

^a So (*D*). The folio omits *And*.^b *Lady of my earth*. *Fille de terre* being the French phrase for an heiress, Steevens tells that Capulet speaks of Juliet in this sense; but Shakspeare uses *earth* for the mortal part, the 146th Sonnet,—

“Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth;”

and in this play,—

“Turn back, dull earth.”

^c *My will to her consent*. In proportion to, or with reference to, her consent.^d *Earth-treading stars*, &c. Warburton calls this line nonsense, and would read,—“Earth-treading stars that make dark *even* light.”

Monck Mason would read,—

“Earth-treading stars that make dark, heaven's light;”

that is, stars that make the light of heaven appear dark in comparison with them. It appears unnecessary to alter the original reading, and especially as passages in the masquerade would seem to indicate that the banqueting-room opened into a garden—as,

“Her beauty hangs upon the *cheek of night*.”

Of limping winter treads¹⁰, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
 Which on more^a view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
 Whose names are written there [*gives a paper*] and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.

SERV. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

BEN. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
 Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
 Take thou some new infection to the eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROM. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that¹¹.

BEN. For what, I pray thee?

ROM. For your broken shin.

BEN. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROM. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good e'en, good fellow.

SERV. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

ROM. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERV. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:

But I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROM. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

SERV. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

ROM. Stay, fellow: I can read.

[*Reads.*

"Signor Martino, and his wife and daughter; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signor Placentio, and his lovely nieces: Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signor Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena."

^a So the folio and (C), with the exception of *one* for *on*. (A), *Such, amongst view of many.*

A fair assembly [*gives back the note*]; Whither should they come?

SERV. Up.

ROM. Whither to supper^a?

SERV. To our house.

ROM. Whose house?

SERV. My master's.

ROM. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

SERV. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet;
and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup
of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

BEN. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROM. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

BEN. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales^b, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

ROM. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

LA. CAP. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

NURSE. Now by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, ladybird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

JUL. How now, who calls?

^a So all the early editions. Theobald gives "*To supper*" to the Servant.

^b *Scales*—used as a singular noun.

NURSE.

Your mother.

JUL.

Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

LA. CAP. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter 's of a pretty age.

NURSE. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LA. CAP. She 's not fourteen.

NURSE.

I 'll lay fourteen of my teeth,

And yet, to my teen^a be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen.—How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

LA. CAP.

A fortnight, and odd days.

NURSE. ^b Even or odd, of all days in the year,

Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years¹²;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain^c:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man!—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?

^a *Teen*—sorrow.

^b The speeches of the Nurse, from hence, are given as prose in all the early editions. Capell had the great merit of first printing them as verse; and not "erroneously," as Boswell appears to think, for there is not in all Shakspeare a passage in which the rhythm is more happily characteristic.

^c *Bear a brain*—have a memory—a common expression.

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
 Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—Ay:
 To see now, how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it; Wilt thou not, Jule? quoth he:
 And, pretty fool, it stinted^a, and said—Ay.

LA. CAP. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

NURSE. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,
 To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay:
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
 A parlous^b knock; and it cried bitterly.
 Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
 Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—Ay.

JUL. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

NURSE. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
 An I might live to see thee married once,
 I have my wish.

LA. CAP. Marry, that marry is the very theme
 I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your disposition to be married?

JUL. It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE. An honour^c! were not I thine only nurse,
 I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

LA. CAP. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
 Are made already mothers: by my count,
 I was a mother much upon these years
 That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,

^a *It stinted*—it stopped. Thus Gascoigne,—

“Then stinted she as if her song were done.”

To *stint* is used in an active signification for to *stop*. Thus in those fine lines in ‘Titus Andronicus,’ which it is difficult to believe any other than Shakspeare wrote,—

“The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
 He can at pleasure *stint* their melody.”

What a picture of a despot in his intervals of self-satisfying forbearance!

^b *Parlous*. A corruption of the word *perilous*, which word is given in the folio. The *p* of the earlier copies is more in the Nurse's manner.

^c So (A). The folio and (C) have *hour*, both in Juliet's and the Nurse's speeches.

As all the world—Why, he 's a man of wax.

LA. CAP. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE. Nay, he 's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

LA. CAP. *What say you ? can you love the gentleman ?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face¹³,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;

Examine every several ^b lineament,

And see how one another lends content ;

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

Find written in the margin of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover :

The fish lives in the sea ; and 't is much pride,

For fair without the fair within to hide :

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;

So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE. No less ? nay, bigger ; women grow by men.

LA. CAP. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

JUL. I 'll look to like, if looking liking move :

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity.

I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

LA. CAP. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with Five or Six Maskers, Torchbearers, and others.

ROM. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse ;

Or shall we on without apology ?

BEN. The date is out of such prolixity :

* The next seventeen lines are wanting in (A).

^b (B), *married* ; which reading has been adopted by Steevens and Malone, in preference to *several* in the folio and (C).

We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf¹⁴,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
 Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our entrance^a:

But, let them measure us by what they will,
 We'll measure them a measure¹⁵, and be gone.

ROM. Give me a torch¹⁶,—I am not for this ambling;
 Being but heavy I will bear the light.

MER. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROM. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
 With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

MER. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
 And soar with them above a common bound.

ROM. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
 To soar with his light feathers; and to bound^b—
 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
 Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

MER. And, to sink in it, should you burthen love:
 Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROM. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
 Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

MER. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
 Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
 Give me a case to put my visage in:

[Putting on a mask.

A visor for a visor!—what care I,
 What curious eye doth quote^c deformities?
 Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

BEN. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
 But every man betake him to his legs.

ROM. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
 Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels¹⁷;
 For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
 I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
 The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

MER. Tut! dun's the mouse¹⁸, the constable's own word:
 If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
 Of this, sir reverence¹⁹, love^d, wherein thou stick'st
 Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

ROM. Nay, that's not so.

^a These two lines in (A) are omitted in the subsequent old editions.

^b To bound, in folio; so bound, in (C).

^c Quote—observe.

^d Thus (A).

MER. I mean, sir, in delay
 We waste our lights in vain, lights, lights, by day^a.
 Take our good meaning ; for our judgment sits
 Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.
 ROM. And we mean well in going to this mask ;
 But 't is no wit to go.

MER. Why, may one ask ?

ROM. I dreamt a dream to-night.

MER. And so did I.

ROM. Well, what was yours ?

MER. That dreamers often lie.

ROM. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

MER. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman^b,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies^c
 Athwart^d men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 Her traces of the smallest spider's web ;
 Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams ;
 Her whip of cricket's bone ; the lash of film :
 Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid^e :
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit^f :
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice :

^a (A), like lamps, by day.

^b (A), burgomaster.

^c (A), atomy.

^d Thus (A). (C) and folio, over.

^e (A), maid ; folio and (C), man,—clearly an error in the latter.

^f A suit. A court solicitation was called a suit;—a process, a suit at law.

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ears; at which he starts, and wakes;
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 That plats the manes of horses in the night²⁰;
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This is she²¹—

ROM. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace,
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

MER. True, I talk of dreams,
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy:
 Which is as thin of substance as the air;
 And more inconstant than the wind who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face^a to the dew-dropping south.

BEN. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROM. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
 Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail^b!—On, lusty gentlemen.

BEN. Strike drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 SERV. Where 's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher!
 he scrape a trencher!

^a Thus (A). (C) and the folio, *side*.

^b Thus (A). (C) and the folio, *suit*.

2 SERV. When good manners shall lie all^a in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is a foul thing.

1 SERV. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court cupboard²², look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane^b; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 SERV. Ay, boy; ready.

1 SERV. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 SERV. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. *[They retire behind.]*

Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests, and the Maskers.

CAP. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes

Unplagued with corns, will have a bout^c with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen^d! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls. *[Music plays, and they dance.]*

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet^e;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is 't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2 CAP. By 'r lady, thirty years.

1 CAP. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so much:

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 CAP. 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

^a Thus (C). Folio omits *all*.

^b *Marchpane*. A kind of sweet cake or biscuit, sometimes called almond-cake. Our maccarons are diminutive marchpanes.

^c Thus (A). (C) and folio, *walk about*.

^d This passage, to "More light, ye knaves," is wanting in (A).

^e *Good cousin Capulet*. The word cousin, in Shakspeare, was applied to any collateral relation of whatever degree: thus we have in this play "Tybalt, my cousin, Oh my brother's child." Richard III. calls his nephew York, cousin, while the boy calls Richard, uncle. In the same play York's grandmother calls him cousin, while he replies grandam.

1 CAP. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROM. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

SERV. I know not, sir.

ROM. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Her beauty hangs^a upon the cheek of night

As^b a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed^c my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYB. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—

Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What? dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 CAP. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

TYB. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;

A villain, that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 CAP. Young Romeo is 't?

TYB. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

1 CAP. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,

He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:

I would not for the wealth of all the town,

Here in my house, do him disparagement:

Therefore be patient, take no note of him,

^a *Her beauty hangs.* All the ancient editions which can be considered authorities—the four quartos and the first folio—read *It seems she hangs*. The reading of *her beauty* is from the second folio. Why then, it may be asked, do we depart from our usual principle, and reject an undoubted ancient reading? Because the reading which we give has become familiar,—has passed into common use wherever our language is spoken,—is quoted in books as frequently as any of the other passages of Shakspeare which constantly present themselves as examples of his exquisite power of description. Here, it appears to us, is a higher law to be observed than that of adherence to the ancient copies. It is the same with the celebrated passage,

“Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.”

All the ancient copies read *the same*. We believe this to be a misprint; but, even if that could not be alleged, we should feel ourselves justified in retaining *the sun*. Such instances, of course, present but very rare exceptions to a general rule.

^b (A), *Like*.

^c So (C) and folio. (A), *happy*.

It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYB. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 CAP. He shall be endur'd.

What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop*! you'll be the man!

TYB. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

1 CAP. Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy:—Is't so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath^b you;—I know what.
You must contrary^c me!—marry, 't is time—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princex^d; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light.—For shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

TYB. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

ROM. If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin^e is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JUL. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROM. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JUL. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROM. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JUL. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROM. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine^f my sin is purg'd.

[Exit.
To JULIET.

[Kissing her.

* *Set cock-a-hoop*. The origin of this phrase, which appears always to be used in the sense of hasty and violent excess, is very doubtful. The received opinion is, that on some festive occasions the cock, or spigot, was taken out of the barrel and laid on the hoop, and that the uninterrupted flow of the ale naturally led to intemperance.

^b *To scath*—to injure.

^c *Contrary*. Sir Philip Sidney, and many other old writers, use this as a verb.

^d *Princex*—coxcomb.

^e So all the old copies. Warburton changed *sin* to *fine*.

^f (A), yours.

JUL. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROM. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

JUL. You kiss by the book.

NURSE. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROM. What is her mother?

NURSE. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

ROM. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

BEN. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

ROM. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 CAP. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards*.

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah [To 2 CAP.], by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

JUL. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

NURSE. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JUL. What's he, that now is going out of door?

NURSE. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

JUL. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

NURSE. I know not.

JUL. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

The only son of your great enemy.

JUL. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE. What's this? What's this?

JUL. A rhyme I learn'd even now

Of one I danc'd withal.

[*One calls within "Juliet."*]

NURSE. Anon, anon:—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Towards—ready; at hand.

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved anywhere:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[Exit.]





ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

BEN. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

MER. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

BEN. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

MER. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.

Cry but—Ah me! pronounce^a but love and dove;
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Abraham^b Cupid, he that shot so trim,
 When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid²³.—
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not
 The ape^c is dead, and I must conjure him.—
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BEN. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MER. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
 That were some spite: my invocation
 Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

BEN. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
 To be consorted with the humorous^d night:
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MER. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone^e.—

^a (A) has *pronounce*; the subsequent quartos and the first folio, *provaunt*; the second folio *couple*, which has become the received reading of *couple*. Steevens desired to retain *provaunt*, to provide, from the noun *provaunt*, provision.

^b All the old copies have "Abraham." Upton changed it to "Adam," which all the modern editors have adopted, supposing the allusion, "he that shot so trim," was to the Adam Bell of the old ballad, to whom Shakspeare has also alluded in 'Much Ado about Nothing': "He that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam." But the word "trim," which is the reading of the first quarto (the subsequent editions giving us "*true*"), is distinctly derived from 'The Ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid':—

"The blinded boy, that shoots so trim,
 From heaven down did hie,
 He drew a dart, and shot at him,
 In place where he did lie."

With all submission to the opinion of Percy, who adopts the reading of Upton, we think that the change of Abraham into Adam was uncalled for. *Abraham* conveys another idea than that of Cupid's archery, which is strongly enough conveyed. The "Abraham" Cupid is the cheat—the "Abraham man"—of our old statutes.

^c *The ape*—an expression of kindly familiarity, applied to a young man.

^d *Humorous*—dewy, vapourous.

^e There are two lines here omitted in the text of Steevens's edition, which Malone has restored to the text. The lines are gross,—but the grossness is obscure, and, if it were understood, could scarcely be called corrupting. We do not print the two lines of Shakspeare, for they can only in-

Romeo, good night :—I'll to my truckle-bed²⁴;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :
 Come, shall we go?

BEN. Go, then ; for 't is in vain
 To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*]

But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks !
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she :
 Be not her maid^a, since she is envious ;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.—
 It is my lady : O, it is my love :
 O, that she knew she were !—
 She speaks, yet she says nothing ; What of that ?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
 I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks :
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

terest the verbal critic. But we distinctly record their omission. As far as we have been able to trace—and we have gone through the old editions with an especial reference to this matter—these two lines constitute the *only* passage in the original editions which has been omitted by modern editors.

^a Be not a votary to Diana,—the

“ Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,”

of Ben Jonson's beautiful hymn.

That I might touch that cheek !

JUL. Ah me !

ROM. She speaks :—

O speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing^a clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JUL. O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name ;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ?

[*Aside.*

JUL. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy ;—
Thou art thyself though^b, not a Montague.
What's Montague ? it is nor hand nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name^c !
What's in a name ? that which we call a rose,
By any other name^d would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title :—Romeo, doff thy name ;
And for thy^e name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROM. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JUL. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel ?

ROM. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am ;
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written I would tear the word.

JUL. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering^f, yet I know the sound ;

^a So (A). The folio and (C), *puffing*.

^b Juliet places his personal qualities in opposition to what she thought evil of his family.

^c There is a confusion in the folio and (C), which Malone here appears to have put right, by making out a line with the aid of (A). The folio omits "O, be some other name."

^d So (A). The folio and (C), *word*.

^e So (C) and folio. (A), *that*.

^f The folio and (C), *thy tongue's uttering* ; (A), *that tongue's utterance*.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

ROM. Neither, fair maid^a, if either thee dislike^b.

JUL. How cam'st thou hither, tell me ? and wherefore ?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb ;

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROM. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls ;

For stony limits cannot hold love out :

And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop^c to me.

JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROM. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

JUL. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes^d ;

And, but thou love me^e, let them find me here :

My life were better ended by their hate,

Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

ROM. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire ;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would^f adventure for such merchandise.

JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face ;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke. But farewell compliments !

Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—Ay ;

And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :

Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;

And therefore thou mayst think my behaviour light :

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

^a In (A), *saint*.

^b *Dislike*—displease.

^c In (A), *le*

^d In (A), *sight*.

^e *But thou love me*—so thou do but love me.

^f So (A). In folio and (C), *should*.

^g *Farewell compliment*—farewell respect for forms.

Than those that have more cunning^a to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear^b,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

JUL. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROM. What shall I swear by ?

JUL. Do not swear at all ;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

ROM. If my heart's dear love—

JUL. Well, do not swear²⁵ : although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night :
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night !
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast !

ROM. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

ROM. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :

And yet I would it were to give again.

ROM. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what purpose, love ?

JUL. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have :

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within ; Dear love, adieu !

Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Nurse calls within.

[Exit.

ROM. O blessed, blessed night ! I am afeard,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
 Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

^a So (A). In folio and (C), *coying*.

^b So (A). In folio and (C), *vow*.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

JUL. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
 If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE. [*Within.*] Madam.

JUL. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
 I do beseech thee—

NURSE. [*Within.*] Madam.

JUL. By and by, I come:—

To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief:

To-morrow will I send.

ROM. So thrive my soul,—

JUL. A thousand times good night!

[*Exit.*]

ROM. A thousand times the worse to want thy light—

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring slowly.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

JUL. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
 To lure this tassel-gentle back again²⁶!
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
 With repetition of my Romeo^a.

ROM. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears!

JUL. Romeo.

ROM. My—

NURSE. [*Within.*] Madam.

JUL. What o'clock to-morrow^b

^a In (A), my Romeo's name.

^b This passage is ordinarily printed thus:—

JUL. Romeo.

ROM. My sweet.

JUL. At what o'clock to-morrow—

My sweet was substituted by the editor of the second folio for *My neece*, which is the reading of the first folio, and of the second and third quartos. In the first quarto we have *Madam*, which Malone adopts. But in the first quarto there is no interruption at all by the Nurse; whilst, in the second quarto, she has twice before used the word *Madam*;—and, consequently, the poet, in his amended copy, avoided the use by Romeo of a title which had just been used by the Nurse. We believe that the word *niece* is altogether a mistake—that the word *Nurse* was written, as denoting a third interruption by her—and that *Madam*, the use of which was the form of the in-

Shall I send to thee?

ROM. By the hour of nine.

JUL. I will not fail; 't is twenty years till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROM. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JUL. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

ROM. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

JUL. 'T is almost morning, I would have thee gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird;

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,

And with a silk thread plucks it back again,

So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROM. I would I were thy bird.

JUL. Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,

That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

[Exit.

ROM. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close^a cell;

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell^b.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket.

FRI. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;

And flecked^c darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path, and 'Titau's fiery wheels^d:

terruption, was omitted accidentally, or was supposed to be implied by the word *Nurse*. As we have printed the passage the metre is correct; and it is to be observed that, in the second quarto and the subsequent copies, at before "what o'clock," which was in the first quarto, is omitted, showing that a word of two syllables was wanted after *my* when *at* was rejected. Zachary Jackson, instead of *niece*, would read *novice*.

^a (A), "ghostly father's cell."

^b The arrangement of the dialogue stands thus in the quarto (A); and such is the disposition of the parts on the stage. But in the folio, and the quarto (C), Romeo, after Juliet's "Good night," exclaims, "Parting is such sweet sorrow," &c., to which Juliet responds, "Sleep dwell upon thine eyes," &c. Romeo then closes the scene with "Would I were sleep," &c.

^c *Flecked*—dappled.

^d So (A). It is remarkable that in the folio and (C) these four lines, with a slight alteration, are also introduced before the two last lines of *Romeo's* previous speech. It appears to us that

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that 's nature's mother, is her tomb²⁷;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find:
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different^a.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this weak^b flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings^c encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will;
 And, where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. Good morrow, father!

FRI. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

the poet was making experiments upon the margin of the first copy of the change of a word or so, and, leaving the MS. upon the page, without obliterating the original passage, it came to be inserted twice. The lines, as given to Romeo, stand thus in the quarto of 1609, and in the folio:—

“The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
 And darkness fleckel'd, like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels.”

^a Six lines, ending with this line, are not in (A).

^b In (A), *small*.

^c In (A), *foes*. In the other ancient editions, *kings*. Opposed *foes* has not the propriety of opposed *kings*—a thoroughly Shakspearean phrase.

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'ature,
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROM. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

FRI. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

ROM. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

FRI. That 's my good son : but where hast thou been then ?

ROM. I 'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That 's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies²⁸ ;
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRI. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROM. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage : When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I 'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRI. Holy saint Francis ! what a change is here !

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there 's no strength in men.

ROM. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRI. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROM. And bad'st me bury love.

FRI. Not in a grave
To lay one in, another out to have.

ROM. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love, allow;
The other did not so.

FRI. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

ROM. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

FRI. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

MER. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—

Came he not home to-night?

BEN. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

MER. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

BEN. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MER. A challenge, on my life.

BEN. Romeo will answer it.

MER. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

BEN. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

MER. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black
eye! run^a thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin^b of his heart cleft
with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BEN. Why, what is Tybalt?

MER. More than prince of cats^c, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous
captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song^d, keeps time,
distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third
in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist^e; a

^a *Run.* This is the reading of the folio and (C). *Shot* in (A).

^b The centre of the target, where the pin fastened the clout.

^c Tybert is the name given to the cat in the story of 'Reynard the Fox.'

^d *Prick-song*—music pricked, or noted, down, so as to read according to rule; in contradistinction to music learnt by the ear, or sung from memory.

gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the puncto reverso! the hay!

BEN. The what?

MER. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashionmongers, these *pardon-mes*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

BEN. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MER. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbè, a grey eye or so*, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROM. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MER. The slip, sir, the slip³⁰; Can you not conceive?

ROM. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

MER. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROM. Meaning—to court'sy.

MER. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROM. A most courteous exposition.

MER. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROM. Pink for flower.

MER. Right.

ROM. Why, then is my pump well flowered³¹.

MER. Sure wit³². Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

ROM. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

MER. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint³³.

ROM. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

MER. Nay, if our wits ran the wild-geese chase³⁴, I am done; for thou hast more

* The grey eye—the blue eye—was the most beautiful. In the 'Venus and Adonis,' Venus says, "Mine eyes are grey."

³⁰ The pump was the shoe. We retain the word. The ribbons in the pump were shaped as flowers.

³¹ In (A), *Well said*.

³² *Faint* in folio and (C). In (A), *fail*.

of the wild-geese in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five :
Was I with you there for the goose ?

ROM. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the
goose.

MER. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROM. Nay, good goose, bite not.

MER. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting^a ; it is a most sharp sauce.

ROM. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose ?

MER. O, here's a wit of cheverel^b that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell
broad !

ROM. I stretch it out for that word—broad : which added to the goose, proves
thee far and wide a broad goose.

MER. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love²² ? now art thou
sociable, now art thou Romeo ; now art thou what thou art, by art as well
as by nature : for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling
up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BEN. Stop there, stop there.

MER. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BEN. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MER. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short : for I was come to the
whole depth of my tale : and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no
longer.

ROM. Here's goodly gear !

Enter NURSE and PETER.

MER. A sail, a sail, a sail !

BEN. Two, two ; a shirt, and a smock.

NURSE. Peter !

PET. Anon ?

NURSE. My fan, Peter³³.

MER. Good Peter, to hide her face ; for her fan's the fairer face.

NURSE. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MER. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE. Is it good den³⁴ ?

MER. 'T is no less, I tell you ; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the
prick of noon.

NURSE. Out upon you ! what a man are you ?

ROM. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

NURSE. By my troth, it is well said ;—For himself to mar, quoth'a ?—Gentle-
men, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo ?

ROM. I can tell you ; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him ;
than he was when you sought him : I am the youngest of that name, for
'fault of a worse.

^a The name of an apple.

^b Kid leather ; from *chevreuil*—a roebuck.

NURSE. You say well.

MER. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely

NURSE. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

BEN. She will indict him to some supper.

MER. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

ROM. What hast thou found?

MER. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

ROM. I will follow you.

MER. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

NURSE. Marry, farewell*!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant³⁵ was this, that was so full of his ropery?

ROM. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

NURSE. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

PET. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

NURSE. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROM. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

NURSE. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROM. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

* In the folio and (C) the Nurse does not return a contemptuous farewell. This is the reading of (A).

NURSE. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take, it is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROM. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell

Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

NURSE. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

ROM. Go to; I say, you shall.

NURSE. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

ROM. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair:

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

ROM. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

NURSE. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

ROM. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

NURSE. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord!—when 't was a little prating thing,—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varshal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

ROM. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

NURSE. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog²⁶. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it²⁷.

ROM. Commend me to thy lady.

[Exit.

NURSE. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

PET. Anon?

NURSE. Before, and apace.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

JUL. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

²⁶ All this dialogue, from "Commend me to thy mistress," is not in (A).

Perchance, she cannot meet him ;—that 's not so,—
O, she is lame ! love's heralds should be thoughts*,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hilla :
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love³⁷,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings. .
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey ; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come,
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She 'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me :
But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God, she comes !—O honey nurse, what news ?
Hast thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

NURSE. Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit PETER.]

JUL. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord ! why look'st thou sad ?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily ;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE. I am aweary, give me leave a while ;—

Fie, how my bones ache ! What a jaunt have I had !

JUL. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news :

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE. Jesu, what haste ? can you not stay a while ?

Do you not see that I am out of breath ?

JUL. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath ?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad ? answer to that ;

Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance :

Let me be satisfied, Is 't good or bad ?

NURSE. Well you have made a simple choice ; you know not how to choose a man : Romeo ! no, not he ; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare : He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I 'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench ; serve God.—What, have you dined at home ?

* In (A), Juliet's soliloquy ends here.

JUL. No, no: But all this did I know before;

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

NURSE. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

JUL. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE. Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

JUL. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:

“Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?”

NURSE. O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JUL. Here's such a coil,—Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

JUL. I have.

NURSE. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

JUL. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.**

FRI. So smile the Heavens upon this holy act

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

ROM. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

* This scene was entirely re-written, after the first copy.

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRI. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume : The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady ;—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bstride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

JUL. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRI. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JUL. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

ROM. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JUL. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

FRI. Come, come, with me, and we will make short work ;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

BEN. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MER. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

BEN. Am I like such a fellow?

MER. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BEN. And what to?

MER. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a

man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BEN. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MER. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others.

BEN. By my head, here come the Capulets.

MER. By my heel, I care not.

TYB. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

MER. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

TYB. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

MER. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYB. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

MER. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels! an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here 's my fiddlestick; here 's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

BEN. We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place,

Or reason coldly of your grievances,

Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

MER. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

TYB. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

MER. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship in that sense, may call him—man.

TYB. Romeo, the love* I bear thee can afford

No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

ROM. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;

Therefore, farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

* (A), hate.

TYB. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn, and draw.

ROM. I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;
But love^a thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

MER. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !

Alla stoccata^b carries it away.

[*Draws.*]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

TYB. What wouldst thou have with me ?

MER. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher^c by the ears ? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYB. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*]

ROM. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MER. Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*]

ROM. Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage ;

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold Tybalt—good Mercutio^d—

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*]

MER. I am hurt.—

A plague o' both the houses !—I am sped :

Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

BEN. What, art thou hurt ?

MER. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 't is enough.—

Where is my page ?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

ROM. Courage, man : the hurt cannot be much.

MER. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door ; but 't is enough, 't will serve : ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses !—What, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic !—Why the devil came you between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

ROM. I thought all for the best.

MER. Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses,

They have made worm's meat of me :

I have it, and soundly too :—Your houses. [*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENV.*]

^a Love. So (C) ; the folio, *lov'd*.

^b *Alla stoccata*—the Italian term of art for the thrust with a rapier.

^c Scabbard.

^d We have restored the metrical arrangement of the preceding five lines, from (C) and the folio.

ROM. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
 My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
 In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
 With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
 Hath been my cousin^a.—O sweet Juliet,
 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
 And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

BEN. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
 That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
 Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROM. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
 This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

BEN. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROM. Alive^b! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
 Away to heaven, respective lenity,
 And fire-eyed^c fury be my conduct now!—
 Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again,
 That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 Staying for thine to keep him company;
 Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

TYB. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
 Shalt with him hence.

ROM. This shall determine that. [*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

BEN. Romeo, away, be gone!
 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
 Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
 If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

ROM. Oh! I am fortune's fool!

BEN. Why dost thou stay! [*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 CIT. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BEN. There lies that Tybalt.

1 CIT. Up, sir, go with me;

I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

^a (A), *kinsman*.

^b So (A); (C) and folio, *he gone*.

^c *Fire-eyed*. So (A); the folio and (C) have *fire and fury*.

Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and others.

PRIN. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BEN. O noble prince, I can discover all

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LA. CAP. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince,—O cousin,—husband^a,—the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

PRIN. Benvolio, who began this fray?

BEN. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice^b the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LA. CAP. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false^c, he speaks not true:

^a So (C) and folio; (D), "*unhappy sight, ah me,*" and in that copy, "O cousin, cousin!" in the third line beyond, is omitted. All the modern editors, in this and in other passages, have adopted the arbitrary course of *making up a text* out of the first quarto and the quarto of 1599, without regard to the important circumstance that this later edition was "newly corrected, augmented, and amended,"—and that the folio, in nearly every essential particular, follows it.

^b Slight.

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life :
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRIN. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

MON. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

PRIN. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hate's^a proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence his body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter JULIET.

JUL. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging^b ; such a waggoner
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately^c.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
That runaways^d eyes may wink ; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !—

^a (A), *hates* ; (C), *hearts*.

^b (A), *mansion*.

^c Juliet's soliloquy ends here in the first quarto.

^d The common reading, which is that of all the old copies, is
" That *runawayes'* eyes may weep."

This passage has been a perpetual source of contention to the commentators. Their difficulties are well represented by Warburton's question—"What runaways are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopped?" Warburton says *Phœbus* is the runaway. Steevens proves that *Night* is the runaway. Douce thinks that *Juliet* is the runaway. It has been suggested to us that in several early poems Cupid is styled *Runaway*. Monck Mason is confident that the passage ought to be, "That *Renomy's* eyes may wink," *Renomy* being a new personage, created out of the French *Renommée*, and answering, we suppose, to the "Rumour" of Spenser. An unlearned compositor, Zachary Jackson, suggests that *runaways* is a misprint for *unawares*. The word *unawares*, in the old orthography, is *unawayres* (it is so spelt in 'The Third Part of Henry VI. '), and the *r*, having been misplaced, produced this word of puzzle, *runawayes*. Mr. Collier adopts this reading. But

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties : or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
 Hood my unmann'd^a blood bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown bold,
 Think true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night !—Come, Romeo ! come, thou day in night !
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—
 Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it ; and, though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd : so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter NURSE, with cords.

And she brings news ; and every tongue, that speaks
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
 Now, nurse, what news ? What hast thou there ? the cords
 That Romeo bade thee fetch ?

NURSE. Ay, ay, the cords. *[Throws them down.]*

JUL. Ah me ! what news ! why dost thou wring thy hands ?

NURSE. Ah well-a-day ! he 's dead, he 's dead, he 's dead !

Mr. Dyce objects : " That *ways* (the last syllable of run-aways) ought to be *Day's*, I feel next to certain ; but what word originally preceded it I do not pretend to determine.

rude } *Day's* eyes may wink.
soon }

Compare Macbeth :

' Come, sealing *night*,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful *day*.'

There is much force in this objection. One more conjecture : *change a letter* ; and put a comma instead of the genitive s :—

" Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
 That *sun* away, eyes may wink, and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and *unseen*."

^a *Unmann'd*—a term of falconry. To man a hawk is to accustom her to the falconer who trains her.

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!—

JUL. Can Heaven be so envious?

NURSE. Romeo can,
Though Heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Whoever would have thought it?—Romeo!

JUL. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I**,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

NURSE. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—

God save the mark³⁹!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.

JUL. O break, my heart!—poor bankrout^b, break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

NURSE. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JUL. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughtered; and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest^c cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;

Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

JUL. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

JUL. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravelling lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

* It is here necessary to retain the old spelling of the affirmative particle *I* (ay).

^b *Bankrout*. We restore the old poetical *bankrout*, in preference to the modern *bankrupt*.

^c (*A*), *dear lov'd*.

A damned * saint, an honourable villain !—
 O, nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?—
 Was ever book containing such vile matter
 So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace !

NURSE. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all nought, all dissemblers.—
 Ah, where's my man ? give me some *aqua vita* :—
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo !

JUL. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;
 For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

NURSE. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin ?

JUL. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three hours' wife, have mangled it ?—
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband :
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;
 And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband :
 All this is comfort : Wherefore weep I then ?
 Some word there was worser than Tybalt's death.
 That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;
 But, O ! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
 "Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished ;"
 That—"banished," that one word—"banished,"
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there :
 Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
 Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd ?

* Thus (D); (C), *dimme*.

But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banished,"—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead :—"Romeo is banished,"—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death ; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

NURSE. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :
Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

JUL. Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords :—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I ; for Romeo is exil'd :
He made you for a highway to my bed ;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cord ; come, nurse ; I 'll to my wedding-bed ;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

NURSE. Hie to your chamber : I 'll find Romeo
To comfort you :—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night ;
I 'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

JUL. O find him ! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

FRI. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful man ;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

ROM. Father, what news ? what is the prince's doom ?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

FRI. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company :
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROM. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom ?

FRI. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROM. Ha ! banishment ? be merciful, say—death.

For exile hath more terror in his look,

Much more than death : do not say—banishment.

FRI. Here * from Verona art thou banished :

* (A), Hence.

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROM. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death :—then banished
Is death mis-term'd. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

FRI. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROM. 'T is torture, and not mercy : Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
But Romeo may not, he is banished ^a.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death !
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me ; banished ?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it : How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banished ?

FRI. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak ^b.

ROM. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

^a In the quartos (B) and (C) the passage runs thus:—

“ This may flies do, when I from this must fly ;—
(And say'st thou yet that exile is not death)—
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly,
They are free men, but I am banished.”

The folio omits the two last lines, which are a mere repetition of a conceit previously uttered. But we transpose the line, “ But Romeo may not,” &c., as Steevens did.

^b Thus (D).

FRI. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

ROM. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;

It helps not, it prevails not,—talk no more.

FRI. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROM. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRI. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROM. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

FRI. Arise ; one knocks ; good Romeo, hide thyself.

[Knocking within.

ROM. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[Knocking.

FRI. Hark, how they knock !—Who's there?—Romeo, arise ;

Thou wilt be taken :—Stay a while ;—stand up ;

[Knocking.

Run to my study :—By and by :—God's will !

What simpleness^a is this !—I come, I come.

[Knocking.

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's your will ?

NURSE. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand ;

I come from lady Juliet.

FRI.

Welcome then.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,

Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo ?

FRI. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE. O, he is even in my mistress' case,

Just in her case !

FRI. O woeful sympathy !

Piteous predicament !

NURSE. Even so lies she,

Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing :—

Stand up, stand up ; stand, an you be a man :

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;

Why should you fall into so deep an O ?

^a (A), wilfulness.

ROM. Nurse!

NURSE. Ah, sir! ah, sir!—Well, death's the end of all.

ROM. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth not she think me an old murderher,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

NURSE. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

ROM. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

[*Draws his sword.*]

FRI. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
And ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives*,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which would bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,

* (A) reads—

“ And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee.

Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask ^a,
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy ^a:
 The law, that threaten'd death, became thy friend,
 And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy:
 A pack of blessing lights upon thy back;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a misbehav'd ^b and sullen wench,
 Thou puttest up ^c thy fortune and thy love:
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
 But, look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
 Romeo is coming.

NURSE. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night,
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROM. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[Exit NURSE.]

ROM. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

FRI. Go hence: Good night; and here stands all your state;

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day, disguis'd, from hence;
 Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you, that chances here:
 Give me thy hand; 't is late: farewell; good night.

^a (A), which modern editors have followed, gives "happy too."

^b Thus (A); the folio, *mis-shaped*.

^c *Puttest up*. So the folio; (D) reads *puts* thy fortune, which modern editors have adopted, with the addition of *upon*. Is to *put up* used as to *put aside*?

ROM. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee :
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

CAP. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter :
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I ;—Well ; we were born to die.—
'T is very late, she 'll not come down to-night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PAR. These times of woe afford no time to woo ;
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

LA. CAP. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;
To-night she 's mew'd * up to her heaviness.

CAP. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But soft ; What day is this ?

PAR. Monday, my lord.

CAP. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl :—
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We 'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

PAR. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

CAP. Well, get you gone :—O' Thursday be it then :—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !

* Another term of falconry. The *mew* is the hawk's cage.

Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by :—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Loggia to Juliet's Chamber*⁴¹.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

JUL. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day :

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree⁴² :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROM. It was the lark, the herald of the morn⁴³,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's tops ;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JUL. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I :

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torchbearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

ROM. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death :

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay than will to go ;—
Come, death, and welcome !—Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

JUL. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division^{*} ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !

^{*} *Sweet division.* A division in music is a number of quick notes sung to one syllable; a kind of warbling. This continued to prevail in vocal music till rather recently. Handel, governed by custom rather than by his own better taste, introduces divisions in many of his airs and choruses. Steevens, in his note on this word, mistakes the meaning entirely.

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day^a.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROM. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE. Madam!

JUL. Nurse?

NURSE. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit NURSE.*

JUL. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROM. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*

JUL. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ay—husband, friend^a!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROM. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JUL. O, thinkest thou we shall ever meet again?

ROM. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come

JUL. O God! I have an ill-divining soul^a;

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low^b,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROM. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit ROMEO.*

JUL. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

LA. CAP. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

JUL. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LA. CAP. Why, how now, Juliet?

JUL. Madam, I am not well.

LA. CAP. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:

^a (A) reads, "my love, my lord, my friend," which has supplied the modern text.

^b (A), below.

Therefore, have done : some grief shows much of love ;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JUL. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LA. CAP. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

JUL. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LA. CAP. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JUL. What villain, madam ?

LA. CAP. That same villain, Romeo.

JUL. Villain and he be many miles asunder.

God pardon him ! I do, with all my heart ;

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

LA. CAP. That is, because the traitor lives.

JUL. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death !

LA. CAP. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not :
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram^a,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

JUL. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead—
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd :
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it ;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

LA. CAP. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JUL. And joy comes well in such a needy^b time :
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

LA. CAP. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child ;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

JUL. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

^a We have again a made-up text in modern editions. (A) (the other lines being different) has,
" That shall bestow on him so sure a draught."

^b (A), *needful*.

LA. CAP. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride!

JUL. Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride!
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

LA. CAP. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

CAP. When the sun sets, the earth^a doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

LA. CAP. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

CAP. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JUL. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love^b.

CAP. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not^c;—

^a (D) gives us *air*, which the modern editors have followed.

^b *Meant love*—meant as love.

^c (C) has this line, which is not in the folio:—

“And yet not proud;—Mistress, minion, you.”

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
 But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
 To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
 You tallow-face!

LA. CAP. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

UL. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
 Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

JAP. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
 I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
 Or never after look me in the face:
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
 My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
 That God had lent^a us but this only child;
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her:
 Out on her, hilding!

NURSE. God in heaven bless her!—
 You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

JAP. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
 Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

NURSE. I speak no treason.

JAP. O, God ye good den!

NURSE. May not one speak?

JAP. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
 For here we need it not.

LA. CAP. You are too hot.

JAP. God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
 Alone, in company^b, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd; and having now provided
 A gentleman of noble parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd^c,
 Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's heart would wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

^a (A), *sent*.

^b Thus (C) and folio. (A), which has been partially followed, has—

“God's blessed mother! Wife, it mads me.
 Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
 Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
 Still my care hath been to see her match'd.”

^c (A) gives *train'd*; (C) and folio, *allied*.

To answer—"I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
 I am too young, I pray you, pardon me;"—
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
 Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
 Trust to 't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.]

JUL. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LA. CAP. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit.]

JUL. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack, that Heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE. 'Faith, here it is: Romeo
 Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
 As living here and you no use of him.

JUL. Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE. From my soul too;
 Or else beshrew them both.

JUL.

Amen!

NURSE.

What?

JUL. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

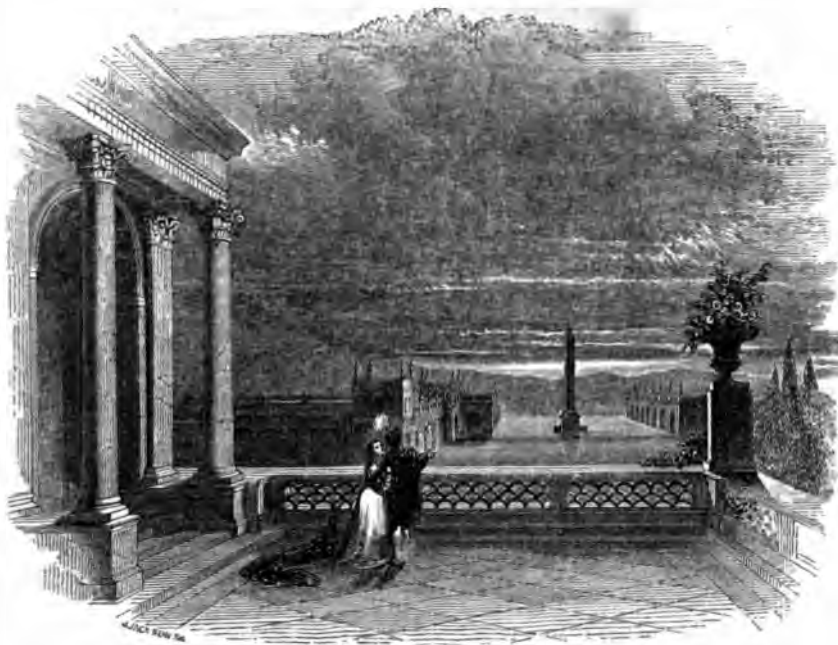
NURSE. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.

JUL. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[Exit.





ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

FRI. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

PAR. My father Capulet will have it so :

And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste*.

FRI. You say, you do not know the lady's mind ;

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

PAR. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love :

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,

* In (A) the passage is

“ And I am nothing slack to slow his haste.”

Jackson conjectures that the *to* of all the editions should be *too*. But the meaning is obvious as it stands:—

“ I am nothing slow, (so as) to slack his haste.”

That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRI. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

[*Aside.*

Enter JULIET.

PAR. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

JUL. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PAR. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

JUL. What must be shall be.

FRI. That's a certain text.

PAR. Come you to make confession to this father?

JUL. To answer that, I should confess to you.

PAR. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

JUL. I will confess to you, that I love him.

PAR. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

JUL. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PAR. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

JUL. The tears have got small victory by that;

For it was bad enough, before their spite.

PAR. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

JUL. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PAR. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

JUL. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRI. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PAR. God shield I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:

Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit PARIS.*

JUL. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me: Past hope, past care, past help!

FRI. O Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

JUL. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
 Do thou but call my resolution wise,
 And with this knife I'll help it presently.
 God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
 Shall be the label to another deed,
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time*,
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRI. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If, rather than to marry county Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JUL. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder^b tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud^c;
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRI. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
 To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,

* Nine lines, ending with this, are not in (A).

^b In (A), *yonder*; in (C) and folio, *any*.

^c In (D), *shroud*; in folio, *grave*.

And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease^a.
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly^b ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then (as the manner of our country is)
 In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier^c,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie^c.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking^d, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JUL. Give me, give me! O tell not me of fear.

FRI. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JUL. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
 Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

* (A) gives this passage thus:—

"A dull and heavy slumber, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat."

We give the text of (C) and the folio. This speech of the Friar, in the author's "amended" edition (B), is elaborated from thirteen lines to thirty-three; and yet the modern editors have been bold enough, even here, to give us a text made up of Shakspeare's first thoughts and his last.

^b In (D), *paly*; in (C), *many*.

^c In all the ancient copies we have the passage thus:

"In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,
 Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault."

We omit the superfluous line, unwilling as we are to depart from the original.

^d And he and I will watch thy waking, is omitted in the folio, but is found in (C).

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.**Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and Servants.*

CAP. So many guests invite as here are writ.— [Exit Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks⁴⁷.

2 SERV. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

CAP. How canst thou try them so?

2 SERV. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

CAP. Go, begone.—

[Exit Servant.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

NURSE. Ay, forsooth.

CAP. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

NURSE. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAP. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

JUL. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

CAP. Send for the county; go tell him of this;

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JUL. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;

And gave him what becomed^a love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAP. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well,—stand up:

This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county;

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

JUL. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

LA CAP. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

CAP. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.

[Exit JULIET and NURSE.

LA. CAP. We shall be short in our provision;

^a *Becomed*—becoming.

'T is now near night.

CAP. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

JUL. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the Heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LA. CAP. What, are you busy, ho? Need you * my help?

JUL. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

LA. CAP. Good night.
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE.]

JUL. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning^b?

* (A), *Do you need my help?*

^b This speech of Juliet, like many others of the great passages throughout the play, received the most careful elaboration and the most minute touching. In the first edition it occupies only

No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there.— [*Laying down a dagger.*
 What if it be a poison, which the friar
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to Romeo ?
 I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man :
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me ? there 's a fearful point !
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,—
 As in a vault ^{as}, an ancient receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—
 Alack, alack ! is it not like, that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells ;

eighteen lines ; it extends to forty-five in the "amended" edition of 1599. And yet the modern editors will make a patchwork of the two. This line in (A) is thus :—

"Must I of force be married to the county?"

The line which follows lower down—

"I will not entertain so bad a thought"—

Steevens says he has *recovered* from the quarto. We print the eighteen lines of the original, that the reader may see with what consummate skill the author's corrections have been made :—

"Farewell, God knows when we shall meet again.

Ah, I do take a fearful thing in hand.

What if this potion should not work at all,

Must I of force be married to the county?

This shall forbid it. Knife, lie thou there.

What if the friar should give me this drink

To poison me, for fear I should disclose

Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,

He is a holy and religious man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought.

What if I should be stifled in the tomb?

Awake an hour before the appointed time:

Ah, then I fear I shall be lunatic:

And playing with my dead forefathers' bones,

Dash out my frantic brains. Methinks I see

My cousin Tybalt weltering in his blood,

Seeking for Romeo: Stay, Tybalt, stay.

Romeo, I come, this do I drink to thee."

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad ;—
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point :—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—
 Romeo, Romeo, Romeo !—I drink to thee *. *[She throws herself on the bed.*

SCENE IV.—Capulet's Hall.

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

LA. CAP. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.
 NURSE. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

CAP. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd.
 The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock :—
 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :
 Spare not for cost.

NURSE. Go, you cot-quean, go,
 Get you to bed ; 'faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
 For this night's watching.

CAP. No, not a whit ; What! I have watch'd ere now
 All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

LA. CAP. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time ;
 But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

CAP. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !— Now, fellow,
 What's there?

* The ordinary reading is that of (A):

"Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee." ●

In the subsequent quartos, and the folio, we have,

"Romeo, Romeo, Romeo !—here 's drink—I drink to thee."

We think with Mr. Dyce that "here 's drink" was the stage direction of *here drink*. We do not adopt the first reading, because "I come" would seem to imply that Romeo was dead, and Juliet was about to join him in another world.

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets ⁴⁰.

1 SERV. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

CAP. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 SERV.]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 SERV. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter.

[*Exit.*]

CAP. Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,

Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good father, 't is day:

The county will be here with music straight,

[*Music within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.*

Enter NURSE.

NURSE. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb!—Why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweetheart!—why, bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I must needs wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—

Some *aqua vitae*, ho!—my lord! my lady!

• *Enter* LADY CAPULET.

LA. CAP. What noise is here?

NURSE.

O lamentable day!

LA. CAP. What is the matter?

NURSE.

Look, look! O heavy day!

LA. CAP. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

CAP. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
NURSE. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!
LA. CAP. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
CAP. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field^a.

NURSE. O lamentable day!

LA. CAP. O woeful time!

CAP. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

FRI. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAP. Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife:—There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life-leaving, all is death's.

PAR. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

LA. CAP. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

NURSE. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

^a In the original we want these four exquisite lines. And yet the modern editors have thrust in the single line which they found in (A):—

“Accursed time, unfortunate old man.”

The scene, from the entrance of Capulet, is elaborated from forty-four lines, in the original, to seventy-four lines.

PAR. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain !

Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown !—

O love ! O life ! not life, but love in death !

CAP. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd !—

Uncomfortable time ! why cam'st thou now

To murder, murder, our solemnity ?—

O child ! O child !—my soul, and not my child !—

Dead art thou !—alack ! my child is dead !

And, with my child, my joys are buried !

FRI. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid ; now Heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid :

Your part in her you could not keep from death ;

But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion ;

For 't was your heaven, she should be advanc'd :

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well :

She's not well married that lives married long ;

But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church :

For though some * nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAP. All things that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral :

Our instruments to melancholy bells ;

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast ;

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

FRI. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—

And go, sir Paris ;—every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave.

The Heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill ;

Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, and FRIAR.

* *Some nature.* *Fond* nature has been introduced into the text from the second folio. The difficulty of *some* is not manifest. *Some nature*—some impulses of nature—some part of our nature. The idea may have suggested the "some natural tears" of Milton.

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

NURSE. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[Exit NURSE.]

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

PET. Musicians, O, musicians⁵⁰, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease;"

O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

1 Mus. Why "Heart's ease?"

PET. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—"My heart is full!" O, play me some merry dump^a, to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we; 't is no time to play now.

PET. You will not then?

Mus. No.

PET. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

PET. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

PET. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I 'll *re* you, I 'll *fa* you^b; Do you note me?

1 Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

PET. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound^c;

Why, silver sound? why, music with her silver sound?

What say you, Simon Catling^d?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PET. Pretty^e! What say you, Hugh Rebeck^f?

2 Mus. I say—silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

PET. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

PET. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—music with her silver sound, because musicians have no gold for sounding^g:—

^a *Dump*. See 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act III., Scene 2, *note*. The exclamation "O, play me," &c., is not in the folio.

^b *I 'll re you, I 'll fa you*. *Re* and *fa* are the syllables, or names, given in solmisation, or sol-faing to the sounds *D* and *F* in the musical scale.

^c See Illustrations to this Act.

^d *Catling*—a lute-string.

^e (*C*), *pratest*.

^f *Rebeck*—the three-stringed violin.

^g In (*A*) we have "*such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding*;" and then the servant calls them "*fiddlers*." It is interesting to mark the change in the corrected copy. Shakspeare would not put offensive words to the skilled in music, even into the mouth of a clownish servant.

Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit, singing.*

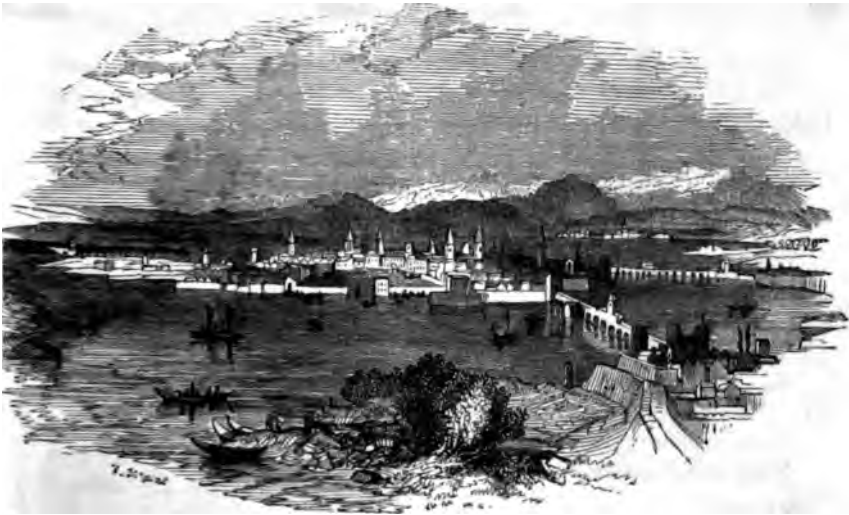
1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same !

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack ! Come, we'll in here : tarry for the mourners, and
stay dinner.

[*Exeunt.*



[Verona.]



[Mantua.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua⁵¹. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. If I may trust the flattering truth^a of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead ;
(Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona !—How now, Balthasar ?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?

^a (A), eye. This word has been retained by the modern editors. But it is not difficult to see the growth of that philosophical spirit in Shakspeare which suggested the substitution of the word "truth," which opens to the mind a deep volume of metaphysical inquiry.

How doth my lady^a Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BAL. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROM. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—

Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

BAL. I do beseech you, sir, have patience^b.

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROM. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

BAL. No, my good lord.

ROM. No matter: get thee gone

And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary³²,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,

Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said—

An if a man did need a poison now,

[Exit BALTHASAR.]

^a (A), *How fares my Juliet?*

^b The first quarto has

“Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus.”

But then all the remaining dialogue in the early play differs from the amended text of the author, and the changes show his accurate judgment. For example—

“Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?”—

that most important repetition—is omitted in the original play. Are we not to trust to this judgment?

Whose sale is present death in Mantua^a,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need ;
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house :
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
 What, ho ! apothecary^a !

Enter Apothecary.

AP. Who calls so loud ?
 ROM. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor ;
 Hold, there is forty ducats ; let me have
 A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
 As violently as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
 AP. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
 Is death to any he that utters them.
 ROM. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back^b.
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law ;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
 AP. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

^a We are tempted once more to trespass upon our limited space by giving the speech descriptive of the Apothecary, from the first edition. The studies in poetical art, which Shakspeare's corrections of himself supply, are amongst the most instructive in the whole compass of literature:—

“ Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
 Let's see for means. As I do remember,
 Here dwells a pothecary whom oft I noted
 As I pass'd by, whose needy shop is stuff'd
 With beggarly accounts of empty boxes:
 And in the same an alligator hangs,
 Old ends of packthread, and cakes of roses,
 Are thinly strewed to make up a show.
 Him as I noted, thus with myself I thought:
 An if a man should need a poison now
 (Whose present sale is death in Mantua),
 Here might he buy it. This thought of mine
 Did but forerun my need: and hereabout he dwells.
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
 What, ho ! apothecary ! come forth I say.”

^b Steevens again ! who has “ recovered” from the first quarto the line in our common texts,
 “ Upon thy back hangs ragged misery.”

ROM. I pray* thy poverty, and not thy will.

AP. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

ROM. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

JOHN. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

LAU. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

JOHN. Going to find a barefoot brother out^a,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him,—the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

LAU. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

JOHN. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee;
So fearful were they of infection.

LAU. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice^b, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

JOHN. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*]

LAU. Now must I to the monument alone;

* (A), *pay*; (C) and folio, *pray*.

^b *Nice*—trivial.

Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
 She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
 Hath had no notice of these accidents ;
 But I will write again to Mantua,
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
 Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Churchyard ; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page bearing flowers and a torch.

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy : Hence, and stand aloof :—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
 Under yon yew-trees^a lay thee all along,
 Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
 So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread
 (Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
 But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE. I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

PAR. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal-bed I strew :

O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,
 Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
 Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans ;
 The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
 Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep^b.
 The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
 To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rite ?
 What, with a torch !—muffle me, night, awhile.

[*The Boy whistles.*][*Retires.*]

^a This passage is different in (*A*) ; but an "ew" tree is mentioned. In (*C*) we have *young-trees*—perhaps a typographical error ; but it occurs again.

^b The six lines which Paris here speaks are those of the quarto of 1599, and of the folio. Pope manufactured a passage from both quarto editions, and Steevens and Malone restored that of the elder quarto. The first copy is thus :—

"Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed ;
 Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
 The perfect model of eternity ;
 Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
 Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
 That living honour'd ~~thee~~, and, being dead,
 With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb."

Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock, &c.

ROM. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light : Upon thy life I charge thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :

But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use

In dear employment : therefore hence, be gone :—

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,

By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :

The time and my intents are savage-wild ;

More fierce, and more inexorable far,

Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

BAL. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

ROM. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that :

Live and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

BAL. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[Retires.]

ROM. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,

Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

PAR. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,

That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,

It is supposed the fair creature died,—

And here is come to do some villainous shame

To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.—

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.

[Advances.]

Can vengeance be pursued further than death ?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :

Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

ROM. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,

Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;

Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,

Put* not another sin upon my head,

* (A), *Heap*.

By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !
 By Heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
 For I come hither arm'd against myself :
 Stay not, be gone ;—live, and hereafter say—
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

PAR. I do defy thy conjurations^a,

And apprehend thee for^b a felon here.

ROM. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight.*

PAGE. O Lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch.

[*Exit Page.*

PAR. O, I am slain ! [*falls*]—If thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

[*Dies.*

ROM. In faith, I will :—Let me peruse this face ;—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris :—

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode ? I think,

He told me Paris should have married Juliet :

Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,

To think it was so ?—O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—

A grave ? O, no ; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*

How oft when men are at the point of death,

Have they been merry ! which their keepers call

A lightning before death : O, how may I

Call this a lightning ?—O, my love ! my wife !

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :

Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?

O, what more favour can I do to thee,

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,

To sunder his that was thine enemy ?

Forgive me, cousin !—Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe

^a So in (*A*). In (*B*) it is *commiration* ; in subsequent copies *commiseration*. Mr. Dyce gives an example of *conjuraton* being used in the sense of earnest entreaty.

^b (*A*), *do attack thee as*.

That unsubstantial Death is amorous * ;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee ;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again ^b ; here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chambermaids ; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest ;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last !
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide !
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
 Here 's to my love !—*[Drinks]* O, true apothecary ;
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.]

Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

FRI. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves !—Who 's there ^c ?

BAL. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRI. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls ; as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

BAL. It doth so, holy sir ; and there 's my master,
 One that you love.

FRI. Who is it ?

BAL. Romeo.

* In the folio, and all quartos except (A), we have

“ Why art thou yet so fair ? *I will believe—
 Shall I believe that unsubstantial death is amorous ?* ”

There can be little doubt that one of these expressions must be rejected.

^b The following lines are here introduced in (C) and the folio. Malone has very rationally conjectured that they are interpolations of a compositor. The printer had, probably, some imperfectly-erased notes of the poet on his copy. We give them as we find them:—

“ Come, lie thou in my arms ;
 Here 's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in.
 O true apothecary ;
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
 Depart again.”

The speech, as it stands in our text, occupies forty-seven lines. It extended only to twenty-three lines in the original copy.

* Steevens, in the modern text, has wrested a line out of the first quarto:—

“ Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead ? ”

FRI. How long hath he been there?

BAL. Full half an hour.

FRI. Go with me to the vault.

BAL. I dare not, sir ;
My master knows not but I am gone hence ;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRI. Stay then, I'll go alone :—Fear comes upon me ;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

BAL. As I did sleep under this yew-tree* here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

FRI. Romeo !—

[Advances.

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace ?
Romeo ! O, pale !—Who else ? what, Paris too ?
And steep'd in blood ?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance !—
The lady stirs.

[Enters the monument.

[JULIET wakes and stirs.

JUL. O, comfortable friar ! where is my lord ?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am :—Where is my Romeo ?

[Noise within.

FRI. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep ;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents ; come, come away :
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;
And Paris too : come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming⁵³ ;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[Noise again] I dare no longer stay.

[Exit.

JUL. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here ? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand ?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end :—
O churl ! drink all ; and left no friendly drop,
To help me after ?—I will kiss thy lips ;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.

[Kisses him.

Thy lips are warm !

1 WATCH. [Within.] Lead, boy :—Which way ?

JUL. Yea, noise ?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger !

[Snatching ROMEO's dagger.

* Again young-tree in (C) and folio.

This is thy sheath ; [*Stabs herself*] there rust*, and let me die.

[*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

PAGE. This is the place ; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 WATCH. The ground is bloody ; Search about the churchyard :

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight ! here lies the county slain ;—

And Juliet bleeding ; warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.

Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others search ;— [*Exeunt other Watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 WATCH. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.

1 WATCH. Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with FRIAR LAURENCE.

3 WATCH. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 WATCH. A great suspicion ; Stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

PRINCE. What misadventure is so early up,

That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

CAP. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad ?

LA. CAP. The people in the streets cry—Romeo,

Some—Juliet, and some—Paris ; and all run,

With open outcry, toward our monument.

PRINCE. What fear is this, which startles in your ears ?

1 WATCH. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain ;

And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,

Warm and new kill'd.

PRINCE. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 WATCH. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man ;

With instruments upon them, fit to open

These dead men's tombs.

* *Rust*. In (4) we have "*Rest* in my bosom." In all subsequent editions *rest* has become *rust*. On some grounds *rest* is preferable.

CAP. O, Heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague*,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.
LA. CAP. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

PRINCE. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.
MON. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?
PRINCE. Look, and thou shalt see.
MON. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?
PRINCE. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
FRI. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.
PRINCE. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
FRI. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,

* The dagger was worn at the back.

A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking), here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of Heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE. We still have known thee for a holy man.—

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

BAL. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua,

To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father;

And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

PRINCE. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—

Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

PAGE. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;

And, by and by, my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

PRINCE. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death;

And here he writes—that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

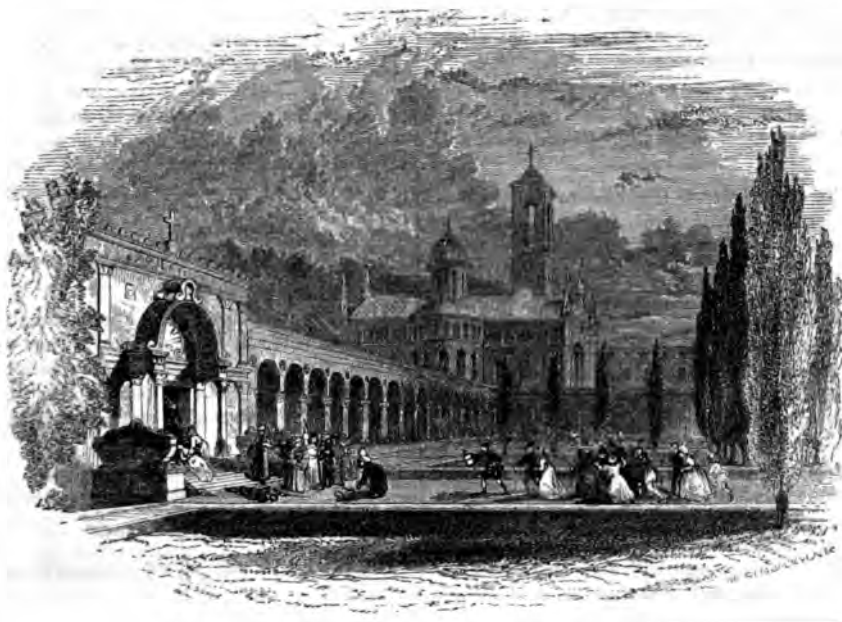
CAP. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

MON. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAP. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

PRINCE. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished³⁶:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*]



ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

VERONA, the city of Italy where, next to Rome, the antiquary most luxuriates;—where, blended with the remains of theatres, and amphitheatres, and triumphal arches, are the palaces of the factious nobles, and the tombs of the despotic princes of the Gothic ages;—Verona, so rich in the associations of real *history*, has even a greater charm for those who would live in the *poetry* of the past:—

“Are these the distant turrets of Verona?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the masque
Saw her lov’d Montague, and now sleeps by him?”

So felt our tender and graceful poet, Rogers. He adds, in a note, “The old palace of the Cappelletti, with its uncouth balcony and irregular windows, is still standing in a lane near the market-place; and what Englishman can behold it with indifference? When we enter Verona, we forget ourselves, and are almost inclined to say with Dante,

“Vieni à veder Montecchi, e Cappelletti.”

¹ SCENE I.—“Gregory, o’ my word, we’ll not carry coals.”

To carry coals was to submit to servile offices. Gifford has a note upon a passage in Ben Jonson’s ‘Every Man out of his Humour,’ where Puntarvolo, wanting his dog held, exclaims, “Here comes one that will carry coals,” in which note he clearly enough shows the origin of the reproach of carrying coals:—“In all great houses, but particularly in the royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependants, whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, sculleries, &c. Of these (for in the lowest deep there was a lower still) the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture,

were then moved from palace to palace, the people, in derision, gave the name of black guards, a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never properly explained.” In the passage here quoted from Ben Jonson, we find the primary meaning of the expression—that of being fit for servile offices; but in a subsequent passage of the same play we also have the secondary meaning—that of tamely submitting to an affront. Puntarvolo, having lost his dog, insults Shift, who he supposes has taken it; upon which another character exclaims,—“Take heed, Sir Puntarvolo, what you do, he’ll bear no coals, I can tell you.” Gifford has given a quotation in illustration of this meaning (which is the sense in which Shakspeare here uses it,) worth all the long list of similar passages in the Shaksperian commentators:—“It remaineth now that I take notice of Jasper’s arryvall, and of those letters with which the queen was exceedingly well satisfied: saying that you were too like some body in the world, to whom she is a frayde you are a little kin, to be content to carry coales at any Frenchman’s hand.”—Secretary Cecyll to Sir Henry Neville, March 2, 1559.

² SCENE I.—“Here comes of the house of the Montagues.”

How are the Montagues known from the Capulets? naturally occurs to us. They wore badges, which, in all countries, have been the outward manifestations of party spirit. Gascoigne, in ‘a device of a masque,’ written in 1575, has,

“And for a further proof he shewed in bys hat
Thys token which the Mountacutes did beare alwaies,
for that
They covet to be knowne from Capels.”

³ SCENE I.—“I will bite my thumb at them.”

There can be little doubt, we apprehend, that

is mode of insult was originally peculiar to Italy, and was perhaps a mitigated form of the greater insult of making the fig, or fico, that is, thrusting out the thumb in a peculiar manner between the fingers. Douce has bestowed much laborious investigation upon this difficult, and somewhat worthless subject. The commentators have not distinctly alluded to what appears to us the identity of biting the thumb and the fico; but a passage in Lodge's 'Wit's Miserie' clearly shows that the customs were one and the same:—"Behold I see contempt marching forth, giving mee the fico with his humbe in his mouth." The practice of biting the thumb was naturalized amongst us in Shakspeare's time; and the lazy and licentious groups that frequented "Paul's" are thus described by Dekker, in 1608:—"What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what biting of thumbs to beget quarrels."

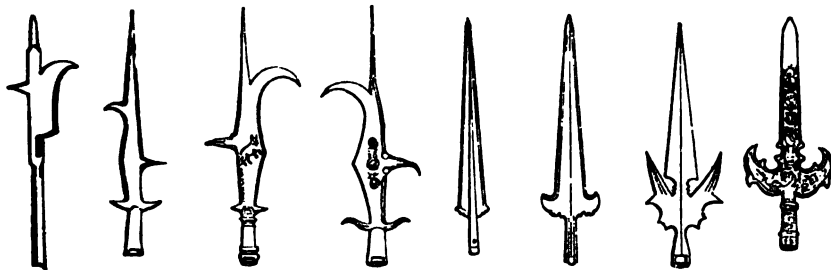
* SCENE I.—"Gregory, remember thy swashing blow."

Sampson and Gregory are described as armed with swords and bucklers. The swashing blow is a blow upon the buckler; the blow accompanied with a noise; and thus a swasher came to be synonymous with a quarrelsome fellow, a raggart. In 'Henry V.', Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym are called by the boy three "swashers." Holinshed has—"a man may see how many bloody quarrels a brawling swash-buckler may pick out of a bottle of hay;" and Fuller, in his

'Worthies,' after describing a swaggerer as one that endeavours to make that aide to swagger, or weigh down, whereon he engages, tells us that a swash-buckler is so called from swashing, or making a noise on bucklers.

* SCENE I.—"Clubs, bills, and partisans."

The cry of "clubs" is as thoroughly of English origin as the "bite my thumb" is of Italian. Scott has made the cry familiar to us in "The Fortunes of Nigel;" and when the citizens of Verona here raise it, we involuntarily think of the old watchmaker's hatch-door in Fleet-street, and Jin Vin and Tunstall darting off for the affray. "The great long club," as described by Stow, on the necks of the London apprentices, was as characteristic as the flat cap of the same quarrelsome body, in the days of Elizabeth and James. The use by Shakspeare of home phrases, in the mouths of foreign characters, was a part of his art. It is the same thing as rendering Sancho's Spanish proverbs into the corresponding English proverbs instead of literally translating them. The cry of clubs by the citizens of Verona expressed an idea of popular movement, which could not have been conveyed half so emphatically in a foreign phrase. We have given a group of ancient bills and partisans, viz., a very early form of bill, from a specimen preserved in the Town Hall of Canterbury;—bills of the times of Henry VI., VII., and VIII.;—and partisans of the times of Edward IV., Henry VII., and James I.



* SCENE I.—"Underneath the grove of sycamore."

When Shakspeare has to deal with descriptions of natural scenery, he almost invariably localizes himself with the utmost distinctness. He never mistakes the sycamore groves of the south for the birch woods of the north. In such cases he was not required to employ familiar and

conventional images, for the sake of presenting an idea more distinctly to his audience than a rigid adherence to the laws of costume (we employ the word in its larger sense of manners) would have allowed. The grove of sycamore,

"That westward rooteth from this city's side,"

takes us at once to a scene entirely different from one presented by Shakspeare's own experi-

ence. The sycamore is the oriental plane (little known in England, though sometimes found,) spreading its *broad* branches—from which its name, *platanus*—to supply the most delightful of shades under the sun of Syria or of Italy. Shakspeare might have found the sycamore in Chaucer's exquisite tale of the "Flower and the Leaf," where the hedge that

—"Closed in allé the green arbore,
With sycamore was set and eglantere."

7 SCENE I.—"*O brawling love! O loving hate!*"

This antithetical combination of contraries originated in the Provençal poetry, and was assiduously cultivated by Petrarch. Shakspeare, in this passage, may be distinctly traced to Chaucer's translation of the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' where we have love described as a hateful peace—a truth full of falsehood—a despairing hope—a void reason—a sick heal, &c.

8 SCENE I.—"*These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.*"

Steevens says that the masks here meant were those worn by female spectators of the play; but it appears scarcely necessary so to limit the use of a lady's mask. In the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' we have the "sun-expelling mask." In 'Love's Labour's Lost' the ladies



wear masks in the first interview between the king and the princess:—"Now fair befall your mask," says Byron to Rosaline. We subjoin a representation of an Italian lady in her black

mask. The figure (without the mask) is in Vicellio's 'Habiti Antichi e Moderni.'

9 SCENE II.—"*This night I hold an old
accustom'd feast.*"

In the poem of 'Romeus and Juliet' the season of Capulet's feast is winter:—

"The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,
And now the season doth invite to banquet townish dames.

And fyrst in Cappel's house, the chief of all the kyn
Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin."

Shakspeare had, perhaps, this in his mind when, at the ball, old Capulet cries out—

"And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot;"

but in every other instance the season is unquestionably summer. "The day is hot," says Benvolio. The Friar is up in his garden,

"Now ere the sun advance his burning eye."

Juliet hears the nightingale sing from the pomegranate-tree. During the whole course of the poem, the action appears to move under the "vaulty heaven" of Italy, with a soft moon

"That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,"

and "day's pathway" made lustrous by

—"Titan's fiery wheels."

10 SCENE II.—"*Such comfort, as do lusty young
men feel,*" &c.

Dr. Johnson would read *yeomen*, and make Capulet compare the delight of Paris "among fresh female buds" to the joy of the farmer on the return of spring. But the spirit of Italian poetry was upon Shakspeare when he wrote these lines; and he thought not of the lusty yeoman in his fields,

"While the plow-man near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,"

but of such gay groups as Boccaccio has painted, who

"Sat down in the high grass, and in the shade
Of many a tree sun proof."

Shakspeare has, indeed, explained his own idea of "well-apparelled April" in that beautiful sonnet beginning

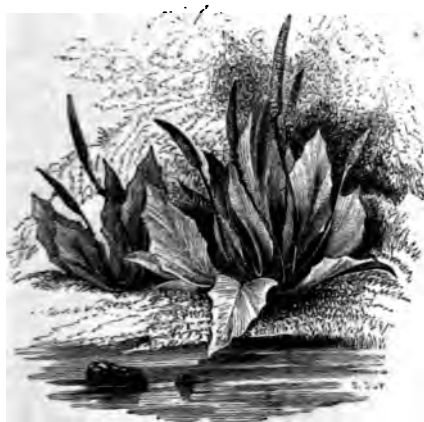
"From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything."

Douce has well observed, that, in this passage of 'Romeo and Juliet,' Shakspeare might "have had in view the decorations which accompany the above month in some of the manuscript and printed calendars, where the young folks are represented as sitting together on the grass;

the men ornamenting the girls with chaplets of flowers."

"SCENE II.—"*Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.*"

The leaf of the broad-leaved plaintain was used as a blood-stancher. Of course, Shakspeare did not allude to the tropical fruit-bearing plant, but to the common plaintain of our English marshy grounds and ditches. The plaintain was also considered as a preventive of poison; and to this supposed virtue Romeo first alludes.



"SCENE III.—"*'T is since the earthquake now eleven years.*"

The earthquake that was within the recollection of Shakspeare's audience happened in the year 1580. The principle of dating from an earthquake, or from any other remarkable phenomenon, is a very obvious one. We have an example as old as the days of the prophet Amos:—"The words of Amos, who was among the herdmen of Tekoa, which he saw concerning Israel in the days of Uzziah king of Judah, and in the days of Jeroboam the son of Joash king of Israel, two years before the earthquake." Tyrwhitt says, "But how comes the Nurse to talk of an earthquake upon this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story." But it appears to us by no means improbable that Shakspeare might have been acquainted with some description of the great earthquake which happened at Verona in 1348, when

Petrarch was sojourning in that city; and that, with something like historical propriety, therefore, he made the Nurse date from that event, while at the same time the supposed allusion to the earthquake in England of 1580 would be relished by his audience.

"SCENE III.—"*Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face.*"

This passage furnishes a very remarkable example of the correctness of the principle laid down in Mr. Whiter's very able tract—'An Attempt to explain and illustrate various Passages of Shakspeare, on a new Principle of Criticism, derived from Mr. Locke's Doctrine of the Association of Ideas.' Mr. Whiter's most ingenious theory would lose much in being presented in any other than his own words. We may just mention that his leading doctrine, as applied to Shakspeare, is, that the exceeding warmth of his imagination often supplied him, by the power of association, with words, and with ideas, suggested to the mind by a principle of union unperceived by himself, and independent of the subject to which they are applied. We readily agree with Mr. Whiter that "this propensity in the mind to associate subjects so remote in their meaning, and so heterogeneous in their nature, must, of necessity, sometimes deceive the ardour of the writer into whimsical or ridiculous combinations. As the reader, however, is not blinded by this fascinating principle, which, while it creates the association, conceals likewise its effects, he is instantly impressed with the quaintness or the absurdity of the imagery, and is inclined to charge the writer with the intention of a foolish quibble, or an impertinent allusion." It is in this spirit of a cold and literal criticism, here so well described, that Mr. Monck Mason pronounces upon the passage before us—"This ridiculous speech is full of abstruse quibbles." But the principle of association, as explained by Mr. Whiter, at once reconciles us to the quibbles. The "volume" of young Paris' face suggests the "beauty's pen" which hath "writ" there. Then, the obscurities of the fair "volume" are written in the "margin of his eyes," as comments of ancient books are always printed in the margin. Lastly, this "book of love" lacks "a cover"—the "golden story" must be locked in with "golden clasps." The ingenious management of the vein of imagery is at least as remarkable as its "abstruse quibbles."

" SCENE IV.—*"We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf," &c.*

The masque of ladies, or amazons, in Shakspeare's 'Timon,' is preceded by a Cupid, who addresses the company in a speech. This "device" was a practice of courtly life, before and during the time of Shakspeare. But here he says,

"The date is out of such prolixity."

The "Tartar's painted bow of lath" is the bow of the Asiatic nations, with a double curve; and Shakspeare employed the epithet to distinguish the bow of Cupid from the old English long bow. The "crow-keeper," who scares the ladies, had also a bow:—he is the shuffle or mawkin—the scarecrow of rags and straw, with a bow and arrow in his hand. "That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper," says Lear. The "without-book prologue faintly spoke after the prompter," is supposed by Warton to allude to the boy-actors that we afterwards find so fully noticed in Hamlet.

" SCENE IV.—*"We'll measure them a measure."*

The "measure" was the courtly dance of the days of Elizabeth; not so solemn as the pavan—the "doleful pavan," as Davenant calls it, in which princes in their mantles, and lawyers in their long robes, and courtly dames with enormous trains, swept the rushes like the tails of peacocks. From this circumstance came its name, the pavan—the dance of the peacock. The "measure" may be best described in Shakspeare's own words, in the mouth of the lively Beatrice, in 'Much Ado about Nothing':—"The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time; if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a *measure*, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical: the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a *measure* full of state and ancients; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave."



" SCENE IV.—*"Give me a torch."*

Romeo declares that he will not dance:
"I am not for this ambling."

He subsequently says,

"I'll be a candle-holder, and look on."

Anciently, all rooms of state were lighted by

waxen torches borne in the hands of attendants. Froissart thus describes the feasting of Gaston de Foix:—"At midnight when he came out of his chamber into the hall to supper, he had ever before him twelve torches brennyng, borne by twelve variettes standing before his table all supper." To hold the torch was not, however, a degrading office in England; for the gentlemen pensioners of Elizabeth held torches while a play was acted before her in the chapel of King's College, Cambridge.

¹⁷ SCENE IV.—"*Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.*"

Carpets, though known in Italy, were not adapted to the English habits in the time of Elizabeth; and even the presence-chamber of that Queen was, according to Hentzner, strewed with hay, by which he meant rushes. The impurities which gathered on the floor were easily removed with the rushes. But the custom of strewing rushes, although very general in England, was not peculiar to it. Mr. Brown, in his work on Shakspeare's auto-biographical poems, has this observation: "An objection has been made, imputing an error, in Grumio's question, 'Are the rushes strewed?' But the custom of strewing rushes in England belonged also to Italy; this may be seen in old authors, and their very word *giuncare*, now out of use, is a proof of it."

¹⁸ SCENE IV.—"*Tut! dun's the mouse.*"

We have a string of sayings here which have much puzzled the commentators. When Romeo exclaims, "I am done," Mercutio, playing upon the word, cries "dun's the mouse." This is a proverbial phrase, constantly occurring in the old comedies. It is probably something like the other cant phrase that occurs in Lear, "the cat is grey." The following line

"If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,"

was fully as puzzling, till Gifford gave us a solution:—"Dun is in the mire! then, is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room: this is dun (the cart horse), and a cry is raised, that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance.—The game continues till all the company take part in it, when dun is ex-

tricated, of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes. This will not be thought a very exquisite amusement; and yet I have seen much honest mirth at it, and have been far more entertained with the ludicrous contortions of pretended struggles, than with the real writhing, the dark scowl of avarice and envy, exhibited by the same description of persons, in the genteeler amusement of cards, the universal substitute for all our ancient sports."—(Ben Jonson's Works, vol. vii. page 282.)

¹⁹ SCENE IV.—"*Sir reverence.*"

This was the old mode of apology for the introduction of a free expression. Mercutio says, he will draw Romeo from "the mire of this love," and uses, parenthetically, the ordinary form of apology for speaking so profanely of love. Gifford has given us a quotation from an old tract on the origin of tobacco, which is exactly in point:—"The time hath been when if we did speak of this loathsome stuff, tobacco, we used to put a 'Sir reverence' before, but we forget our good manners." In another note on the same word, Gifford says, "there is much filthy stuff on this simple interjection, of which neither Steevens nor Malone appears to have known the import, in the notes to Romeo and Juliet."—(Ben Jonson's Works, vol. vi. page 149; vol. vii. page 337.)

²⁰ SCENE IV.—"*This is that very Mab That plats the manes of horses in the night.*"

We extract the following amusing note from Douce's Illustrations:—

"This line alludes to a very singular superstition, not yet forgotten in some parts of the country. It was believed that certain malignant spirits, whose delight was to wander in groves and pleasant places, assumed occasionally the likenesses of women clothed in white; that in this character they sometimes haunted stables in the night-time, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby plaiting them in inextricable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals, and the vexation of their masters. These hags are mentioned in the works of William Auvergne, Bishop of Paris, in the thirteenth century. There is a very uncommon old print by Hans

Burgmair, relating to this subject. A witch enters the stable with a lighted torch; and previously to the operation of entangling the horse's mane, practises her enchantments on the groom, who is lying asleep on his back, and apparently influenced by the nightmare. The belemnites, or elf-stones, were regarded as charms against the last-mentioned disease and against evil spirits of all kinds; but the ceraunise, or *betuli*, and all perforated flint stones, were not only used for the same purpose, but more particularly for the protection of horses and other cattle, by suspending them in stables, or tying them round the necks of the animals."

The next line,

"And takes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,"

seems to be unconnected with the preceding, and to mark a superstition, which, as Dr. Warburton has observed, may have originated from the *plica Polonica*, which was supposed to be the operation of the wicked elves, whence the clotted hair was called elf-locks, and elf-knots. Thus Edgar talks of "elfing all his hair in knots."

21 SCENE IV.

It is desirable to exhibit the first draft of a performance so exquisitely finished as this celebrated description, in which every word is a study. And yet it is curious that in the quarto of 1609, and in the folio (from which we print), in both of which the corrections of the author are apparent, the whole speech is given as if it were in *prose*. The original quarto of 1597 gives the passage as follows:—

"Ah, then I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairier' midwife, and doth come
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the forefinger of a burgomaster,
Drawn with a team of little atomy,
Athwart men's noses when they lie asleep.
Her waggon-spokes are made of spinners' webs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces are the moonshine watery beams,
The collars cricket bones, the lash of films.
Her waggoner is a small grey-coated fly
Not half so big as is a little worm,
Pick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
And in this sort she gallops up and down
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, who straight on courtesies dream;
O'er ladies' lips, who dream on kisses straight,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleep,
And then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a soldier's nose,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermines,
Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again;
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backs,
And makes them women of good carriage.
This is the very Mab,
That plaits the manes of horses in the night,
And plaits the elf-locks in foul sluttish hair,
Which once untangled much misfortune breeds."

22 SCENE V.—"Remove the court cupboard."

The court cupboard was the ornamental side-board, set out with salvers and beakers on days of festivity. We have in a play of 1599, "accomplished the court cupboard;" and in another by Chapman, in 1606, "Here shall stand my court cupboard with its furniture of plate." In Italy the art of Benvenuto Cellini was lavished upon the exquisite ornaments of the court cupboard.

ACT II.

23 SCENE I.—"When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid."

THE ballad of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid was amongst the most popular of old English ballads, allusions to which were familiar to Shakspeare's audience. Upon the authority of learned Master "Moth" in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' it was an ancient ballad in Shakspeare's day:—

"Armado. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?"

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but, I think, now 't is not to be found, or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er."

We have two versions of this ballad:—the one published in 'A Collection of Old Ballads,' quoted by Grey, in 1754; the other in Percy's 'Reliques.' Both of these compositions appear

if they had been "newly writ o'er" not long before, or perhaps after, Shakspeare's time : subjoin a stanza of each :—

FROM PERROT'S 'RELIQUES.'

"I read that once in Africa
A princely wight did reign,
Who had to name Cophetus,
As poets they did feign :
From nature's laws he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for womankind,
But did them all disdain.
But mark, what happened on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in grey,
The which did cause him pain.
The blinded boy, that shoots so trim,
From heaven down did he,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lie."

FROM 'A COLLECTION OF OLD BALLADS.'

"A king once reigned beyond the seas,
As we in ancient stories find,
Whom no fair face could ever please,
He cared not for womankind.
He despr'd the sweetest beauty,
And the greatest fortune too ;
At length he married to a beggar ;
See what Cupid's dart can do.
The blind boy that shoots so trim,
Did to his closet window steal,
And made him soon his power feel.
He that never cared for women,
But did females ever hate,
At length was smitten, wounded, swooned,
For a beggar at his gate."



24 SCENE I.—*I'll to my truckle-bed.*"

The original quarto has, "I'll to my *trundle-bed*." It appears somewhat strange that Mercutio should speak of sleeping in a truckle-

bed, or a trundle-bed, both which words explain the sort of bed—a running-bed. The furniture of a sleeping-chamber in Shakspeare's time consisted of a standing-bed, and a truckle-bed. "There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed," says mine host of the Garter, in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' The standing-bed was for the master; the truckle-bed, which ran under it, for the servant. It may seem strange, therefore, that Mercutio should talk of sleeping in the bed of his page; but the next words will solve the difficulty :—

"This *field-bed* is too cold for me to sleep."

The field-bed, in this case, was the ground; but the field-bed, properly so called, was the travelling-bed; the *lit de champ*, called, in old English, the "trussing-bedde." The bed next beyond the luxury of the trussing-bed was the truckle-bed; and therefore Shakspeare naturally takes that in preference to the standing-bed.

25 SCENE II.—*"Well, do not swear," &c.*

Coleridge has a beautiful remark on this passage, and on the whole of the scene, which we extract :—"With love, pure love, there is always an anxiety for the safety of the object, a disinterestedness, by which it is distinguished from the counterfeits of its name. Compare this scene with Act III. Scene 1. of the 'Tempest.' I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakspeare's mastery in playing a distinctly rememberable variety on the same remembered air, than in the transporting love confessions of Romeo and Juliet, and Ferdinand and Miranda. There seems more passion in the one, and more dignity in the other; yet you feel that the sweet girlish lingering and busy movement of Juliet, and the calmer and more maidenly fondness of Miranda, might easily pass into each other."

26 SCENE II.—*"O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!"*

The falconer's voice was the voice which the hawk was constrained by long habit to obey. Gervase Markham, in his 'Country Contentments,' has picturesquely described the process of training hawks to this obedience, "by watching and keeping them from sleep, by a continual carrying them upon your fist, and by a most familiar stroking and playing with them, with the wing of a dead fowl, or such like, and by

often gazing and looking them in the face, with a loving and gentle countenance." A hawk so "manned" was brought to the lure "by easy degrees, and at last was taught to know the voice and lure so perfectly, that either upon the sound of the one, or sight of the other, she will presently come in, and be most obedient." There is a peculiar propriety in Juliet calling Romeo her tassel-gentle; for this species was amongst the most beautiful and elegant of hawks, and was especially appropriated to the use of a prince. Our poet always uses the images which have been derived from his own experience, with exquisite propriety. In the

'Merry Wives of Windsor,' Falstaff's page is the *eyas-musket*, the smallest unfledged hawk. Othello fears that Desdemona is *haggard*—that is, the wild hawk which "checks at every feather." The sport with a tassel-gentle is spiritedly described by Massinger:—

———"Then, for an evening flight,
A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
In such a place flies, as he seems to say,
See me, or see me not! the partridge sprung,
He makes his stoop; but, wanting breath, is forced
To cancel; then, with such speed as if
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes
The trembling bird, who even in death appears
Proud to be made his quarry."



SCENE III.—"The earth, that's nature's mother,
is her tomb."

Milton, in the second book of 'Paradise Lost,' has the same idea:—

"The womb of nature, and, perhaps, her grave."

The editors of Milton have given a parallel passage in Lucretius:—

"Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum."

We would ask, did Shakspeare and Milton go to the same common source? Farmer has not solved this question in his "Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare."

SCENE III.—"——— Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies."

"This," says Monck Mason, "is one of the

passages in which the author has sacrificed grammar to rhyme." Mr. Monck Mason's observation is made in the same spirit in which he calls Romeo's impassioned language "quaint jargon." Before Shakspeare was accused of sacrificing grammar, it ought to have been shown that his idiom was essentially different from that of his predecessors and his cotemporaries. Dr. Percy, who brought to the elucidation of our old authors the knowledge of an antiquary and the feeling of a poet, has observed, that "in very old English the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth* as well as the singular, and often familiarly in *es*;" and it has been further explained by Mr. Tollet, that "the third person plural of the Anglo-Saxon

sent tense endeth in *eth*, and of the Danon in *es*." Malone, we think, has rightly stated the principle upon which such idioms, which appear false concords to us, should be rectified,—that is, "to substitute the modern idiom in all places except where either the metre or rhyme renders it impossible." But those who can feel the value of a slight sprinkling of our antique phraseology, it is pleasant to drop upon the instances in which correction is impossible. We would not part with the exquisite bit of false concord, as we must now term it, in the last word of the four following lines, for all that Shakspeare's grammar-correctors have ever written:—

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On challic'd flowers that lies."

"SCENE IV.—"A duellist, a duellist."

George Wither, in his obsequies upon the death of Prince Henry, thus introduces Britannia lamenting:—

"Alas! who now shall grace my tournaments,
Or honour me with deeds of chivalrie?"

The tournaments and the chivalrie were then, however, but "an insubstantial pageant faded." Men had learnt to revenge their private wrongs, without the paraphernalia of heralds and heralds. In the old chivalrous times they might suppress any outbreak of hatred or passion, and cherish their malice against each other until it could be legally gratified; so that, according to the phrase of Richard Cour-le-Lion in his ordinance for permitting tournaments, "the peace of our land be not broken, nor justice hindred, nor damage done to our preste." The private contest of two knights was a violation of the laws of chivalry. Chaucer has a remarkable exemplification of this in his 'Knight's Tale,' where the duke, coming to the plain, saw Arcite and Palamon fighting like two bulls:—

"This duke his courser with his spurs smote,
And at a start he was betwixt them two,
And pulled out a sword and cried,—'Ho!
No more, up pain of losing of your head;
By mighty Mars, he shall anon be dead
That smiteth any stroke that I may see!
But telleth me what mistere men ye been,
That be so hardy for to fighten here
Withouten any judge or other officer,
As though it were in listes really'" (royally).

hat duels were frequent in England in the reign of Elizabeth, we might collect, if there

were no other evidence, from Shakspeare alone. The matter had been reduced to a science. Tybalt is the "courageous captain of compliments,"—a perfect master of punctilio, one who kills his adversary by rule—"one, two, and the third in your bosom." The gentleman of the "first and second cause" is a gentleman who will quarrel upon the very slightest offences. The degrees in quarrelling were called the causes; and these have been most happily ridiculed by Shakspeare in 'As You Like It':—

"Jaques. But for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?"

Touchstone. Upon a lie seven times removed; as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the *Retort courtous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the *Quip modest*. If, again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the *Reply churlish*. If, again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; and so to the *Lie circumstantial* and the *Lie direct*."

When Touchstone adds, "O sir! we quarrel in print by the book," he alludes to the works of Saviolo and Caranza, who laid down laws for the duello. The wit of Shakspeare is the best commentary upon the philosophy of Montaigne: "Inquire why that man hazards his life and honour upon the fortune of his rapier and dagger; let him acquaint you with the occasion of the quarrel, he cannot do it without blushing, 't is so idle and frivolous."—('Essays,' book iii. ch. 10.) But philosophy and wit were equally unavailing to put down the quarrelsome spirit of the times, and Henry IV. of France in vain declared all duellists guilty of lese-majesté, and punishable with death; and James I. of England as vainly denounced them in the Star-chamber.

The practice of duelling went on with us till the civil wars came to merge private quarrels in public ones. Burton, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' has a bitter satire against the nobility, when he says, they are "like our modern Frenchmen, that had rather lose a pound of blood in a single combat, than a drop of sweat in any honest labour."

"SCENE IV.—"What counterfeit did I give you?
The slip, sir, the slip."

A counterfeit piece of money and a slip were synonymous; and in many old dramas we have the same play upon words as here. In Robert Green's 'Thieves falling out,' the word slip is

defined as in a dictionary: "and therefore he went and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips."

²¹ SCENE IV.—"*The wild-geese chase.*"

Horse racing, and the wild-geese chase, were amongst the "disports of great men" in the time of Elizabeth. It is scarcely necessary to describe a sport, if sport it can be called, which is still used amongst us. When the "wits run the wild-geese chase," we have a type of its folly; as the "switch and spurs, switch and spurs," is descriptive of its brutality.

²² SCENE IV.—"*Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?*"

Coleridge invites us to compare, in this scene, "Romeo's half-excited, and half-real ease of mind, with his first manner when in love with Rosaline! His will had come to the clenching point." Romeo had not only recovered the natural tone of his mind, but he had come back to the conventional gaiety—the five-play of witty words—which was the tone of the best society in Shakspeare's time. "Now art thou what thou art," says Mercutio, "by art as well as by nature."

²³ SCENE IV.—"*My fan, Peter.*"

The fan which Peter had to bear was of preposterous dimensions. It does not appear quite so ridiculous, therefore, when we look at the size of the machine, to believe the Nurse should have a servant to bear it. Shakspeare has given the same office to Armado in 'Love's Labour's Lost':—

"Oh! a most dainty man,
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan."

²⁴ SCENE IV.—"*Is it good den?*"

According to Mercutio's answer, the time was noon when the evening salutation "good den" began. But Shakspeare had here English manners in his eye. The Italian custom of commencing the day half an hour after sunset, and reckoning through the twenty-four hours, is in-

consistent with such a division of time as this.

²⁵ SCENE IV.—"*Saucy merchant.*"

Steevens pointed out that the term *merchant* was anciently used in contradistinction to *gentleman*; as we still use the word *chap* as an abbreviation of chapman. Douce has quoted a passage from Whetstone's 'Mirour for Magistrates of Cyties' (1584), in which he speaks of the usurious practices of the citizens of London, which is conclusive upon this point:—"The extremity of these men's dealings hath been and is so cruell as there is a natural malice generally impressed in the hearts of the gentlemen of England towards the citizens of London, insomuch as if they odiously name a man, they forthwith call him a *trimme merchant*. In like despite the citizen calleth every rascal a *joly gentleman*."

²⁶ SCENE IV.—"*R is for the dog.*"

R was called the dog's letter. In his 'English Grammar,' Ben Jonson says, "R is the dog's letter and hirreth in the sound." In our old writers we have a verb formed from the noise of a dog. Thus in Nashe (1600),

"They *arre* and bark at night against the moon;"
and in Holland's translation of 'Plutarch's Morals,' "A dog is, by nature, fell and quarrelsome, given to *arre* and war upon a very small occasion." Erasmus has a meaning for R being the dog's letter, which is not derived from the sound:—"R, *litera quæ in Rixando prima est, canina vocatur.*"

²⁷ SCENE V. — "*Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love.*"

The "love" thus drawn was the queen of love; for "the wind-swift Cupid" had "wings." Shakspeare had there the same idea which suggested his own beautiful description at the close of the 'Venus and Adonis':—

"Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid,
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself, and not be seen."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—“*Affection makes him false.*”

THERE is a slight particle of untruth in Benvolio's statement, which, to a certain degree, justifies this charge of Lady Capulet. Tybalt was bent upon quarrelling with Romeo, but Mercutio forced on his own quarrel with Tybalt. Dr. Johnson's remark upon this circumstance is worthy his character as a moralist:—"The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant, perhaps, to show how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality."

SCENE II.—“*God save the mark!*”

This expression occurs in the 'First Part of Henry IV.,' in Hotspur's celebrated speech defending the denial of his prisoners. In 'Othello' we have *God bless the mark*. In these cases, as in the instance before us, the commentators leave the expression in its original obscurity. May we venture a conjecture? The *mark* which persons who are unable to write are required to make, instead of their signature, is in the form of a *cross*; but anciently the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons, for, amongst the Saxons, the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, and to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. (See 'Blackstone's Commentaries.') The ancient use of the mark was universal; and the word *mark* was, we believe, thus taken to signify the *cross*. *God save the mark* was, therefore, a form of ejaculation approaching to the character of an oath; in the same manner as assertions were made emphatic by the addition of "by the rood," or "by the holy rood."

SCENE III.—“*Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask.*”

The force and propriety of this comparison are manifest; but, fully to understand it, we must know how the soldier of Shakspeare's time was accoutred. His heavy gun was fired with a match, his powder was carried in a flask; and the match and the powder, in unskilful hands, were doubtless sometimes productive of acci-

dents; so that the man-at-arms was, like Romeo in his passion, "dismembered with his own defence."

SCENE V.—“*Juliet's Chamber.*”

The stage direction in the folio edition of 1623 is, "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." In the first quarto, 1597, the direction is, "Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window." To understand these directions, we must refer to the construction of the old theatres. "Towards the rear of the stage," says Malone, "there appears to have been a balcony or upper stage; the platform of which was probably eight or nine feet from the ground. I suppose it to have been supported by pillars. From hence, in many of our old plays, part of the dialogue was spoken; and in the front of it curtains likewise were hung, so as occasionally to conceal the persons in it from the view of the audience. At each side of this balcony was a box very inconveniently situated, which was sometimes called the *private box*. In these boxes, which were at a lower price, some persons sate, either from economy or singularity." The balcony probably served a variety of purposes. Malone says,



"When the citizens of Angiers are to appear on the walls of their town, and young Arthur to

leap from the battlements, I suppose our ancestors were contented with seeing them in the balcony already described; or, perhaps, a few boards tacked together, and painted so as to resemble the rude discoloured walls of an old town, behind which a platform might have been placed near the top, on which the citizens stood." It appears to us probable that even in these cases the balcony served for the platform, and that a few painted boards in front supplied the illusion of wall and tower. There was still another use of the balcony. According to Malone, when a play was exhibited within a play, as in 'Hamlet,' the court, or audience, before whom the interlude was performed, sate in the balcony. To Malone's historical account of the English stage, and to Mr. Collier's valuable details regarding theatres ('Annals of the Stage,' vol. iii.), the reader is referred for fuller details upon this and other points which bear upon the economy of our ancient drama. We prefix a representation of the old stage, with its balcony, which we have been fortunate in finding engraved in the title-page to Dr. William Alabaster's Latin tragedy of 'Roxana,' 1632.

“ SCENE V.—“ *Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree.*”

In the description of the garden in Chaucer's translation of the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' the pomegranate is first mentioned amongst the fruit-trees:—

“ There were (and that wot I full well)
Of pomegranates a full great deal.”

The “orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits” was one of the beautiful objects described by Solomon in his Canticles. Amongst the fruit-bearing trees, the pomegranate is in some respects the most beautiful; and, therefore, in the south of Europe and in the East it has become the chief ornament of the garden. But where did Shakspeare find that the nightingale haunted the pomegranate-tree, pouring forth her song from the same bough, week after week? Doubtless in some of the old travels with which he was familiar. Chaucer puts his nightingale “in a fresh green laurel-tree;” but the preference of the nightingale for the pomegranate is unquestionable. “The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day-time,” says Russel in his account of Aleppo. A friend, whose observations as a traveller are as acute as his descriptions are graphic and forcible, informs

us that throughout his journeys in the East he never heard such a choir of nightingales as in a row of pomegranate-trees that skirt the road from Smyrna to Boudjia. In the truth of details such as these the genius of Shakspeare is as much exhibited as in his wonderful powers of generalization.

“ SCENE V.—“ *It was the lark, the herald of the morn.*”

Shakspeare's power of describing natural objects is unequalled in this beautiful scene, which, as we think, was amongst his very early productions. The 'Venus and Adonis,' published in 1593, is also full of this power. Compare the following passage with the description of morning in the scene before us:—

“ Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.”

“ SCENE V.—“ *Hunting thee hence with hunte up to the day.*”

There was one Gray, a maker of “certain merry ballads,” who, according to Pottenham in his 'Art of English Poesy' (1589), grew into good estimation with Henry VIII., and the Protector Somerset, for the said merry ballads, “whereof one chiefly was, ‘The hunte is up, the hunte is up.’” Douce thinks he has recovered the identical song, which he reprints. One stanza will, perhaps, satisfy our readers:—

“ Chorus { The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily wee, the hunt is up;
The birds they sing,
The deer they fling,
Hey, nony nony—no:
The hounds they crye,
The hunters fye,
Hey troililo, troilililo.
The hunt is up, the hunt is up.”

“ SCENE V.—“ *O God! I have an ill-divining soul.*”

Coleridge has some remarks upon that beautiful passage in 'Richard II.,' where the queen says—

“ Some unborn sorrow, ripe in sorrow's womb,
Is coming toward me;”

which we may properly quote here: “Mark in this scene Shakspeare's gentleness in touching the tender superstitions, the *terre incognita* of presentiments, in the human mind; and how

sharp a line of distinction he commonly draws between these obscure forecastings of general experience in each individual, and the vulgar errors of mere tradition. Indeed, it may be taken, once for all, as the truth, that Shakspeare, in the absolute universality of his genius, always reverences whatever arises out of our moral nature; he never profanes his muse with a contemptuous reasoning away of the genuine and general, however unaccountable, feelings of mankind.—('Literary Remains,' vol. ii. page 174.)—Shakspeare has himself given us the key to his philosophy of presentiments. Venus, dreading the death of Adonis by the boar, says—

"The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;
And fear doth teach it divination;
I prophesy thy death."

Such presentiments, which may or may not be realized, appertain to the imagination when in a highly-excited state. Our poet has exhibited the feeling under three different aspects in 'Romeo and Juliet': when Romeo, before going to the masquerade, exclaims—

—"my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels;"

he is under the influence of his habitual melancholy,—the sentiment of unrequited love, which colours all his imagination with a gloomy foreshadowing of coming events. In the passage before us, when Juliet sees her husband

"As one dead in the bottom of a tomb,"

we have "the fear" which doth "teach" her heart "divination." But Romeo, in the fifth Act, has a presentiment directly contrary to the approaching catastrophe: and this arises out of his "unaccustomed" animal spirits:—

"My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne."

All these states of mind are common to the imagination deeply stirred by passionate emotions. Nothing, in all Shakspeare's philosophy, appears to us finer than the deceiving nature of Romeo's presages in the last Act, as compared with the true-divining fears of Juliet.

ACT IV.

"SCENE I.—*"In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier."*

In the adaptation of Bandello's tale, in 'Painter's Palace of Pleasure,' we have, "they will judge you to be dead, and, according to the custom of our city, you shall be carried to the churchyard hard by our church." The Italian mode of interment is given in the poem of 'Romeus and Juliet':—

"Another use there is, that whosoever dyes,
Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he
lyes
In wanted weeds attyrd, not wrapt in winding-sheet."

Painter has no description of this custom; but Shakspeare saw how beautifully it accorded with the conduct of his story, and he therefore emphatically repeats it in the directions of the Friar, after Juliet's supposed death:—

"Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair cove; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church."

Ancient customs survive when they are built upon the unaltering parts of national character, and have connection with unalterable local cir-

cumstances. Juliet was carried to her tomb as the maids and the matrons of Italy are still carried. Rogers has most accurately described such a scene:—

"But now by fits
A dull and dismal noise assail'd the ear,
A wail, a chant, louder and louder yet;
And now a strange fantastic troop appear'd!
Thronging, they came—as from the shades below;
All of a ghostly white! 'Oh! say,' I cried,
'Do not the living here bury the dead?
Do spirits come and fetch them? What are these,
That seem not of this world, and mock the day;
Each with a burning taper in his hand?'
'It is an ancient brotherhood thou seest.
Such their apparel. Through the long, long line,
Look where thou wilt, no likeness of a man;
The living mask'd, the dead alone uncover'd.
But mark!—And, lying on her funeral couch,
Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands
Folded together on her modest breast,
As 'twere her nightly posture, through the crowd
She came at last—and richly, gaily clad,
As for a birthday feast!"

"SCENE II.—*"Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks."*

The "cunning cook," in the time of Shakspeare, was, as he is at present, a great personage.

According to an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company for 1560, the preacher was paid six shillings and two pence for his labour; the minstrel twelve shillings; and the cook fifteen shillings. The relative scale of estimation for theology, poetry, and gastronomy, has not been much altered during two centuries, either in the city generally, or in the Company which represents the city's literature. Ben Jonson has described a master cook in his gorgeous style:—

"A master cook! why, he is the man of men.
For a professor; he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish.
Some he dry-ditches, some motes round with broths,
Mounts marrow-bones, cuts fifty angled custards,
Rears bulwark pies; and, for his outer works,
He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust,
And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner—
What ranks, what files, to put his dishes in,
The whole art military! Then he knows
The influence of the stars upon his meats,
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes and sauces.
He has nature in a pot, 'bove all the chemists,
Or bare-breech'd brethren of the rosy cross.
He is an architect, an engineer,
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician."

Old Capulet, in his exuberant spirits at his daughter's approaching marriage, calls for "twenty" of these artists. The critics think this too large a number. Ritson says, with wonderful simplicity, "Either Capulet had altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us." This is, indeed, to understand a poet with admirable exactness. The passage is entirely in keeping with Shakspeare's habit of hitting off a character almost by a word. Capulet is evidently a man of ostentation; but his ostentation, as is most generally the case, is covered with a thin veil of affected indifference. In the first Act he says to his guests,

"We have a trifling foolish banquet toward."

In the third Act, when he settles the day of Paris' marriage, he just hints,—

"We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two."

But Shakspeare knew that these indications of the "pride which apes humility" were not inconsistent with the "twenty cooks," the regret that

"We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time,"
and the solicitude expressed in

"Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica."

Steevens turns up his nose aristocratically at Shakspeare, for imputing "to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty solitudes of a private house, concerning a provincial entertainment;" and he adds, very grandly, "To such a bustle our author might have been witness at home; but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet." Steevens had not well read the history of society, either in Italy or in England, to have fallen into the mistake of believing that the great were exempt from such "anxieties." The baron's lady overlooked the baron's kitchen from her private chamber; and the still-room and the spicery not unfrequently occupied a large portion of her attention.

48 SCENE III.—"*As in a vault.*"

It has been conjectured that the charnel-house under the church at Stratford, which contains a vast collection of human bones, suggested to Shakspeare this description of the "ancient receptacle" of the Capulets.

49 SCENE IV.—"*Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.*"

Vicellio has given us the costume of the menial servants and porters of Italy, which we here copy.



50 SCENE V.—"*Musicians, O, musicians.*"

Juliet is held to be dead. Capulet's joys are buried with his child. The musicians that came to accompany her to church remain in the hall. The scene which follows between Peter and the musicians, has generally been considered ill-placed. Even Coleridge says, "As

we know that Juliet is not dead, this perhaps, excusable." Rightly understood, it appears to us that the scene requires a change. It was the custom of our ancient dramatists to introduce, in the irregular pauses of the action, in the place of a division into acts, a short diversion, such as a song, a dance, or the extempore buffoonery of a clown. At this point of 'Romeo and Juliet' there is a pause in the action, and at this point an interlude would, probably, have been introduced whether Shakspeare had written one.

The stage direction in the second act puts this matter, as it appears to us, in a doubtful position. That direction says, "Enter the Clown," and the dialogue immediately follows between Peter and the musicians. Will it be the Liston of his day; and was as popular favourite as Tarleton had been in his time. It was wise, therefore, in Shakspeare to give some business for Will Kempe, that he might not be entirely out of harmony with the business of his play. This scene of the clown is very short, and, regarded as a part of the routine of the ancient stage, is excellently managed. Nothing can be more naturally exhibited than the indifference of the clown, without attachment, to a family-scene

of grief. Peter and the musicians bandy jokes; and, although the musicians think Peter a "pestilent knave," perhaps for his inopportune sallies, they are ready enough to look after their own gratification, even amidst the sorrow which they see around them. A wedding or a burial is the same to them. "Come, we'll in here: tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner." So Shakspeare read the course of the world—and it is not much changed. The quotation beginning—

"When gripping griefs the heart doth wound"—

is from a short poem in 'The Paradise of Dainty Devises,' by Richard Edwards, master of the children of the chapel to Queen Elizabeth. This was set as a four-part song, by Adrian Batten, organist of St. Paul's in the reign of Charles I., and is thus printed, but without any name, in Hawkins's 'History of Music,' vol. v. The question of Peter, "Why, silver sound, why, music with her silver sound?" is happily enough explained by Percy: "This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which, for the time it was written, is not inelegant) as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expositors of ancient authors."—('Reliques,' vol. i.) Had Shakspeare a presentiment of what he was to receive at the hands of his own commentators?



ACT V.

"To the poetical traveller it would be difficult to say whether Mantua would excite the greater interest as the birth-place of Virgil or as the scene of Romeo's exile. Surely, an Englishman cannot walk through the streets of that city without thinking of the apothecary in whose

———"needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes."

Any description of the historical events connected with Mantua, or any account of its architectural monuments, would here be out of place.

"SCENE I.—*"I do remember an apothecary."*

The criticism of the French school has not spared this famous passage. Joseph Warton, an elegant scholar, but who belonged to this school, has the following observations in his *Virgil* (1763, vol. i. page 301):—

"It may not be improper to produce the following glaring instance of the absurdity of introducing long and minute descriptions into tragedy. When Romeo receives the dreadful and unexpected news of Juliet's death, this fond husband, in an agony of grief, immediately resolves to poison himself. But his sorrow is interrupted, while he gives us an exact picture of the apothecary's shop from whom he intended to purchase the poison.

'I do remember an apothecary,' &c.

"I appeal to those who know anything of the human heart, whether Romeo, in this distressful situation, could have leisure to think of the alligator, empty boxes, and bladders, and other furniture of this beggarly shop, and to point them out so distinctly to the audience. The description is, indeed, very lively and natural, but very improperly put into the mouth of a person agitated with such passion as Romeo is represented to be."

The criticism of Warton, ingenious as it may appear, and true as applied to many "long and minute descriptions in tragedy," is here based upon a wrong principle. He says that Romeo, in his distressful situation, had not "leisure" to think of the furniture of the apothecary's shop. What then had he leisure to do? Had he leisure to run off into declamations against fate, and

into tedious apostrophes and generalizations, as a less skilful artist than Shakspeare would have made him indulge in? From the moment he had said,

"Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night,—
Let's see for means,"

the apothecary's shop became to him the object of the most intense interest. Great passions, when they have shaped themselves into firm resolves, attach the most distinct importance to the minutest objects connected with the execution of their purpose. He had seen the apothecary's shop in his placid moments as an object of common curiosity. He had hastily looked at the tortoise and the alligator, the empty boxes, and the earthen pots; and he had looked at the tattered weeds and the overwhelming brows of their needy owner. But he had also said, when he first saw these things,

"An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him."

When he *did* need a poison, all these documents of the misery that was to serve him came with a double intensity upon his vision. The shaping of these things into words was not for the audience. It was not to produce "a long and minute description in tragedy" that had no foundation in the workings of nature. It was the very cunning of nature which produced this description. Mischief was, indeed, swift to enter into the thoughts of the desperate man; but the mind once made up, it took a perverse pleasure in going over every item of the circumstances that had suggested the means of mischief. All other thoughts had passed out of Romeo's mind. He had nothing left but to die; and everything connected with the means of his death was seized upon by his imagination with an energy that could only find relief in words.

Shakspeare has exhibited the same knowledge of nature in his sad and solemn poem of 'The Rape of Lucrece,' where the injured wife, having resolved to wipe out her stain by death,

———"calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy."

She sees in that painting some fancied resemblance to her own position, and spends the

hours till her husband arrives in its condition.

Crece set a-work, and tales doth tell
Himself's pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
And them words, and she their looks doth borrow."

as the intense interest in his own resolve made Romeo so minutely describe his ecstasy. But that stage past, came the action of his sorrow:—

"What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet."

was dead; and what mattered it to his "tossed soul" who she should have married?

"Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night,"

he sole thought that made him remember "pothecary," and treat what his servant said "dream." Who but Shakspeare could have us the key to these subtle and delicate moods of the human heart?

SCENE I.—"Whose sale is present death in Mantua."

Walter Raleigh, in his 'Discourse of Law,' says, "By the laws of Spain and all it is not lawful to sell poison." A law, if we are rightly informed, prevails in Italy. There is no such law in our statute-book; and the circumstance is a

remarkable exemplification of the difference between English and continental manners.

"SCENE II.—"Going to find a bare-foot brother out."

In the old poem of 'Romeus and Juliet' we have the following lines:—

"Apace our friar John to Mantua hies;
And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise,
That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,
But of their convent aye should be accompanied with one
Of his profession."

Friar Laurence and his associates must be supposed to belong to the Franciscan order of friars. The good friar of the play, in his kindliness, his learning, and his inclination to mix with, and perhaps control, the affairs of the world, is no unapt representative of one of this distinguished order in their best days. Warton, in his 'History of English Poetry,' has described the learning, the magnificence, and the prodigious influence of this remarkable body. Friar Laurence was able to give to Romeo

"Adversity's sweet milk—philosophy."

He was to Romeo

"a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin absolver, and my friend profess'd;"

but he was yet of the world. He married Romeo and his mistress, partly to gratify their love, and



partly to secure his influence in the reconciliation of their families. Warton says the Franciscans "managed the machines of every important operation or event, both in the religious and political world."

" SCENE III.—*"The watch is coming."*

Malone maintains, here and elsewhere, that there is no such establishment as the watch in Italy. Mr. Charles Armitage Brown, who, to an intimate knowledge of Shakspeare in general, adds a particular knowledge of Italian customs, says, "If Dogberry and Verges should be pro-

nounced nothing else than the constables of the night in London, before the new police was established, I can assert that I have seen those very officers in Italy."

" SCENE III.—*"Some shall be pardon'd," &c.*

The government of the Scaligers, or Scalas, commenced in 1259, when Mastino de la Scala was elected Podesta of Verona; and it lasted 113 years in the legitimate descendants of the first Podesta. The engraving in the preceding page is a representation of the tomb of this illustrious family at Verona, from an original sketch.

COSTUME.



ASSUMING that the incidents of this tragedy took place (at least traditionally) at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the costume of the personages represented would be that exhibited to us in the paintings of Giotto and his pupils or contemporaries.

From a drawing of the former, now in the British Museum (Payne Knight's Collect.), and presumed to have been executed by him at Avignon in 1315, we give the accompanying engraving, and our readers will perceive that it interferes sadly with all popular notions of the dress of this play.

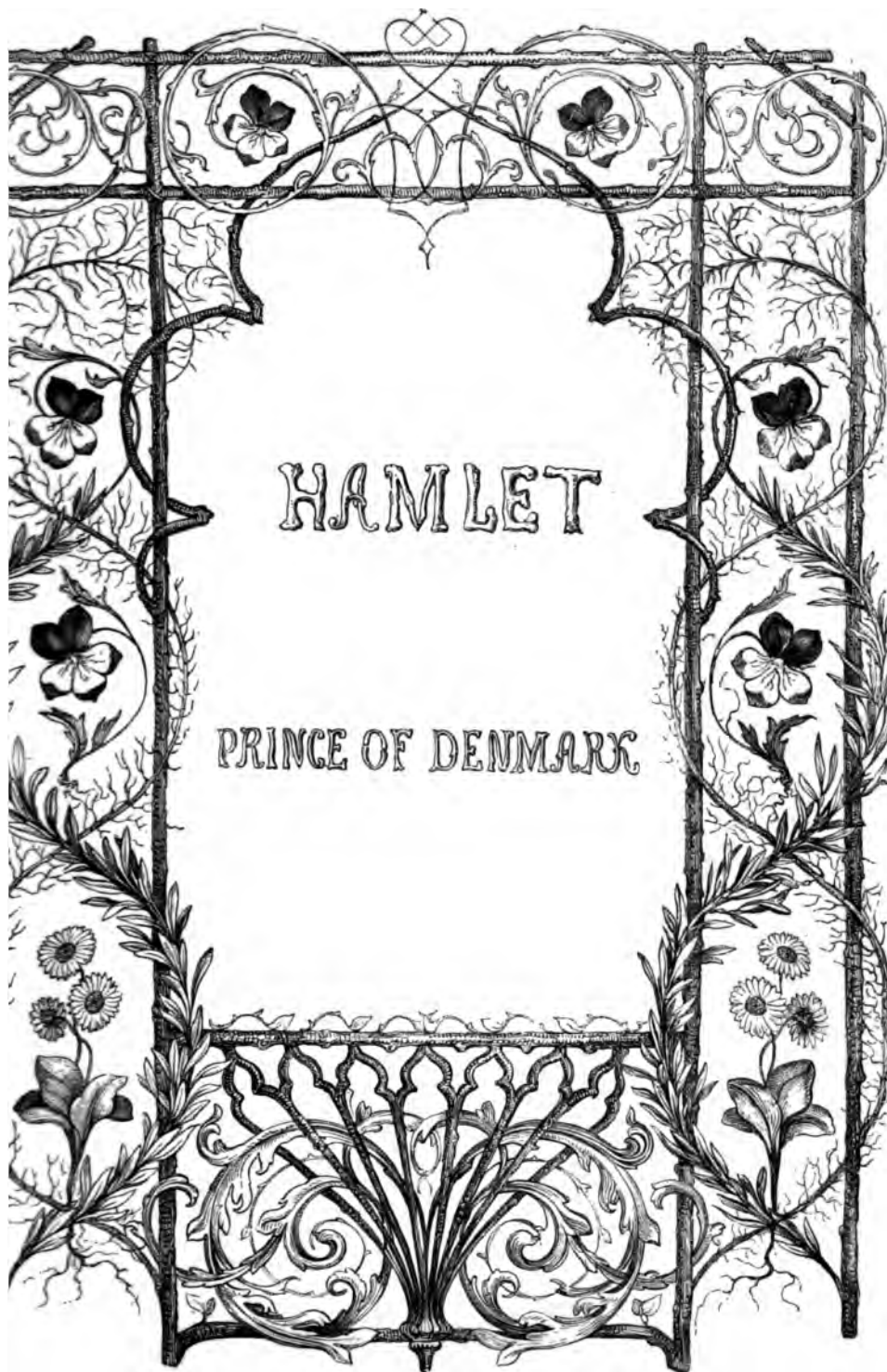
The long robes of the male personages, so

magisterial or senatorial in their appearance, would, perhaps, when composed of rich materials, be not unsuitable to the gravity and station of the elder Montague and Capulet, and of the Prince, or Podesta, of Verona himself: but for the younger and lighter characters, the love-lorn Romeo, the fiery Tybalt, the gallant gay Mercutio, &c., some very different habit would be expected by the million, and, indeed, desired by the artist. Cæsar Vecellio, in his 'Habiti Antichi e Moderni,' presents us with a dress of this time, which he distinctly describes as that of a young nobleman in a love-making expedition.

atico di Giovanni nobile ornato per far l'amore." **G**ives no particular date to it, but the cowl, or hood, depending from the the closely-set buttons down the front er-tunic, and up the arms of the under- from the wrist to the elbow, with the apper to the sleeve of the super-tunic, istinctive marks of the European cos- he early part of the fourteenth century, e found in any illuminated French or MS. of the time of our Edward II., and still earlier, of course, in Italy, nce the fashions travelled northward, Paris to London. verings for the head were, at this time, he capuchon, or cowl, here seen, caps of various fantastic shapes, and the , or turban-shaped hood, began to make rance (*vide* second male figure in the g after Giotto). No plumes, however, them till near the close of the century, ngle feather, generally ostrich, appears ight in front of the cap, or chaperon. were richly fretted and embroidered l, and the toes of the shoes long and

The female costume of the same period consisted of a robe, or super-tunic, flowing in graceful folds to the feet, coming high up in the neck, where it was sometimes met by the whimple, or gorget, of white linen, giving a nun-like appearance to the wearer; the sleeves terminating at the elbow, in short lappets, like those of the men, and showing the sleeve of the under garment (the kirtle, which fitted the body tightly), buttoned from the wrist to the elbow also, as in the male costume.

The hair was gathered up into a sort of club behind, braided in front, and covered, wholly or partially, with a caul of golden network. Garlands of flowers, natural, or imitated in goldsmith's work, and plain fillets of gold, or even ribbon, were worn by very young females. We shall say no more respecting the costume of this play, as the introduction of such a masquerade as is indispensable to the plot would be inconsistent with the dressing of the other characters correctly. Artists of every description are, in our opinion, perfectly justified in clothing the dramatis personæ of this tragedy in the habits of the time in which it was written, by which means all serious anachronisms would be avoided.



HAMLET

PRINCE OF DENMARK



[Danish Lutes.]

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE earliest edition of 'Hamlet' known to exist is that of 1603. It bears the following title: 'The Tragical Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakspeare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London, printed for N. L. and John Trundell, 1603.' The only known copy of this edition is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire; and that copy is not quite perfect. It was reprinted in 1825.

The second edition of 'Hamlet' was printed in 1604, under the following title: 'The Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakspeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie. Printed by J. R. for N. Landure, 1604, 4to.' This edition was reprinted in 1605, in 1609, in 1611, and there is also a quarto edition without a date.

In the folio of 1623 some passages which are found in the quarto of 1604 are omitted. In our text we have given these passages. In other respects our text, with one or two minute exceptions, is wholly founded upon the folio of 1623. From this circumstance our edition will be found considerably to differ from the text of Johnson and Steevens,

of Reed, of Malone, and of all the current editions which are founded upon these.

In the reprint of the edition of 1603, it is stated to be "the only known copy of this tragedy, as originally written by Shakspeare, which he afterwards altered and enlarged." We believe that this description is correct; that this remarkable copy gives us the play as originally written by Shakspeare. It may have been piratical, and we think it was so. The 'Hamlet' of 1603 is a sketch of the perfect 'Hamlet,' and probably a corrupt copy of that sketch.

The comprehension of this tragedy is the history of a man's own mind. In some shape or other, 'Hamlet the Dane' very early becomes familiar to almost every youth of tolerable education. He is sometimes presented through the medium of the stage; more frequently in some one of the manifold editions of the acted play. The sublime scenes where the Ghost appears are known even to the youngest school-boy, in his 'Speakers' and 'Readers;' and so is the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be." As we in early life become acquainted with the complete acted play, we hate the King,—we weep for Ophelia,—we think Hamlet is cruel to her,—we are perhaps inclined with Dr. Johnson to laugh at Hamlet's madness—"the pretended madness of Hamlet causes much

mirth")—we wonder that Hamlet does not kill the King earlier,—and we believe, as Garrick believed, that the catastrophe might have been greatly improved, seeing that the wicked and the virtuous ought not to fall together, as it were by accident.

A few years onward, and we have become acquainted with the 'Hamlet' of Shakspeare, —not the 'Hamlet' of the players. The book is now the companion of our lonely walks;—its recollections hang about our most cherished thoughts. We think less of the dramatic movement of the play, than of the glimpses which it affords of the high and solemn things that belong to our being. We see Hamlet habitually subjected to the spiritual part of his nature,—communing with thoughts that are not of this world,—abstracted from the business of life,—but yet exhibiting a most vigorous intellect, and an exquisite taste. But there is that about him which we cannot understand. Is he essentially "in madness," or mad "only in craft?" Where is the line to be drawn between his artificial and his real character? There is something altogether indefinable and mysterious in the poet's delineation of this character;—something wild and irregular in the circumstances with which the character is associated;—we see that Hamlet is propelled, rather than propelling. But why is this turn given to the delineation? We cannot exactly tell. Perhaps some of the very charm of the play to the adult mind is its mysteriousness. It awakes not only thoughts of the grand and the beautiful, but of the incomprehensible. Its obscurity constitutes a portion of its sublimity. This is the stage in which most minds are content to rest,

and, perhaps, advantageously so, with regard to the comprehension of 'Hamlet.'

The final appreciation of the 'Hamlet' of Shakspeare belongs to the development of the critical faculty,—to the cultivation of it by reading and reflection. Without much acquaintance with the thoughts of others, many men, we have no doubt, being earnest and diligent students of Shakspeare, have arrived at a tolerably adequate comprehension of his *idea* in this wonderful play. In passing through the stage of admiration they have utterly rejected the trash which the commentators have heaped upon it, under the name of criticism,—the solemn commonplaces of Johnson, the flippant and insolent attacks of Steevens. When the one says "The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose,"—and the other talks of the "*absurdities*" which deform the piece, and "the *immoral* character of Hamlet,"—the love for Shakspeare tells them, that remarks such as these belong to the same class of prejudices as Voltaire's "*monstruosités et fossoyeurs*." But after they have rejected all that belongs to criticism without love, the very depth of the reverence of another school of critics may tend to perplex them. The quantity alone that has been written in illustration of 'Hamlet' is embarrassing. We have only one word here to say to the anxious student of 'Hamlet': "Read, and again, and again." These are the words which the Editors of the folio of 1623 addressed "to the great variety of readers" as to Shakspeare generally: "Read him, therefore; and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

HAMLET, son to the former, and nephew to the present King.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

OLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 2.

Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LAERTES, son to Polonius.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6.

Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

VOLTIMAND, a courtier.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

CORNELIUS, a courtier.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

ROSENCRANTZ, a courtier.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

GUILDENSTERN, a courtier.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

OSRIC, a courtier.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

A Courtier.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 5.

A Priest.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

MARCELLUS, an officer.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5.

BERNARDO, an officer.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.

FRANCISCO, a soldier.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

A Captain.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

An Ambassador.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 4.

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6.

Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

OPHELIA, daughter of Polonius.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Act IV. sc. 5.

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players,
Gravediggers, Sailors, Messengers, and
other Attendants.*

SCENE,—ELSIOR.



[*The Platform at Elsinore.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

BER. Who's there?

FRAN. Nay, answer me*: stand, and unfold yourself.

BER. Long live the king!

FRAN. Bernardo?

BER. He.

FRAN. You come most carefully upon your hour.

BER. 'T is now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRAN. For this relief, much thanks: 't is bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

* Answer me. I, the sentinel, challenge you. Bernardo then gives the answer to the challenge, or watch-word—"Long live the king!"

BER. Have you had quiet guard?

FRAN. Not a mouse stirring.

BER. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals^a of my watch, bid them make haste,

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

FRAN. I think I hear them.—Stand^b! who's there?

HOR. Friends to this ground.

MAR. And liegemen to the Dane.

FRAN. Give you good night^c.

MAR. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?

FRAN. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night.

[Exit FRANCISCO.]

MAR. Holla! Bernardo!

BER. Say.

What, is Horatio there?

HOR. A piece of him.

BER. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

MAR^d. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BER. I have seen nothing.

MAR. Horatio says, 't is but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes^e, and speak to it.

HOR. Tush! tush! 't will not appear.

BER. Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

^a *Rivals*—partners, companions. Shakspeare uses *rivalry* in the sense of *partnership*, in 'Antony and Cleopatra': "Cæsar having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him *rivalry*—would not let him partake in the glory of the action." The derivation of *rival* takes us into an early state of society. The *rivalis* was a common occupier of a river—*rivus*; and this sort of occupation being a fruitful source of strife, the partners became *contenders*. Hence the more commonly received meaning of rival.

^b In the quarto of 1604 (*B*), Stand, *ho!*

^c This form of expression is an abbreviation of "may God give you good night;" and our "good night" is an abbreviation abbreviated. The French idiom has gone through the same process. In 'L'Avare' of Molière, it is said of Harpagon, "*donner est un mot pour qui il a tant d'aversion, qu'il ne dit jamais, je vous donne, mais, je vous prête le bonjour.*" (Acte II., Scène 5.)

^d This line is ordinarily given to Horatio, as in the quarto (*B*). In the folio, and the first quarto of 1608 (*A*), it belongs to Marcellus.

^e Confirm what we have seen.

What we two nights have seen.

HOR. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BER. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

MAR. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter GHOST.

BER. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

MAR. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio^a.

BER. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

HOR. Most like:—it harrows^b me with fear, and wonder.

BER. It would be spoke to.

MAR. Question^c it, Horatio.

HOR. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.

MAR. It is offended.

BER. See! it stalks away.

HOR. Stay; speak: speak I charge thee, speak.

[Exit GHOST.]

MAR. 'T is gone, and will not answer.

BER. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on 't?

HOR. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

MAR. Is it not like the king?

HOR. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,

^a Exorcisms were usually performed in Latin—the language of the church-service.

^b *Harrows*, in the folio. In quarto (*A*), *horrors*; in (*B*), *horrows*. Mr. Caldecott states that the word *harrow* is here used in the metaphorical sense which it takes from the operations of the *harrow*, in tearing asunder clods of earth. On the other hand some etymologists assert that *to harrow* and *to harry* (to vex, to disturb) are the same, and that the implement of husbandry derived its name from the verb. Mr. Caldecott has a curious note on the *harow*—the cry for help—of the Normans, with which *harrow* and *harry* seem to have some connection. (See his 'Specimen of an Edition of Shakespeare,' 1832.)

^c In quarto (*B*), *speak to*; *Question*, in the folio, and quarto (*A*).

He smote the sledded Polacks^a on the ice.

'T is strange.

MAR. Thus, twice before, and just^b at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HOR. In what particular thought to work, I know not ;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

MAR. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land ?

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war :

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week :

What might be toward^c that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day ;

Who is 't that can inform me ?

HOR. That can I ;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat ; in which our valiant Hamlet

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)

Did slay this Fortinbras ; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law, and heraldry^d,

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,

Which he stood seiz'd on, to the conqueror :

Against the which, a moiety competent

Was gaged by our king ; which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher ; as, by the same cov'nant^e

And carriage of the article design'd,

His fell to Hamlet : Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

^a *Polacks*—Poles. In the old copies the word is spelt *Pollax*, according probably with the pronunciation. Steevens reads *Polack*, "as it is not likely that provocation was given by more than one."

^b *Just*, in the folio; in quarto (*B*), *jump*. Malone properly observes, that "in the folio we sometimes find a familiar word substituted for one more ancient." In this play, however, the more ancient word occurs—"so *jump* upon this bloody question." (Act V., Scene 2.)

^c What might be *in preparation*. *To-ward*, *to-ward*, is the Anglo-Saxon participle, equivalent to *coming*, *about to come*.

^d The solemn agreement for this trial at arms was recognised by the courts of law and of chivalry. They were distinct ratifications; and therefore "law and heraldry" does not mean "the herald law," as Upton says.

^e *Cov'nant*, in the folio; in quarto (*B*), *co-mart*.

Of unimproved * mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
 Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
 For food and diet, to some enterprise
 That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other
 (And it doth well appear unto our state,)
 But to recover of us, by strong hand,
 And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands
 So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations;
 The source of this our watch; and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage ^b in the land.

[* BER. I think it be no other, but even so:
 Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch: so like the king
 That was, and is, the question of these wars.

HOR. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets ^d:

* *Unimproved*, in folio; in quarto (A), *inapproved*. Johnson says, "unimproved mettle" is "full of spirit, not regulated or guided by knowledge and experience." Gifford affirms that the word "unimproved" here means "just the contrary." *Improve* was originally used for *reprove*.

^b *Romage*. The stowing of a ship is the *roomage*; the stower is the *romager*. Thus, the hurried search attending lading and unlading gave us *rummage*, or *romage*, in the sense of tumbling over and tossing about things in confusion.

^c The eighteen lines in brackets are found in quarto (B), but are omitted in the folio. It is probable that Shakspeare suppressed this magnificent description of the omens which preceded the fall of "the mightiest Julius," after he had written 'Julius Cæsar.' In that noble play we have a description greatly resembling this, especially in the lines which we print in italics:—

"There is one within,
 Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
 A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
 And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead:
 Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
 In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
 Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan;
 And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets."

^d The commentators assume that a line is here omitted. Rowe alters the construction of the next two lines, and reads,—

"Stars *shone* with trains of fire, dews of blood *fell*,
 Disasters *veil'd* the sun."

Malone, instead of "As stars" would read *astres*. This appears to get rid of the difficulty, for we then have the recital of other prodigies, in connection with the appearance of "the sheeted dead." Steevens, however, says that there is no authority for the use of the word *astre*. But *astral* was not uncommon; and *asterisk* was used for a little star, and *asterism* for a constellation. We leave the passage as we find it in the quarto.

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 Disasters in the sun ; and the moist star^a,
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen^b coming on,
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.—]

Re-enter GHOST.

But, soft ; behold ! lo, where it comes again !
 I 'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion !
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
 Speak to me :
 If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
 Speak to me :
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
 O, speak !
 Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
 Speak of it :—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

[*Cock crows.*

MAR. Shall I strike at it with my partizan ?

HOR. Do, if it will not stand.

BER. 'T is here !

HOR. 'T is here !

MAR. 'T is gone !

[*Exit GHOST.*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
 To offer it the show of violence ;
 For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BER. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

HOR. And then it started like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

^a The *moist star* is the moon. So in 'The Winter's Tale:—
 "Nine changes of the watery star have been
 The shepherd's note."

^b *Omen* is here put for "portentous event." The word is used in the sense of *fate* by Heywood:
 "Merlin, well vers'd in many a hidden spell,
 His country's omen did long since foretell."

Upton points out that Shakspeare uses "omen" here in the very same manner as Virgil does, *Æn.*
 l. 849.

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn*,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 The extravagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine¹: and of the truth herein
 This present object made probation.

MAR. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
 And then, they say, no spirit can walk^b abroad;
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes^c, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

HOR. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill²:
 Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MAR. Let 's do 't, I pray: and I this morning know
 Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS,
 and Lords Attendant.*

KING. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
 The memory be green; and that it us befitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,

* *Morn*, in quarto (*B*); in folio, *day*. The reading of the quarto avoids the repetition of *day* in the next line but one.

^b *Can walk*, in folio. In quarto (*B*), "*dare stir*."

^c *Takes*—seizes with disease. As in '*The Merry Wives of Windsor*'—

"And there he blasts the tree, and *takes* the cattle."

The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 't were, with a defeated joy,
 With one auspicious and one dropping eye ;
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale, weighing delight and dole,
 Taken to wife : nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along :—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth ;
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
 Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
 Thus much the business is : We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
 His further gait^a herein ; in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject^b : and we here despatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearing of this greeting to old Norway ;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allow³.

Farewell ; and let your haste commend your duty.

COR., VOL. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

KING. We doubt it nothing ; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you ?
 You told us of some suit : What is 't, Laertes ?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice : What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

^a *Gait*—progress, the act of going. Thus, in 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,'—

"Every fairy take his *gait*."

^b *Out of his subject*—out of those subject to him.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes ?

LAER. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France ;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation ;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

KING. Have you your father's leave ? What says Polonius ?

POL. He hath, my lord, [wrung^a from me my slow leave,
By laboursome petition ; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent :]
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

KING. Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will !

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

HAM. A little more than kin, and less than kind^b.

[*Aside.*

KING. How is it that the clouds still hang on you ?

HAM. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun^c.

QUEEN. Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust :
Thou know'st 't is common ; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAM. Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee ?

HAM. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

^a The passage in brackets is found in quarto (B), but not in the folio.

^b Caldecott interprets this passage thus:—"More than a common relation; having a confessedly accumulated title of relationship, you have less than benevolent, or less than even natural feeling." But surely Hamlet applies these words to himself. The King has called him, "My cousin Hamlet." He says, in a suppressed tone, "A little more than kin"—a little more than cousin. The King adds, "and my son." Hamlet says, "less than kind;"—I am little of the same *nature* with you. *Kind* is constantly used in the sense of *nature* by Ben Jonson and other contemporaries of Shakspeare.

^c Farmer thinks that a quibble was intended between *sun* and *son*. Surely not. Hamlet says he is too much in the sun for clouds to hang over him; and his meaning is at once explained by an old proverb. In Grindal's 'Profitable Discourse,' 1555, we find this proverb; and the context clearly gives its meaning: "In very deed they were brought *from the good to the bad*, and *from God's blessing*, as the proverb is, *into a warme sonne*." Raleigh has the same expression in his 'History of the World.'

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, moods^a, shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly : These, indeed, seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play :
 But I have that within which passeth show ;
 These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
 To give these mourning duties to your father :
 But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
 That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound
 In filial obligation, for some term
 To do obsequious^b sorrow : But to persevere
 In obstinate condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornness ; 't is unmanly grief :
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven ;
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
 An understanding simple and unschool'd :
 For what, we know, must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart ? Fye ! 't is a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd ; whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
 " This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe ; and think of us
 As of a father : for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne,
 And, with no less nobility of love,
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart towards you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire :
 And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet ;

I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.

HAM. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

^a *Moods*. So the folio and quartos. The modern reading is *mood*. *Mood* was sometimes used in the sense of *mode* ; but it is, perhaps, here meant to signify something beyond the mere manner of grief—the manner as exhibited in the outward *sadness*. The *forms* are the *ceremonials* of grief,—the *moods* its prevailing *sullenness* ;—the *shows* (*shapes* in the quartos) its fits of passion.

^b *Obsequious sorrow*—funeral sorrow,—from *obsequies*.

KING. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply;

Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, Lords, &c., POLONIUS, and LAERTES.*]

HAM. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon^a 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world!
Fye on 't! O fye! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two;
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr^d: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem^b the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason^c,

^a *Canon*. In the old editions this word is spelt *cannon*; and thus the commentators think it necessary to prove that the levelling of a piece of artillery is not here meant. By a curious analogy, *ordnance* in the old writers is spelt *ordinance*. Looking at the precision with which 'our greatest ordinance' are described by Harrison,—their various names, weight of the shot, weight of powder used, &c., we are inclined to think that *cannon* and *ordnance* denoted such pieces of artillery as were made according to a strict technical rule, canon, or ordinance. In Harrison, *cannon* is spelt *canon*, showing the French derivation of the word.

^b *Beteem*. Steevens brought back this word, which had been modernised into *let alone*; the sentence was afterwards changed to "that he permitted not." To *beteem*, in this passage, means to *except*, to *allow*, to *suffer*. In Heywood's 'Britaine's Troy,' 1636, we have these lines:—

"They call'd him God on earth, and much esteem'd him;
Much honour he receiv'd, which they *beteem'd* him."

^c *Discourse of reason*. In Massinger we have:—

"It adds to my calamity that I have
Discourse and reason."

ifford thinks that this passage in Shakspeare should also be "discourse and reason." But a

Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,
 She married:—O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

HOR. Hail to your lordship!

HAM. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

HOR. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAM. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
 Marcellus?

MAR. My good lord,—

HAM. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir,—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

HOR. A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAM. I would not have your enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

HOR. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAM. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

subsequent passage in this play explains the phrase, and shows that by *discourse* is not meant language:—

"Sure he that made us with such large *discourse*,
 Looking before and after."

The *discourse* of reason is the *discursion* of reason—the faculty of pursuing a train of thought, or of passing from one thought to another;—"the *discoursing* thought," as Sir John Davies expresses it. The expression, "Discourse of reason" occurs twice in the 3rd book of Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity': "True and sound knowledge attained by natural discourse of reason." (Chap. viii., section 7)—and "If the knowledge thereof were possible without discourse of natural reason." (Chap. viii., section 11.)

* *Good even*. This has been changed to *good morning*; and Steevens defends the change, because Marcellus has previously said of Hamlet,—

"I this morning know
 Where we shall find him."

The changers of the text forgot that the salutation "*good even*" was used immediately after noon.

HOR. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAM. Thrift, thrift^a, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe^b in heaven

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!—

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

HOR. O, where, my lord?

HAM. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HOR. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

HAM. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

HOR. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAM. Saw who?

HOR. My lord, the king your father.

HAM. The king my father!

HOR. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear; till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

HAM. For heaven's love, let me hear.

HOR. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead waste^c and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,

Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé,

Appears before them, and, with solemn march,

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, bestill'd^d

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me

^a *Thrift, thrift.* It was a frugal arrangement,—a thrifty proceeding,—there was no waste—

“The funeral bak'd meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.”

^b *Dearest foe.* For an explanation of one of the apparently contradictory senses in which *dear* is used by Shakspeare, see Note to ‘Richard II.,’ Act I., Scene 3. Upon the passage before us, Caldecott remarks, that throughout Shakspeare, and all the poets of his day, and much later, “we find this epithet applied to that person or thing which, for or against us, excites the liveliest interest.”

^c *Dead waste.* This is ordinarily printed “dead waist.” The quarto of 1603, which was unknown to Steevens and Malone, reads “dead vast.” In ‘The Tempest’ we find “*vast of night*,” which Steevens explains thus:—“The vast of night means the night which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or, when all things lying in sleep and silence makes the world appear one great uninhabited waste.”

^d *Bestill'd*, in the folio; the quartos, *distill'd*. To *still*, is to fall in drops;—they were dissolved—separated drop by drop,

“Almost to jelly, with the act of fear.”

In dreadful secrecy impart they did ;
 And I with them the third night kept the watch :
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes: I knew your father ;
 These hands are not more like.

HAM. But where was this ?

MAR. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

HAM. Did you not speak to it ?

HOR. My lord, I did :
 But answer made it none : yet once, methought,
 It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak :
 But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

HAM. 'T is very strange.

HOR. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true ;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty,
 To let you know of it.

HAM. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night ?

ALL. We do, my lord.

HAM. Arm'd, say you^a ?

ALL. Arm'd, my lord.

HAM. From top to toe ?

ALL. My lord, from head to foot.

HAM. Then saw you not his face.

HOR. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up^b.

HAM. What, look'd he frowningly ?

HOR. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAM. Pale, or red ?

HOR. Nay, very pale.

HAM. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

^a This passage is sometimes read and acted, as if "Arm'd, say you?" applied to the manner in which Horatio and Marcellus prepared to hold their watch; and we have somewhere seen a criticism which notes "Then saw you not his face?" as a memorable example of the force of an abrupt transition. "Arm'd, say you?" without doubt, is asked with reference to the Ghost, who has been described by Horatio as

"Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé."

Hamlet, with his mind full of this description, anticipates the re-appearance of the figure, when he asks,

"Hold you the watch to-night?"

and proceeds to those minute questions which carry forward the deep impressions of truth and reality with which everything connected with the supernatural appearance of Hamlet's father is invested.

^b See Illustrations to 'Henry IV., Part II.,' Act IV., Scene 1.

HOR. Most constantly.

HAM. I would I had been there.

HOR. It would have much amaz'd you.

HAM. Very like, very like: Stay'd it long?

HOR. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

MAR., BER. Longer, longer.

HOR. Not when I saw it.

HAM. His beard was grizzly? no.

HOR. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

HAM. I will watch to-night;

Perchance, 't will walk again.

HOR. I warrant you it will.

HAM. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable^a in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue;

I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

ALL. Our duty to your honour.

HAM. Your love, as mine to you: Farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;

I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Polonius's House.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

LAE. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:

And, sister, as the winds give benefit,

And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

OPH. Do you doubt that?

LAE. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,

^a *Tenable*, in quarto (*B*). In the folio, *treble*; which Caldecott interprets, "Hamlet imposes a threefold obligation of silence."

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
 The [perfume and] suppli-ance of a minute ;
 No more.

OPH. No more but so ?

LAEER. Think it no more :
 For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
 In thews, and bulk ; but, as this temple waxes,
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now ;
 And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch^a
 The virtue of his will : but, you must fear,
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own ;
 For he himself is subject to his birth :
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
 The sanctity^b and health of the whole state ;
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head : Then if he says, he loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he in his peculiar sect and force^c
 May give his saying deed ; which is no further,
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs ;
 Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
 And keep within the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest^d maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes :
 The canker galls the infants of the spring^e,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.

^a *Soil*, is a spot ; *cautel*, a crafty way to deceive ; *besmirch*, to sully.

^b *Sanctity*. So the folio ; the quartos, *safety*.

^c *Peculiar sect and force*. So the folio ; the quarto (B), *particular act and place*.

^d *Chariest*.—Most cautious.

^e Shakspeare has the same beautiful expression in 'Love's Labour's Lost':—

"An envious sneaping frost
 That bites the first-born infants of the spring."

Be wary then : best safety lies in fear ;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPH. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart : But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read^a.

LAER. O fear me not.
I stay too long ;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POL. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame ;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for : There, my blessing with you !

[Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.]

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops^b of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel : but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that^c.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

^a *Read.* Counsel, doctrine.

^b *Hoops.* Modern editors have unwarrantably substituted *hooks*. Malone, justifying the change, observes, with great solemnity, "*hooks* are sometimes made of steel, but *hoops* never."

^c The line in the folio, and in the quartos, including that of 1608, runs thus :

"Are of a most select and generous chief in that."

Although we printed the original line in our former editions, we adopt now the reading of Mr. Dyce, who contends that *of a* was a typographical error, constantly perpetuated.

This above all,—To thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee *!

LAER. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POL. The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.

LAER. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well

What I have said to you.

OPH. 'T is in my memory lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAER. Farewell.

[Exit LAERTES.]

POL. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

OPH. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

POL. Marry, well bethought :

'T is told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you : and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous :
If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour :
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

OPH. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

POL. Affection ? puh ! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

OPH. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

POL. Marry, I 'll teach you : think yourself a baby ;

That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly ;
Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Roaming ^b it thus,) you 'll tender me a fool.

OPH. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

POL. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to, go to.

OPH. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With all the vows of heaven ^c.

* It has been objected to these maxims of Polonius, that their good sense ill accords with his general character, his tediousness, his babbling vanity. In the quarto of 1608, the "precepts" are printed with inverted commas, as if they were taken from some known source ; or, at any rate, as if Polonius had delivered them by an effort of memory alone.

^b *Roaming*. So the folio ;—the common reading is *wronging*. "Roaming it thus" applies to the various senses in which Polonius has used the word "tender."

^c So the line stands in the folio. In quarto (B):—

"With almost all the holy vows of heaven."

POL. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Gives ^a the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
 Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
 You must not take for fire. From this time, daughter ^b,
 Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
 Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
 Believe so much in him, that he is young;
 And with a larger tether may he walk,
 Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
 Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers;—
 Not of the eye ^c which their investments show,
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all,—
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
 Look to 't, I charge you; come your ways.

OPH. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

HAM. The air bites shrewdly. It is very cold ^d.

HOR. It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAM. What hour now?

HOR. I think, it lacks of twelve.

MAR. No, it is struck.

HOR. Indeed? I heard it not; then it draws near the season,
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

^a *Gives*, in the folio; quartos, *lends*.

^b In the quartos, *daughter* is here wanting.

^c *The eye*. So the folio; the quartos, *that die*. An eye was used to express a slight *tint*, as in the 'Tempest':—

"*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't."

It is here metaphorically put for *character*.

^d The quartos read, "*It is very cold.*" In the folio we have, "*Is it very cold?*" with a note of interrogation.

HAM. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse^a,
Keeps wassels, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

HOR. Is it a custom?

HAM. Ay, marry, is 't:

And to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
[* This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of ill
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal^b.]

Enter GHOST.

HOR. Look, my lord, it comes!

HAM. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

^a The twenty-two lines in brackets are not in the folio, but are found in quarto (B).

^b In the quarto (B), this difficult passage is found thus:—

“ The dram of *ease*
Doth all the noble substance of a *doubt*
To his own scandal.”

In another quarto we have, “ The dram of *ease*.” The original text is certainly corrupt; and, amongst many conjectural emendations, the lines as we print them seem to give the clearest meaning. To *dout* is to put out, to *extinguish*. Perhaps we might read, “ The dram of *ease*.”

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable^a shape,
 That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me.
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
 So horridly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

HOR. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

MAR. Look, with what courteous action
 It wafts^b you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

HOR. No, by no means.

HAM. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

HOR. Do not, my lord.

HAM. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
 And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?
 It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

HOR. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason^c,

^a *Questionable*. The general interpretation is, *doubtful*. In the first scene where the Ghost appears, Marcellus says, "*Question it.*" The *questionable* shape is a shape *capable of being questioned*.

^b *Wafts*. Here, and in a subsequent line, *wafts* appears in the folio instead of *waves* in the quarto. To *waft*, is to make a *waving* motion, to sign, to beckon—as well as to impel over a wave. In 'Julius Cæsar,' we have:—

"Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But with an angry *waster* of your hand
 Gave sign for me to leave you."

^c This is generally interpreted, and we think justly, "would displace the sovereignty of your reason." In the 'Icon Basilike,' we have the precise expression, in this sense: "At once to betray

And draw you into madness? think of it:
 [The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain,
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
 And hears it roar beneath^a.]

HAM. It wafts me still:—Go on, I'll follow thee.

MAR. You shall not go, my lord.

HAM. Hold off your hand.

HOR. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

HAM. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[GHOST beckons.

Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;

[Breaking from them.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me^b:—

I say, away:—Go on, I'll follow thee. [Exeunt GHOST and HAMLET.

HOR. He waxes desperate with imagination.

MAR. Let's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey him.

HOR. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

MAR. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HOR. Heaven will direct it.

MAR. Nay, let's follow him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*A more remote Part of the Platform.*

Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET.

HAM. Where wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

GHOST. Mark me.

HAM. I will.

GHOST. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

HAM. Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing

To what I shall unfold.

HAM. Speak, I am bound to hear.

GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAM. What?

GHOST. I am thy father's spirit;

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;

the sovereignty of reason in my own soul." But Gifford, in a Note on Ben Jonson's 'New Inn' (vol. v. p. 352), gives a more prosaic interpretation to the passage:—"The critics have stumbled over a difficulty raised by themselves. *Sovereignty* is merely a title of respect."

^a The four lines in brackets, not in the folio, are found in quarto (B).

^b Lets me—obstructs me.

And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand an end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine^a ;
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood :—List, Hamlet^b, O list !—
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

HAM. O heaven !

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAM. Murder ?

GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAM. Haste me to know it ; that I, with wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST. I find thee apt ;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf^c,

Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now Hamlet, hear :

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,

A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life,

Now wears his crown.

HAM. O my prophetic soul ! mine uncle !

GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,

(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power

So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming virtuous queen :

O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !

^a In all the old copies *porpentine*. We agree with Mr. Dyce that it is desirable to retain the word commonly used in Shakspeare's time.

^b So the folio. *List, list, O, list*, is the reading of the quarto (*B*).

^c Whiter, in his very curious 'Etymological Dictionary,' speaking of this passage, in connection with the theory of *ease* belonging to the idea of being *earthed*—fixed, resting—says, "It is curious that Shakspeare uses *ease* as connected with a term which most strongly expresses the idea of being fixed in a certain spot, or *earth*."

From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But soft! methinks, I scent the morning's air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon^a in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager^a droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd^b about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once despatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd^c:
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible^d!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

^a *Eager*, in the quartos,—the folio, *aigre*.

^b *Bark'd*, in quartos; in folio, *bat'd*.

^c These words describe the last offices which were performed to the dying. To *housel*, is to "minister the communion to one who lyeth on his death bed." *Disappointed*, is, not appointed, not prepared. *Unanel'd*, is, without the administration of extreme unction, which was called *anointing*.

^d This line, in all the old copies, is given to the Ghost; but it was always spoken by Garrick, in his character of Hamlet, as belonging to the Prince according to stage tradition.

Against thy mother aught ; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !
 The glow worm shows the matins to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire :
 Adieu, adieu, Hamlet^a ! remember me.

[Exit.

HAM. O all you host of heaven ! O earth ! What else ?
 And shall I couple hell ?—O fye !—Hold, my heart ;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up !—Remember thee ?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee ?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there ;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, yes, by heaven.
 O most pernicious woman !
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !
 My tables, my tables,—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;
 At least I 'm sure it may be so in Denmark ;
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word ;
 It is, " Adieu, adieu ! remember me."
 I have sworn 't.

[Writing.

HOR. [Within.] My lord, my lord,—

MAR. [Within.] Lord Hamlet,—

HOR. [Within.] Heaven secure him !

MAR.^b [Within.] So be it !

HOR. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord !

HAM. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

MAR. How is 't, my noble lord ?

HOR. What news, my lord ?

HAM. O, wonderful !

HOR. Good my lord, tell it.

HAM. No ; you 'll reveal it.

HOR. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MAR. Nor I, my lord.

^a So the folio. The quartos read " Adieu, adieu, adieu."

^b In the quartos, this exclamation is given to Hamlet.

HAM. How say you then ; would heart of man once think it ?

But you 'll be secret,—

HOB., MAR. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

HAM. There 's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he 's an arrant knave.

HOB. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.

HAM. Why, right ; you are in the right ;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part ;
You, as your business and desire shall point you—
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is,—and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray.

HOB. These are but wild and hurling^a words, my lord.

HAM. I 'm sorry they offend you, heartily ;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.

HOB. There 's no offence, my lord.

HAM. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, my lord.
And much offence too, touching this vision here.
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you ;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

HOB. What is 't, my lord ? We will.

HAM. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

HOB., MAR. My lord, we will not.

HAM. Nay, but swear 't.

HOB. In faith,
My lord, not I.

MAR. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAM. Upon my sword ?

MAR. We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAM. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. Ha, ha, boy ! say'st thou so ? art thou there, true-penny ?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

HOB. Propose the oath, my lord.

HAM. Never to speak of this that you have seen.

Swear by my sword.

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. *Hic et ubique* ! then we 'll shift our ground :—

^a *Hurling*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *whurling*.

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword :
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. Well said, old mole ! can'st work i' the ground so fast ?

A worthy pioneer !—Once more remove, good friends.

HOR. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange !

HAM. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

But come ;——

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy !

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on——

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall

With arms encumber'd thus, or thus head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, " Well, we know ;"—or, " We could, an if we would ;"—

Or, " If we list to speak ;"—or, " There be, an if there might ;"—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me :—This not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

Swear^a. •

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you :

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together ;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint ;—O cursed spite !

That ever I was born to set it right !

Nay, come, let 's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a We print this passage as in the folio. The ordinary reading is by no means so plain :

" This *do you swear*,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you."



[*Palace of Rosenberg.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Polonius's House.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

POL. Give him his money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

REY. I will, my lord.

POL. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

REY. My lord, I did intend it.

POL. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers^a are in Paris;

^a In Warner's 'Albion's England,' *Danske* is given as the ancient name of Denmark.

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—“ I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him ;”—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

REY. Ay, very well, my lord.

POL. “ And, in part, him ;—but,” you may say, “ not well :
But, if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild ;
Addicted so and so ;”—and there put on him
What forgeries you please ; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him ; take heed of that ;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

REY. As gaming, my lord.

POL. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing :—You may go so far.

REY. My lord, that would dishonour him.

POL. 'Faith, no ; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency ;
That 's not my meaning : but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty :
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind ;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

REY. But, my good lord,—

POL. Wherefore should you do this ?

REY. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

POL. Marry, sir, here 's my drift ;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant :
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence ;
“ Good sir,” or so ; or “ friend,” or “ gentleman,”—
According to the phrase and the addition,
Of man, and country.

REY. Very good, my lord.

POL. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—

What was I about to say?

I was about to say something:—Where did I leave?

REY. At “closes in the consequence.”

At “friend, or so, and gentleman.”

POL. At, closes in the consequence,—Ay, marry;

He closes with you thus:—“I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,

Or then, or then; with such, and such; and, as you say,

There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;

There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale

(Videlicet, a brothel,) or so forth.”—

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlaces, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out;

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

REY. My lord, I have.

POL. God be wi' you; fare you well.

REY. Good my lord,—

POL. Observe his inclination in yourself.

REY. I shall, my lord.

POL. And let him ply his music.

REY. Well, my lord.

[Exit.

Enter OPHELIA.

POL. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

OPH. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

POL. With what, in the name of heaven?

OPH. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber*,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;

Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

And with a look so piteous in purport,

As if he had been loosed out of hell,

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

POL. Mad for thy love?

OPH. My lord, I do not know;

* Chamber, in folio; in quartos, closet.

But, truly, I do fear it.

POL. What said he?

OFN. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
 And, with his other hand thus, o'er his brow
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;
 At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being : That done, he lets me go :
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
 For out o' doors he went without their help,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

POL. Go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes ^a itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

OPH. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

POL. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted^b him : I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my jealousy !
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *Foredoes*—destroys—undoes.

^b *Quoted*—observed, noted.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

KING. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot deem^a of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour^b,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,
[Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus^c,]
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

QUEEN. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

ROS. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

GUIL. We both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

KING. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

QUEEN. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,

^a *Deem*, in folio; in quartos, *dream*.

^b *Humour*, in folio; in quarto, *haviour*.

^c This line is wanting in the folio.

And bring the gentlemen where Hamlet is.

GUIL. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

QUEEN.

Amen!

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and some Attendants.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

KING. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

POL. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, one ^a to my gracious king:
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As I have ^b us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

KING. O, speak of that; that I do long to hear.

POL. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;

My news shall be the fruit ^c to that great feast.

KING. Thysself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

QUEEN. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

KING. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLT. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,

^a *One.* This is the reading in the folio,—meaning that Polonius holds that his *duty* to his king is an obligation as imperative as his duty to his God, to whom his *soul* is subject. The quartos read:—

“Both to my God *and* to my gracious king.”

^b *I have us'd*, in folio; in quarto, *it hath us'd*.

^c *Fruit.* So the quartos—the *news* of Polonius shall follow the message of the ambassadors, as *fruit after meat*. The folio reads:—

“My news shall be the *news* to that great feast.”

Caldecott interprets this—my news shall be the leading topic. We are inclined to think that *news* was repeated, by a typographical error not uncommon.

Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
 On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys ;
 Receives rebuke from Norway ; and, in fine,
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more
 To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee ;
 And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the Polack :
 With an entreaty, herein further shown,
 That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for his enterprize ;
 On such regards of safety, and allowance,
 As therein are set down.

[Gives a paper.]

KING. It likes us well ;
 And, at our more consider'd time, we 'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.
 Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour :
 Go to your rest ; at night we 'll feast together :
 Most welcome home ! [Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

POL. This business is very well ended.
 My liege, and madam, to expostulate
 What majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
 I will be brief : Your noble son is mad :
 Mad call I it : for, to define true madness,
 What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad :
 But let that go.

QUEEN. More matter, with less art.

POL. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
 That he is mad, 't is true : 't is true, 't is pity ;
 And pity 't is, 't is true : a foolish figure ;
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him then : and now remains,
 That we find out the cause of this effect ;
 Or, rather say, the cause of this defect ;
 For this effect, defective, comes by cause :
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
 Perpend.
 I have a daughter ; have, while she is mine ;
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this : Now gather, and surmise.

—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia."—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase: beautified is a vile phrase^a; but you shall hear.

"These. In her excellent white bosom, these."^b

QUEEN. Came this from Hamlet to her?

POL. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

"Doubt thou, the stars are fire;
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

[*Reads.*

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, Hamlet."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter showed me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

KING. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

POL. What do you think of me?

KING. As of a man faithful and honourable.

POL. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking^c mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
"Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star^d;
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;

^a *Beautified*, according to Polonius, is a vile phrase. It was the common phrase in dedications to ladies in Shakspeare's time:—"To the worthily honoured and virtuous *beautified* lady, the Lady Anne Glennham," &c., is found in a volume of Poems, by R. L., 1596.

^b See Illustrations to 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act III., Scene 1.—The ladies of Elizabeth's day, and much later, wore a small pocket in the front of their stays.

^c *Winking*, in folio; in quartos, *working*.

^d *Star*, in folio, and in the quartos (*A*) and (*B*). In the folio of 1632, *star* was changed to *sphere*, which is the modern reading.

And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
 Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
 Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
 Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
 Into the madness whereon now he raves,
 And all we wail^a for.

KING. Do you think 't is this ?

QUEEN. It may be ; very likely.

POL. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)
 That I have positively said, " 'T is so,"
 When it prov'd otherwise ?

KING. Not that I know.

POL. Take this from this, if this be otherwise :

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

KING. How may we try it further ?

POL. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
 Here in the lobby.

QUEEN. So he has^b, indeed.

POL. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :
 Be you and I behind an arras then ;
 Mark the encounter : if he love her not,
 And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a state,
 And keep a farm, and carters.

KING. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

QUEEN. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

POL. Away, I do beseech you, both away ;

I'll boord^c him presently :—O, give me leave.—

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.*

How does my good lord Hamlet ?

HAM. Well, god-a-mercy.

POL. Do you know me, my lord ?

HAM. Excellent, excellent well ; you 're a fishmonger.

^a *Wail*, in folio ; in quartos, *mourn*.

^b *Has*, in folio. So he *has done*, indeed. The quarto reads, *does*.

^c *Boord*. This is ordinarily printed *board*, but is spelt *boord* in the folio. *Boord*, *bowrd*, or *board*, is to *accost* ; it is also to *jeer*. Gifford says that to *board* is to accost (as explained by Sir Toby in 'Twelfth Night,' Act I., Scene 3) ; to *bowrd* is to jest ; and to *bowd*, to pout, or appear sullen. These distinctions of orthography are, however, very seldom preserved. (See Note on 'Catiline,' Jonson's Works, vol. iv., p. 221.)

POL. Not I, my lord.

HAM. Then I would you were so honest a man.

POL. Honest, my lord?

HAM. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of two^a thousand.

POL. That's very true, my lord.

HAM. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion^b,—Have you a daughter?

POL. I have, my lord.

HAM. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to 't.

POL. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

HAM. Words, words, words!

POL. What is the matter, my lord?

HAM. Between who?

POL. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

HAM. Slanders, sir: for the satirical slave says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, or plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with weak hams: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am^c, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

POL. Though this be madness, yet there is method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAM. Into my grave?

POL. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAM. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, my life^d.

^a Two, in folio; in quartos, ten.

^b The ordinary reading, which was suggested by Warburton, is, "being a god, kissing carrion." The text, as we give it, is that of the quartos and the folios. We fear that this "noble emendation," as Johnson calls it, cannot be sustained by what follows. The carrion is good at kissing—ready to return the kiss of the sun—"Common kissing Titan," and in the bitterness of his satire Hamlet associates the idea with the daughter of Polonius. Mr. Whiter, however, considers that good, the original reading, is correct; but that the poet uses the word as a substantive—the good principle in the fecundity of the earth. In that case we should read, "being a good, kissing carrion." (See 'Specimens of a Commentary on Shakespeare,' p. 157.)

^c This is ordinarily printed "yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am," a made up reading.

^d So the folio. The quarto (B) reads, "except my life, except my life, except my life."

POL. Fare you well, my lord.

HAM. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

POL. You go to seek my lord Hamlet; there he is.

ROS. God save you, sir!

[*To POLONIUS. Exit POLONIUS.*]

GUIL. Mine honour'd lord!—

ROS. My most dear lord!

HAM. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

ROS. As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUIL. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;

On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

HAM. Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROS. Neither, my lord.

HAM. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favour?

GUIL. Faith, her privates we.

HAM. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

ROS. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

HAM. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

GUIL. Prison, my lord?

HAM. Denmark's a prison.

ROS. Then is the world one.

HAM. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

ROS. We think not so, my lord.

HAM. Why, then, 't is none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

ROS. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 't is too narrow for your mind.

HAM. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

GUIL. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAM. A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROS. Truly; and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAM. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

ROS., GUIL. We'll wait upon you.

HAM. No such matter; I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to

speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

ROS. To visit you, my lord: no other occasion.

HAM. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

GUIL. What should we say, my lord?

HAM. Why anything. But to the purpose^a. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

ROS. To what end, my lord?

HAM. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

ROS. What say you?

[To GUILDENSTERN.

HAM. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside*.]—if you love me, hold not off.

GUIL. My lord, we were sent for.

HAM. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrecy to the king and queen. Moults no feather^b. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'erhanging firmament^c—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

ROS. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAM. Why did you laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me?"

ROS. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten^d entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted^e them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

HAM. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target: the lover shall

^a So the folio. This passage is usually printed from quarto (*B*), "anything—but to the purpose."

^b So the folio. The quarto (*B*) reads, "and your secrecy to the king and queen moults no feather."

^c So the quarto (*B*). The folio omits *firmament*. (See Illustration 8.)

^d *Lenten*—sparing—like fare in Lent.

^e *Coted*—overtook—went side by side—from *côté*.

not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere^a; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

ROS. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

HAM. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

ROS. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

HAM. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

ROS. No, indeed, they are not.

HAM. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

ROS. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an airy of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

HAM. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted^b? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is like most, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

ROS. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy^c: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

HAM. Is 't possible?

GUIL. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

HAM. Do the boys carry it away?

ROS. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

HAM. It is not strange^d; for mine uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make mowes^e at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

^a The quarto of 1603 reads, "that are tickled in the lungs." The *sere* is a dry affection of the throat, by which the lungs are tickled; but the clown provokes laughter even from those who habitually cough.

^b *Escoted*—paid. The *scot* or *shot*—the coin cast down—is the share of any common charge paid by an individual. The French *escotter*, is to pay the scot. Hence "scot and lot."

^c In modern editions, "to tarre them on." The folio has not *on*. In 'King John' (Act IV., Scene 2) we have

"Like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on."

To *tarre* is to exasperate, from the Anglo-Saxon *tirian*.

^d In quartos, *very* strange.

^e In quartos, *mouths*. The *mowes* of the folio is more Shaksperian—as in 'The Tempest':

"Sometimes like apes that *moe* and chatter at me."

GUIL. There are the players.

HAM. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in the garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

GUIL. In what, my dear lord?

HAM. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw^a.

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. Well be with you, gentlemen!

HAM. Hark you, Guildenstern,—and you too;—at each ear a hearer; that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing^b clouts.

ROS. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

HAM. I will prophesy. He comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 't was so, indeed.

POL. My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAM. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome^c,—

POL. The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAM. Buz, buz!

POL. Upon mine honour,—

HAM. Then came each actor on his ass,—

POL. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light^d. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

HAM. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

POL. What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAM. Why—

One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

POL. Still on my daughter.

[*Aside.*

HAM. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

POL. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

HAM. Nay, that follows not.

^a *Handsaw*—the corruption in this proverbial expression of *heronshaw*—*hernshaw*, a heron. In Spenser, we have

“As when a cast of falcons made their flight
At an hernesshaw.”

^b *Swathing*, in folio; in quartos, *swaddling*.

^c The folio omits *was*.

POL. What follows then, my lord?

HAM. Why,

“As by lot, God wot,”

and then you know,

“It came to pass, As most like it was.”

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more¹⁰: for look, where my abridgments come.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You're welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! Thy face is valiant^a since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine¹¹. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring¹².—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 PLAY. What speech, my lord?

HAM. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviarie to the general¹³: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play: well digested in the scenes; set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets^b in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation; but called it, an honest method [as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine]. One chief speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,

It is not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules^c; horridly trick'd^d
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light

^a *Valiant*, in the folio; which is interpreted *manly*. The quarto has *valanc'd*, which is explained “fringed with a beard.”

^b *Sallets*, ribaldry.

^c *Gules*, red, in heraldic phrase.

^d *Trick'd*, painted; also a word in heraldry.

To their vile murders^a : Roasted in wrath and fire.
 And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
 Old grandsire Priam seeks.

POL. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken ; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 PLAY. Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks ; his antique sword,
 Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
 Repugnant to command : Unequal match'd,
 Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage strikes wide ;
 But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
 The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
 Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top
 Stoops to his base ; and with a hideous crash
 Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear : for, lo ! his sword,
 Which was declining on the milky head
 Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick :
 So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood ;
 And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
 Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as death : anon the dreadful thunder
 Doth rend the region : So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
 A roused vengeance sets him new a work ;
 And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
 On Mars his armours, forg'd for proof eterne,
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
 Now falls on Priam.—
 Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune ! All you gods,
 In general synod, take away her power ;
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
 And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
 As low as to the fiends.

POL. This is too long.

HAM. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Prithee, say on :—He's for a jig^b, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps :—say on ; come to Hecuba.

1 PLAY. But who, O who, had seen the mobled queen——

HAM. The mobled^c queen ?

^a *Vile murders*, in the folios ; in quartos, *lord's murder*.

^b *A jig*, a ludicrous interlude.

^c *Mobled*. This is the reading of quartos (A) and (B). In the folio we have *inobled*, which is, we have little doubt, a misprint. In the folio of 1632, the original reading was restored. *Mobled*, is hastily *muffled* up. The mobled queen has

" A clout about that head

Where late the diadem stood."

In Sandys' 'Travels' we have "their heads and faces are *mabled* in fine linen." To *mob*, or *mab*, is to dress carelessly ; a *mob* is a covering for the head,—a close covering, according to some,—a *mobile* covering, more probably.

POL. That's good: mobled queen is good.

1 PLAY. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flame
 With bisson rheum; a clout about that head,
 Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
 About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
 A blanket, in the alarum of fear caught up;
 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
 'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounce'd:
 But if the gods themselves did see her then,
 When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
 In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
 The instant burst of clamour that she made,
 (Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
 Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
 And passion in the gods.

POL. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in his eyes.—
 Pray you, no more.

HAM. 'T is well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—Good my lord, will
 you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used;
 for they are the abstracts^a, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your
 death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you
 lived.

POL. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

HAM. Odd's bodikin man, better:^b Use every man after his desert, and who
 should 'scape whipping! Use them after your own honour and dignity:
 The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

POL. Come, sirs. [*Exit POLONIUS with some of the Players.*]

HAM. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me,
 old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 PLAY. Ay, my lord.

HAM. We'll have 't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of
 some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in 't? could
 you not?

1 PLAY. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit*
Player.] My good friends [*To ROS. and GUIL.*], I'll leave you till night:
 you are welcome to Elsinore.

ROS. Good my lord! [*Exeunt ROSENORANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

HAM. Ay, so, God be wi' you: Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his whole^c conceit,

^a *Abstracts*, in the folio; the general reading is *abstract*, adjectively.

^b *Better*, in the folio; in quartos, *much* better.

^c *Whole*, in folio; in quartos, *own*.

That from her working, all his visage wann'd^a;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free^b,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams^c, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O vengeance.

What an ass am I! ay, sure, this is most brave^d;
That I, the son of the dear murdered^e,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fye upon 't! foh! About, my brains! I have heard,

^a *Wann'd*, so the quartos; the folio, *warm'd*.

^b *Free*,—free from offence.

^c *John-a-dreams*,—a soubriquet for a heavy lethargic fellow.

^d So the folio. The quartos, omitting the short line, "O vengeance," read
"Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave."

^e So the folio, and two of the quartos. In others, we have "a dear father murder'd." The rejection, by the editors, of the beautiful reading of "the dear murdered," rests upon the belief that "father" is a material word.

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.]



[Elsinore.]



[Kronberg Castle.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

KING. And can you, by no drift of circumstance*,
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROS. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

GUIL. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

QUEEN. Did he receive you well?

* *Circumstance*, in folio; in quartos, *conference*.

ROS. Most like a gentleman.

GUIL. But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROS. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,

Most free in his reply^a.

QUEEN. Did you assay him to any pastime?

ROS. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players

We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy

To hear of it: They are about the court;

And, as I think, they have already order

This night to play before him.

POL. 'T is most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,

To hear and see the matter.

KING. With all my heart; and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,

And drive his purpose on to these delights.

ROS. We shall, my lord. [Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;

That he, as 't were by accident, may here

Affront^b Ophelia.

Her father, and myself (lawful espials),

Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge;

And gather by him, as he is behav'd,

If 't be the affliction of his love or no,

That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN. I shall obey you:

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,

To both your honours.

OPH. Madam, I wish it may.

[Exit QUEEN.]

POL. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please you,

We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;

[To OPHELIA.]

That show of such an exercise may colour

Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—

'T is too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage,

^a It was suggested by Warburton to read

"Most free of question; but of our demands
Niggard in his reply."

^b *Affront*, encounter, confront.

And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

KING. O, 't is true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience^a!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

[*Aside.*

POL. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS.*

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles^b,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep^c,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud^d man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd^e love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make

^a Modern editors have destroyed the original metrical arrangement, and print these two lines thus, against all authority:—

“The devil himself.

KING. O, 't is too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience.”

In the folio too is omitted.

^b Pope wished to print, “a *siege* of troubles.”

^c This passage is sometimes printed thus:—

“To die;—to sleep;—

No more?”

It is so given in Ayscough's edition. The doubt whether death and sleep are identical comes too early, the passage being so pointed. The doubt is expressed in “perchance to dream.” The “no more” is *nothing more*—the “*rien de plus*” of the French translators of Hamlet.

^d *Proud*, in the quartos. In the folio we have “the *poor* man's contumely,”—the contumely which the poor man bears.

^e *Dispriz'd*, in the folio; in the quartos, *despis'd*.

With a bare bodkin^a? who would^b fardels bear,
 To grunt^c and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry^d,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
 The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

OPH. Good my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?

HAM. I humbly thank you; well, well, well^e.

OPH. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 I pray you, now receive them.

HAM. No, no. I never gave you aught.

OPH. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did;
 And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
 As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
 Take these, again; for to the noble mind,
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
 There, my lord.

HAM. Ha, ha! are you honest?

OPH. My lord?

HAM. Are you fair?

OPH. What means your lordship?

HAM. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty^f should admit no discourse
 to your beauty.

OPH. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty^g?

HAM. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from

^a *Bodkin*, a small sword. *Cæsar* is spoken of, by old writers, as slain by bodkins.

^b *These fardels*, in folio; but not in quartos.

^c *Grunt*. So the originals. The players, in their squeamishness, always give us *groom*. *Grunt* is used for loud lament by Turberville, Stonyhurst, and other writers before Shakspeare. We have the word direct from the Anglo-Saxon *gruman*.

^d *Awry*, in quartos; *away*, in folio.

^e This repetition "well, well, well," is not in the quartos.

^f *Your honesty*, in the folio; in the quartos, *you*.

^g *With honesty*. This is the reading of the quartos. The folio has "*your honesty*." It appears to lessen the idea we have formed of Ophelia to imagine that she would put *her* beauty so directly in "commerce" with *Hamlet's* honesty.

what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness : this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPH. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAM. You should not have believed me : for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it : I lov'd you not.

OPH. I was the more deceived.

HAM. Get thee to a nunnery ; Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest ; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me ; I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious ; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in : What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth* ! We are arrant knaves, all ; believe none of us : Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father ?

OPH. At home, my lord.

HAM. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where^b but in 's own house. Farewell.

OPH. O, help him, you sweet heavens !

HAM. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry : Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go ; farewell : Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewell.

OPH. O heavenly powers, restore him !

HAM. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another ; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures^c, and make your wantonness your ignorance : Go to, I'll no more on 't ; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit HAMLET.]

OPH. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword :

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,

The observ'd of all observers ! quite, quite, down !

* *Heaven and earth*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *earth and heaven*.

^b *No where*, in quartos ; in folio, *no way*.

^c The reading of the folio is, " I have heard of your *prattlings* too, well enough. God hath given you one *pace*," &c. The context in some degree justifies the change of the folio. " You jig and you amble"—you go trippingly and mincingly in your gait—(as the daughters of Sion are said, in Isaiah, to " come in tripping so nicely with their feet")—may refer to *pace* ; as, " you lisp and you nick-name God's creatures," may to *prattlings*. Nevertheless, we think, with Johnson, that Shakspeare wrote both—*paintings* and *face*, first—*prattlings* and *pace*, latest. As a question of taste, we prefer to retain the first reading ; although, somewhat too strictly following the folio, we have previously printed the passage as there given.

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy : O, woe is me !
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

KING. Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There 's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger : Which to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down : He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute :
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart ;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't ?

POL. It shall do well ; but yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia,
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said ;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please ;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs ; let her be round with him ;
And I 'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference : If she find him not*,
To England send him : or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

KING. It shall be so :
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*]

* Find him not out.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the same.**Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.*

HAM. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much—your hand thus: but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the^a whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear^b a robustious periwig pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

1 PLAY. I warrant your honour.

HAM. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 PLAY. I hope we have reformed that indifferently^c with us, sir.

HAM. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

POL. And the queen too, and that presently.

HAM. Bid the players make haste.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Will you too help to hasten them?

^a *The*, in folio; in quartos, *your*.

^b *Hear*, in folio; in quartos, *see*.

^c *Indifferently*—tolerably well.

BOTH. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

HAM. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

HOR. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAM. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

HOR. O, my dear lord,—

HAM. Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice;
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself^a: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of my^b soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;

^a The ordinary reading, which is that of the quartos, is,

"Since my dear soul was mistress of *her* choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself."

Surely the reading of the folio, that of our text, is far more elegant.

^b The ordinary reading (that of the quartos) is

"Even with the very comment of *thy* soul."

But Hamlet, having told Horatio the "circumstance" of his father's death, and imparted his suspicions of his uncle, entreats his friend to observe his uncle "with the very comment of *my* soul"—Hamlet's soul. We are not convinced, even by Mr. Dyce's acuteness and learning, that *my* is a misprint.

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note :
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
To censure of his seeming.

HOR. Well, my lord :
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

HAM. They are coming to the play ; I must be idle :
Get you a place.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTEEN, and
other Lords attendant, with his Guard, carrying torches. Danish March.
Sound a flourish.*

KING. How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

HAM. Excellent, i' faith ; of the cameleon's dish : I eat the air, promise-
crammed : You cannot feed capons so.

KING. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ; these words are not mine.

HAM. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you
say ? [To POLONIUS.]

POL. That I did, my lord ; and was accounted a good actor.

HAM. And what did you enact ?

POL. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i' the Capitol : Brutus killed me.

HAM. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players
ready ?

ROS. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

QUEEN. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

HAM. No, good mother, here 's metal more attractive.

POL. O ho ! do you mark that ?

[To the KING.]

HAM. Lady, shall I lie in your lap ?

[Lying down at OPHELIA's feet.]

OPH. No, my lord.

HAM. I mean, my head upon your lap ?

OPH. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Do you think I meant country matters ?

OPH. I think nothing, my lord.

HAM. That 's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

OPH. What is, my lord ?

HAM. Nothing.

OPH. You are merry, my lord.

HAM. Who, I ?

OPH. Ay, my lord.

HAM. O God ! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry ?
for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within
these two hours.

OPH. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

HAM. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables¹⁴. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But by 'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on^a, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot^b.

Hautboys play. The dumb show enters¹⁵.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.]

OPH. What means this, my lord?

HAM. Marry, this is miching mallecho^c; it means mischief.

OPH. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

HAM. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

OPH. Will he tell us what this show meant?

HAM. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

OPH. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

PRO. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

HAM. Is this a prologue, or the poesy¹⁶ of a ring?

OPH. 'T is brief, my lord.

HAM. As woman's love.

Enter King and his Queen.

P. KING. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

^a He shall suffer being forgotten.

^b See Illustration of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act III., Scene 1.

^c *Miching mallecho*. To mich is to filch;—*mallecho* is misdeed, from the Spanish. The skulking crime pointed out in the dumb show is, in one sense of Hamlet's wild phrase, *miching mallecho*; his own secret purpose, from which mischief will ensue, is *miching mallecho* in another sense;—in either case "it means mischief."

- P. QUEEN. So many journeys may the sun and moon
 Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
 But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
 So far from cheer, and from your former state,
 That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
 Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must^a:
 For women's fear and love holds quantity;
 In neither aught, or in extremity.
 Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
 And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
 [Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there^b.]
- P. KING. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
 My operant powers my^c functions leave to do:
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
 Honour'd, lov'd; and haply, one as kind
 For husband shalt thou—
- P. QUEEN. O, confound the rest!
 Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
 In second husband let me be accurst!
 None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

WM. Wormwood, wormwood.

- P. QUEEN. The instances^d that second marriage move,
 Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
 A second time I kill my husband dead,
 When second husband kisses me in bed.
- P. KING. I do believe, you think what now you speak;
 But, what we do determine oft we break.
 Purpose is but the slave to memory;
 Of violent birth, but poor validity;
 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
 But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 't is, that we forget
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either grief or joy
 Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye; nor 't is not strange,
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

^a In the quarto we find a line following this, which is omitted in the folio; it has no corresponding line in rhyme:—

“For women fear too much, even as they love.”

here can be no doubt that the line ought to be struck out, it being superseded by

“For women's fear and love holds quantity.”

^b These two lines are not in the folio.

^c *My*, in folio; *their*, in quartos.

^d *Instances*—solicitations, inducements.

For 't is a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
 The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies ;
 The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend :
 For who not needs shall never lack a friend ;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun,—
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown ;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own ;
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. QUEEN. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light !
 Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night !
 [^a To desperation turn my trust and hope !
 An anchor's ^b cheer in prison be my scope !]
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

HAM. If she should break it now,—

[To OPHELIA.]

P. KING. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while ;
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep.

[Sleeps.]

P. QUEEN. Sleep rock thy brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain !

[Exit.]

HAM. Madam, how like you this play ?

QUEEN. The lady protests too much, me thinks.

HAM. O, but she 'll keep her word.

KING. Have you heard the argument ? Is there no offence in 't ?

HAM. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest ; no offence i' the world.

KING. What do you call the play ?

HAM. The mouse-trap. Marry, how ? 'Tropically^c. This play is the image of
 a murther done in Vienna : Gonzago is the duke's name ; his wife, Baptista :
 you shall see anon ; 't is a knavish piece of work : But what of that ? your
 majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not : Let the galled jade
 wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

OPH. You are as good as a chorus^d, my lord.

^a This couplet is found only in the quartos.

^b *Anchor's cheer*—anchoret's fare. This abbreviation of *anchoret* is very ancient.

^c *Tropically*—figuratively.

^d " Good as a chorus," in the quartos. The folio, " a good chorus."

HAM. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying^a.

OPH. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAM. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

OPH. Still better, and worse.

HAM. So you must take^b your husbands.—Begin, murtherer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come ;——

——The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

LUC. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing ;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing ;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately. [*Pours the poison in his ears.*]

HAM. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago ; the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian : You shall see anon, how the murtherer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPH. The king rises.

HAM. What ! frighted with false fire !

QUEEN. How fares my lord ?

POL. Give o'er the play.

KING. Give me some light :—away.

ALL. Lights, lights, lights ! [*Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.*]

HAM. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play^c :

For some must watch, while some must sleep ;

So runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk^d with me,) with two Provincial roses on my razed^e shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir ?

HOR. Half a share^f.

HAM. A whole one, ay.

^a In puppet-shows, which were called motions, an interpreter explained the action to the audience. See 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act II., Scene I.

^b *Must take*. This is the reading of the quarto of 1603. Johnson, who had not seen that edition, suggested *must take* as a correction of the common text, *mistake*. *Mistake* may, however, be used in the sense of *to take wrongly*.

^c See the exquisite passage descriptive of "the poor sequester'd stag," and "his velvet friends," in 'As You Like It,' Act II., Scene I.

^d *Turn Turk*—if the rest of my fortunes deal with me cruelly. "To turn Turk and throw stones at the poor," is a proverbial expression for the conduct of one who is tyrannical and hard-hearted.

^e *Razed*, *alashed*. The *cut* shoes were tied with a riband gathered in the form of a rose. The feathers and the fine shoes were the chief decorations of the players of Shakspere's day.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
 This realm dismantled was
 Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
 A very, very—*Paiocke*.*

HOR. You might have rhymed.

HAM. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

HOR. Very well, my lord.

HAM. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

HOR. I did very well note him.

HAM. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.—
 For if the king like not the comedy,
 Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

GUIL. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAM. Sir, a whole history.

GUIL. The king, sir,—

HAM. Ay, sir, what of him?

GUIL. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

HAM. With drink, sir?

GUIL. No, my lord, rather with choler.

HAM. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor;
 for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into far
 more choler.

GUIL. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly
 from my affair.

HAM. I am tame, sir, pronounce.

GUIL. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me
 to you.

HAM. You are welcome.

GUIL. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall
 please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's com-
 mandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my
 business.

HAM. Sir, I cannot.

* *Paiocke*. This is generally read *peacock*. All the old copies have *paiocke*, or *paiock*. Caldecott thinks the *paiocke* and *peacock* are the same words; but in a very ingenious pamphlet entitled 'Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakspeare,' &c. (Edinburgh, 1814), it is said that *paiocke* means the Italian *baiocco*, "a piece of money of about three farthings value." The writer then refers to the passage in 'King John'—

"In mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

Lest men should say, look where *three farthings* goes."

In Florio's 'New World of Words,' 1611, we find "*Baiocco*, a snap, a click, or flurt. Also a *mite*, or such like coin." This conjecture has great plausibility.

GUIL. What, my lord?

HAM. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answers as I can make you shall command; or, rather, you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter; My mother, you say,—

ROS. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration. Impart^a.

HAM. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

ROS. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

HAM. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

ROS. My lord, you once did love me.

HAM. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers^b.

ROS. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend^c.

HAM. Sir, I lack advancement.

ROS. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

HAM. Ay, but "While the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a recorder^{d 18}.

O, the recorder: let me see.—To withdraw with you^e:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUIL. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAM. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUIL. My lord, I cannot.

HAM. I pray you.

GUIL. Believe me, I cannot.

HAM. I do beseech you.

GUIL. I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAM. 'T is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUIL. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAM. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little

^a *Impart*, is not in the folio.

^b "To keep my hands from *picking* and *stealing*," is an expression of the Church Catechism.

^c The text of the folio is, "You do freely bar the door of your own liberty."

^d In the quarto we find, "enter the *players*, with *recorders*."

^e Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have intimated, by some signal, that they wish to speak with Hamlet in private.

organ; yet cannot you make it speak^a. S'blood! do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me^b.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

POL. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAM. Do you see that cloud, that's almost in shape like a camel?

POL. By the mass, and 't is like a camel indeed.

HAM. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

POL. It is backed like a weasel.

HAM. Or, like a whale?

POL. Very like a whale.

HAM. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

POL. I will say so.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

HAM. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROS., GUIL., HOR., &c.]

'T is now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent^c,
To give them seals^d never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit*.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the same.

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

KING. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;

^a The folio omits *speak*. The poet may have meant to say, yet cannot you *make* this music, this excellent voice; for Guildenstern might have made the pipe *speak*, but he could not command it to any utterance of harmony. We now prefer to consider the folio erroneous.

^b The musical allusion is continued. The *frets* of all instruments of the lute or guitar kind are thick wires fixed at certain distances across the finger-board, on which the strings are *stopped*, or pressed by the fingers. Nares thinks that the word is derived from *fretum*; but the French verb *frotter* seems the more likely source.

^c *Shent*, rebuked; or probably here, *hurt*.

^d *To give them seals*—to give my words seals; to make my sayings *deeds*.

I your commission will forthwith despatch,
 And he to England shall along with you :
 The terms of our estate may not endure
 Hazard so dangerous^a, as doth hourly grow,
 Out of his lunacies^b.

GUIL. We will ourselves provide :

Most holy and religious fear it is,
 To keep those many many bodies safe,
 That live and feed upon your majesty.

ROS. The single and peculiar life is bound,
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,
 To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more
 That spirit, upon whose weal^c depend and rest
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty
 Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
 What's near it with it : it is a massy wheel,
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

KING. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;
 For we will fetters put upon this fear,
 Which now goes too free-footed.

ROS., GUIL. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet :
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
 To hear the process ; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home.
 And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
 'T is meet, that some more audience than a mother,
 Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
 The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege :
 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
 And tell you what I know.

KING. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
 A brother's murder !—Pray can I not,

^a *Dangerous*, in folio ; in quartos, *near us*.

^b *Lunacies*, in folio ; in quartos, *brows*, which Theobald changed to *lunes*.

^c *Weal*, in quartos ; in folio, *spirit*.

Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what 's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I 'll look up ;
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !—
 That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law : But 't is not so above :
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
 Try what repentance can : What can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?
 O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
 O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !
 Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe :
 All may be well !

[Retires, and kneels.]

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying ;
 And now I 'll do 't ;—and so he goes to heaven :
 And so am I reveng'd ? That would be scann'd :
 A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.
 O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread * ;

* *Full of bread.* Shakspeare found this remarkable expression in the Bible:—"Behold this was

With all his crimes broad blown, as flush ^a as May ;
 And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven ?
 But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'T is heavy with him : And am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
 No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent ^b :
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
 Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed ;
 At gaming, swearing ; or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in 't :
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven ;
 And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :
 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[*Exit.*

The KING rises and advances.

KING. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

POL. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him :
 Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with ;
 And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
 Much heat and him. I 'll silence ^c me e'en here.
 Pray you, be round with him.

HAM. [*Within.*] Mother ! mother ! mother ^d !

QUEEN. I 'll warrant you ;
 Fear me not :—withdraw, I hear him coming. [*POLONIUS hides himself.*

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. Now, mother ; what 's the matter ?

QUEEN. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

the iniquity of thy sister Sodom ; pride, *fullness of bread*, and abundance of idleness was in her
 and in her daughters." (*Ezekiel*, xvi. 49.)

^a *Flush*. The folio, *fresh*.

^b To *hent*, is to seize ; "know thou a more horrid *hent*," is, have a more horrid grasp.

^c *Silence*. So all the editions except the first quarto, which has "I 'll *shroud* myself." Mr.
 Hunter very ingeniously suggests that *silence* is a misprint for *ensconce*—a word used by Falstaff
 in a similar situation.

^d This call of Hamlet is not in the quartos.

HAM. Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAM. Go, go, you question with a wicked^a tongue.

QUEEN. Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAM. What's the matter now?

QUEEN. Have you forgot me?

HAM. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

But would you were not so! You are my mother.

QUEEN. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAM. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

POL. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help! help! help!

HAM. How now; a rat? [*Draws.*]

Dead, for a ducat, dead. [*HAMLET makes a pass through the arras.*]

POL. [*Behind.*] O I am slain. [*Falls, and dies.*]

QUEEN. O me, what hast thou done?

HAM. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king? [*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.*]

QUEEN. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAM. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

QUEEN. As kill a king!

HAM. Ay, lady, 't was my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! [*To POLONIUS.*]

I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

QUEEN. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

HAM. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets^b a blister there; makes marriage vows

^a In quartos, *wicked*; *idle*, in folio.

^b *Sets*, in the quarto (*B*); in folio, *makes*. The repetition of *makes* is certainly inelegant.

As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul ; and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words : Heaven's face doth glow ;
 Yea, this solidity ^a and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

QUEEN. Ah me, what act,
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ^b ?

HAM. Look here, upon this picture, and on this ¹⁹ ;
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See what a grace was seated on his brow :
 Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten or command ;
 A station ^c like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man :
 This was your husband,—look you now, what follows :
 Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother.—Have you eyes ?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?
 You cannot call it love : for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment : And what judgment
 Would step from this to this ? [Sense, sure, you have,
 Else, could you not have motion : But sure, that sense
 Is apoplex'd : for madness would not err ;
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd ;
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference.^d] What devil was 't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ^e ?
 [Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.]
 O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,

^a *This solidity*—this earth. Heaven and earth are ashamed of your act.

^b *The index* is here used as in 'Othello:'—"An *index* and obscure *prologue* to the history."

^c *Station*—manner of standing, attitude.

^d The lines in brackets are found in quarto (B), but are not in the folio. So also the four lines below.

^e *Hoodman-blind*—the game which we call *blind-man's-buff*.

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge ;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

QUEEN. O Hamlet, speak no more :
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
 And there I see such black and grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

HAM. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed ;
 Stew'd in corruption ; honeying, and making love
 Over the nasty sty ;—

QUEEN. O, speak to me no more ;
 These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears ;
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

HAM. A murderer, and a villain :
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent lord :—a vice of kings^a :
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket !

QUEEN. No more.

*Enter GHOST*²⁰.

HAM. A king of shreds and patches :—
 Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards !—What would you, gracious figure ?

QUEEN. Alas ! he's mad.

HAM. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
 The important acting of your dread command ?
 O, say.

GHOST. Do not forget : This visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits :
 O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works :
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAM. How is it with you, lady ?

QUEEN. Alas, how is 't with you ?
 That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
 And with the incorporal air do hold discourse ?
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;

^a *Vice of kings*—the *Vice* of the old Moralities. See 'Henry IV., Part II.,' Act III., Scene 1

And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements*,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

HAM. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

QUEEN. To whom do you speak this?

HAM. Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

HAM. Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN. No, nothing, but ourselves.

HAM. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit GHOST.]

QUEEN. This is the very coinage of your brain:

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

HAM. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker^b. Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb^c and woo, for leave to do him good.

QUEEN. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAM. O throw away the worser part of it,

* *Excrements*—hair, nails, feathers, were called excrements. Isaac Walton, speaking of fowls, says, "their very *excrements* afford him a soft lodging at night."

^b In quartos, *ranker*; *rank*, in the folio.

^c *Curb*—to bend—*courber*.

And live the purer with the other half.
 Good night : but go not to mine uncle's bed ;
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 [That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat—
 Of habits devil ^a,—is angel yet in this,—
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on : ^b] Refrain to-night :
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence : [the next more easy ;
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And master ^c the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency.] Once more, good night :
 And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
 I'll blessing beg of you ^d.—For this same lord, [Pointing to POLONIUS.
 I do repent : But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So again, good night !
 I must be cruel, only to be kind :
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
 [One word more, good lady.]

QUEEN. What shall I do ?

HAM. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do ;
 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed ;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you his mouse ;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him know :

^a This passage is generally printed thus:—

“ That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
 Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this.”

The commentators, who have, contrary to the text of the quarto, made *habits* the genitive case, cannot explain their own reading. As we have printed the passage, we understand it to mean, that custom, who destroys all nicety of feeling—sense—sensibility,—who is the devil that governs our habits,—is yet an angel in this, &c. We gave this interpretation in our first edition; two years after, Mr. Collier adopted it, as “ recommended by the Rev. Dr. Morehead, of Easington.” Dr. Morehead honours us.

^b The lines in brackets, and the four subsequent lines, are not in the folio, but are found in the quarto (B).

^c *Master*—so the quarto (C); it has been changed to *either curb*, either without *curb* being the reading of quarto (B).

^d I, as your son, will ask your blessing, when, by your altered life, you evince your desire to be blessed.

For who, that 's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock^a, from a bat, a gib^b,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

QUEEN. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

HAM. I must to England; you know that?

QUEEN. Alack,
I had forgot; 't is so concluded on.

HAM. [There 's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work,
For 't is the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar^c: and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 't is most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet^d.]
This man shall set me packing.
I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in the body of POLONIUS.*]

^a Paddock—toad.

^b Gib—a cat.

^c Hoist with his own petar—blown up with his own engine.

^d These lines in brackets are not in the folio.



[A Plain in Denmark.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter KING and QUEEN.*

KING. There 's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves ;

You must translate : 't is fit we understand them :

Where is your son ?

QUEEN. Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night !

KING. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

QUEEN. Mad as the seas, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier : In his lawless fit,

Behind the arras hearing something stir,

* In the quartos, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter with the King and Queen, and are sent away, for a short space, by this line of the Queen :—

“ Bestow this place on us a little while.”

In the folio this line is omitted ; and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern come in when Guildenstern is called by the King.

He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat! a rat!"^a
 And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
 The unseen good old man.

KING. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there;
 His liberty is full of threats to all;
 To you yourself, to us, to every one.
 Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
 It will be laid to us, whose providence
 Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
 This mad young man: but, so much was our love,
 We would not understand what was most fit;
 But, like the owner of a foul disease,
 To keep it from divulging, let it feed
 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

QUEEN. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
 O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
 Among a mineral^b of metals base,
 Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

KING. O, Gertrude, come away!
 The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
 But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
 We must, with all our majesty and skill,
 Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
 Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
 And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
 Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
 Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this. [*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]
 Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
 And let them know, both what we mean to do,
 And what's untimely done: [so, haply, slander,
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
 As level as the cannon to his blank,
 Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
 And hit the woundless air.^c] O come away!
 My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

^a In the quartos,

"Whips out his rapier, cries, A rat! a rat!"

^b *Mineral*—mine; a compound mass of metals.

^c The lines in the brackets are not in the folio. In the quartos the sense is imperfect, and Theobald inserted, "so, haply, slander."

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter HAMLET.*

HAM. —Safely stowed,—

[Ros. &c. *within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!]

HAM. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

HAM. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

HAM. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

HAM. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded
of ^a a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAM. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities.
But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like
an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When
he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you
shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

HAM. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

HAM. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king
is a thing—

GUIL. A thing, my lord?

HAM. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after ^b.[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter KING, attended.*

KING. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose;

Yet must not we put the strong law on him:

He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;

And, where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,

^a Demanded of—demanded by.^b The name of a boyish sport—"All hid."

This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause : Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

ROS. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

KING. But where is he?

ROS. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

KING. Bring him before us.

ROS. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

KING. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?

HAM. At supper.

KING. At supper? Where?

HAM. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten : a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet : we fat all creatures else, to fat us ; and we fat ourselves for maggots : Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service ; two dishes but to one table ; that 's the end.

[KING. Alas, alas !

HAM. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king ; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm*.]

KING. What dost thou mean by this?

HAM. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

KING. Where is Polonius?

HAM. In heaven, send thither to see : if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING. Go seek him there.

[*To some Attendants.*

HAM. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

KING. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness : Therefore, prepare thyself ;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

HAM. For England?

KING. Ay, Hamlet.

HAM. Good.

* The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

KING. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAM. I see a cherub, that sees them *.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

KING. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAM. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [Exit.]

KING. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:

Away; for everything is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make haste.

[Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish, sword and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 't is done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun ^b.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

FOR. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims ^c the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

CAP. I will do 't, my lord.

FOR. Go safely ^d on.

[Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.]

[^e Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.]

HAM. Good sir, whose powers are these?

* In the quartos, *them*; *him*, in the folio.

^b So in the folio; in the quartos, "we'll ne'er begin."

^c *Claims*, in the folio; in the quartos, *craves*.

^d *Safely*, in the folio; in the quartos, *softly*.

^e The whole of this scene, in which a clue is so beautifully furnished to the indecision of Hamlet, is wanting in the folio. It was perhaps omitted on account of the extreme length of the play, and as not helping on the action.

CAP. They are of Norway, sir.

HAM. How proposed^a, sir,

I pray you?

CAP. Against some part of Poland.

HAM. Who

Commands them, sir?

CAP. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAM. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,

Or for some frontier?

CAP. Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground,

That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

HAM. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

CAP. Yes, 't is already garrison'd.

HAM. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw :

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace ;

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without

Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

CAP. God be wi' you, sir.

[Exit Captain.

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?

HAM. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

How all occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good, and market of his time,

Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse^b,

Looking before, and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason

To fust^c in us unus'd. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event,—

A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,

And ever, three parts coward,—I do not know

Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do ;"

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,

To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :

Witness, this army of such mass and charge,

^a *Proposed*—purposed. Steevens substituted the word *purposed*, with his accustomed licence.

^b See note on "discourse of reason," Act I., Scene 2.

^c *To fust*—to become mouldy.

Led by a delicate and tender prince ;
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
 Makes mouths at the invisible event ;
 Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
 To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
 Is, not to stir without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour 's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have, a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
 To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!]

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Elsinore. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO ^a.

QUEEN. I will not speak with her.

HOR. She is importunate ; indeed, distract ;
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

QUEEN. What would she have?

HOR. She speaks much of her father ; says, she hears,
 There 's tricks i' the world ; and hems, and beats her heart ;
 Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in doubt,
 That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts ;
 Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
 Indeed would make one think there would be thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

QUEEN. 'T were good she were spoken with ; for she may strew
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds :
 Let her come in.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,

[*Exit HORATIO.*

^a The quartos here bring in another character—"A Gentleman;" who speaks what is given to Horatio before he goes out.

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss :
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA^a.

OPH. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN. How now, Ophelia?

OPH. [*Sings.*] How should I your true love know
 From another one?
 By his cockle hat and staff,
 And his sandal shoon²¹.

QUEEN. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPH. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,
 He is dead and gone ;
 At his head a grass-green turf,
 At his heels a stone.

QUEEN. Nay, but Ophelia,—

OPH. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,

Enter KING.

QUEEN. Alas, look here, my lord.

OPH. Larded with sweet flowers ;
 Which bewept to the grave did not go,
 With true-love showers^b.

KING. How do you, pretty lady?

OPH. Well, God 'ield you^c! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord,
 we know what we are, but, know not what we may be. God be at your
 table!

KING. Conceit upon her father.

OPH. Pray you, let us have no words of this ; but when they ask you what it
 means, say you this :

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
 All in the morning betime,
 And I a maid at your window,
 To be your Valentine :
 Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
 And dupp'd^d the chamber door ;
 Let in the maid, that out a maid
 Never departed more.

^a In the quarto of 1608 Ophelia enters " playing on a lute, and her hair down, singing."

^b *Did not go.* So all the old copies. Pope omitted *not*. Ophelia's song had reference to her father. He was not a youth—he was not bewept with *true-love* showers.

^c *God 'ield you*—God requite you.

^d *Dupp'd.* To *dupp* is to *do up* ; as to *don* is to *do on*.

KING. Pretty Ophelia!

OPH. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fye for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed*:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

KING. How long has she been this?

OPH. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.

[Exit.

KING. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit HORATIO.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death^b; O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: The people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly^c,
In hugger-mugger^d to inter him: Poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece^e, in many places

* In the quartos, before the last two lines of the ballad, Ophelia says, "he answers."

^b In the quartos we find, after this, "And now behold." The words are rejected in the folio.

^c *Greenly*—unwisely; like novices.

^d *Hugger-mugger*. The etymology of this ancient word is very uncertain. The Scotch have *huggie-muggie*, which Jamieson interprets, "in a confused state, disorderly." In North's 'Plutarch,' the word is applied to the burial of Cæsar:—"Antonius thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in *hugger-mugger*"

^e *Murdering-piece*—a cannon was so called.

Gives me superfluous death.

QUEEN.

Alack! what noise is this?

[*A noise within.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

KING. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?

GENT.

Save yourself, my lord;

The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impitious^a haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him, lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

QUEEN. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

KING. The doors are broke.

[*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

LAER. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

DAN. No, let's come in.

LAER. I pray you, give me leave.

DAN. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

LAER. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

QUEEN. Calmly, good Laertes.

LAER. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

KING. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

LAER. Where is my father?

KING. Dead.

QUEEN. But not by him.

KING. Let him demand his fill.

^a *Impitious*—unpitying; the folio of 1632 gives us *impetuous*.

LAER. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
 To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
 Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
 I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
 That both the worlds I give to negligence,
 Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
 Most thoroughly for my father.

KING. Who shall stay you?

LAER. My will, not all the world:
 And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
 They shall go far with little.

KING. Good Laertes,
 If you desire to know the certainty
 Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
 That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
 Winner and loser?

LAER. None but his enemies.

KING. Will you know them then?

LAER. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
 And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican²²,
 Repast them with my blood.

KING. Why, now you speak
 Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
 That I am guiltless of your father's death,
 And am most sensibly in grief for it,
 It shall as level to your judgment pierce*,
 As day does to your eye.

DANES. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

LAER. How now! what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
 Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
 By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
 Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!
 Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
 O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
 Nature is fine in love: and, where't is fine,
 It sends some precious instance of itself
 After the thing it loves.

OPH. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
 Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
 And on his grave rains many a tear;—

* Pierce, in the folio; in the quarto, 'pear.

Fare you well, my dove!

LAER. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

OPH. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a*. O, how the wheel becomes it*! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

LAER. This nothing 's more than matter.

OPH. There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance^b; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.

LAER. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPH. There 's fennel for you, and columbines:—there 's rue for you; and here 's some for me:—we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays^c:—oh, you must wear your rue with a difference.—There 's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

LAER. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

OPH. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
Gramercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you!

[Exit OPHELIA.]

LAER. Do you see this, O God?

KING. Laertes, I must common^d with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,

* This is explained, "how well is this ditty adapted to the wheel,"—to be sung by the spinners at the wheel. The burthen of a song, such as *down a-down*, was, according to Steevens, called the wheel.

^b *Rosemary* was considered to have the power of strengthening the memory.

^c *Rue* was meant to express *ruth*—sorrow. For the same reason it was called *herb-grace*; for "he whom God loveth he chasteneth."

^d To *common*, now written *commune*, is to make common—interchange thoughts.

Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

LAER. Let this be so ;
His means of death, his obscure burial—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones ²³.
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

KING. So you shall ;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter* HORATIO, and a Servant.

HOR. What are they that would speak with me ?

SERV. Sailors, sir ;
They say, they have letters for you.

HOR. Let them come in. [*Exit* Servant.]
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 SAIL. God bless you, sir.

HOR. Let him bless thee too.

1 SAIL. He shall, sir, an 't please him. There 's a letter for you, sir ; it comes
from the ambassadors that was bound for England ; if your name be Horatio,
as I am let to know it is.

HOR. [*Reads.*]

Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to
the king ; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate
of very warlike appointment gave us chase : Finding ourselves too slow of sail,
we put on a compelled valour ; in the grapple I boarded them : on the instant,
they got clear of our ship ; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt
with me like thieves of mercy ; but they knew what they did ; I am to do a good
turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent ; and repair thou to
me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in
thine ear, will make thee dumb : yet are they much too light for the bore of
the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. *Rosencrantz* and
Guildenstern hold their course for England ; of them I have much to tell thee.
Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, *Hamlet*.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters ;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.**Enter KING and LAERTES.*

KING. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend ;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

LAER. It well appears :—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

KING. O, for two special reasons ;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She 's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him :
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces ; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

LAER. And so have I a noble father lost ;
A sister driven into desperate terms ;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections :—But my revenge will come.

KING. Break not your sleeps for that : you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more :
I loved your father, and we love ourself ;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now ? what news ?

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :
This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

KING. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

MESS. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not.

They were given to me by Claudio, he receiv'd them.

KING. Laertes, you shall hear them:—Leave us.

[Exit Messenger.]

[*Reads.*] High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.

Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse, or no such thing?

LAER. Know you the hand?

KING. 'T is Hamlet's character. "Naked,"—

And in a postscript here, he says, "alone:"

Can you advise me?

LAER. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come:

It warms the very sickness in my heart,

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,

Thus diddest thou.

KING. If it be so, Laertes,

As how should it be so? how otherwise?

Will you be rul'd by me?

LAER. If so you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

KING. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—

As checking at^a his voyage, and that he means

No more to undertake it,—I will work him

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,

Under the which he shall not choose but fall;

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,

And call it, accident.

[LAER. My lord, I will be rul'd:

The rather, if you could devise it so,

That I might be the organ.

KING. It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality

Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him,

As did that one; and that, in my regard,

Of the unworthiest siege.

LAER. What part is that, my lord?

KING. A very riband in the cap of youth,

Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes

^a *Checking at*, in the folio. The quarto of 1611, *liking not*.

The light and careless livery that it wears,
 Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
 Importing health and graveness.—^a] Some two months hence,
 Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
 I have seen myself, and served against the French,
 And they ran^b well on horseback: but this gallant
 Had witchcraft in 't; he grew into his seat;
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
 As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
 With the brave beast: so far he pass'd^c my thought,
 That, I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
 Come short of what he did.

LAER. A Norman, was 't?

KING. A Norman.

LAER. Upon my life, Lamound.

KING. The very same.

LAER. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
 And gem of all the nation.

KING. He made confession of you;
 And gave you such a masterly report,
 For art and exercise in your defence,
 And for your rapier most especially,
 That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,
 If one could match you: [the scrimers^d of their nation,
 He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 If you oppos'd them:'] Sir, this report of his
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
 That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
 Now, out of this,—

LAER. Why out of this, my lord?

KING. Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart?

LAER. Why ask you this?

KING. Not that I think you did not love your father;
 But that I know love is begun by time;
 And that I see, in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
 [There lives within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;

^a The passage in brackets is not found in the folio; but is printed from quarto (B).

^b Ran well, in folio; in quartos, *can* well.

^c Pass'd, in folio; in quartos, *topp'd*.

^d Scrimers—fencers; from *escrimeurs*.

^e The passage in brackets is not in the folio.

And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
 For goodness, growing to a plurisy ^a,
 Dies in his own too-much : That we would do,
 We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many,
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
 And then this *should* is like a spendthrift's sigh,
 That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer : ^{b]}
 Hamlet comes back : what would you undertake,
 To show yourself your father's son in deed ^c
 More than in words ?

LAER. To cut his throat i' the church.

KING. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarise ;
 Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
 Will you do this, keep close within your chamber ?
 Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home :
 We 'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together,
 And wager on your heads : he, being remiss ^d,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,
 Will not peruse ^e the foils ; so that, with ease,
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
 A sword unbated ^f, and, in a pass of practice,
 Requite him for your father.

LAER. I will do 't :
 And, for that purpose, I 'll anoint my sword.
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
 So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
 Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
 Collected from all simples that have virtue
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
 That is but scratch'd withal : I 'll touch my point
 With this contagion ; that, if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

KING. Let's further think of this ;
 Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
 May fit us to our shape : if this should fail,

^a *Plurisy*. Warburton would read *plethory*. But *plurisy* was constantly used in the sense of fulness, abundance, by the poets. Thus, in Massinger, we have "plurisy of goodness," and "plurisy of blood."

^b The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

^c *In deed*. So the folio ; in the quartos, "indeed your father's son."

^d *Remiss*—inattentive.

^e *Peruse*—examine.

^f *Unbated*—not blunted.

And that our drift look through our bad performance,
 'T were better not assay'd ; therefore this project
 Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
 If this should blast in proof. Soft ;—let me see :—
 We 'll make a solemn wager on your commings*,—
 I ha' 't.

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
 (As make your bouts more violent to that end.)
 And that he calls for drink, I 'll have prepar'd him
 A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
 Our purpose may hold there.

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen ?

QUEEN. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
 So fast they follow :—Your sister 's drown'd, Laertes.

LAER. Drown'd !—O, where ?

QUEEN. There is a willow grows aslant a brook^b,
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
 There, with fantastic garlands did she come^c,
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them :
 There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
 When down the weedy trophies, and herself,
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide ;
 And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up :
 Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes ;
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and indued
 Unto that element : but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

LAER. Alas then, is she drown'd ?

QUEEN. Drown'd, drown'd.

LAER. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,

* *Commings*—meetings in assault. The *comming* is the *venue*. In the quartos we have *cummings*.

^b *Aslant a brook*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *ascaunt the brook*.

^c So the folio. In the quarto we have

“ There with fantastic garlands did she make ; ”

which all the modern editors have corrupted into “ therewith ; ” as if Ophelia *made* her garlands of the willow. To “ make ” is used in the sense of to “ come ”—to make way—to proceed. But the reading of the folio, *come*, saves the obscurity.

And therefore I forbid my tears : But yet
It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord !
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts^a it.

[Exit.]

KING. Let's follow, Gertrude ;
How much I had to do to calm his rage !
Now fear I this will give it start again ;
Therefore let's follow.

[Exeunt.]

^a Douts, in the folio ; in the quartos, drowns.



[" There is a willow grows aslant a brook."]



[*Hamlet*.—Sir T. Lawrence.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Church-Yard.*

Enter Two Clowns, with spades, &c.

o. Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

o. I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight*: the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it christian burial.

o. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

o. Why, 't is found so.

o. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

o. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

o. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he

* *Straight*—straightways—forthwith.

goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 CLO. But is this law?

1 CLO. Ay, marry is 't; crowner's-quest law²⁴.

2 CLO. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 CLO. Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian^a. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 CLO. Was he a gentleman²⁵?

1 CLO. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 CLO. Why, he had none.

1 CLO. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 CLO. Go to.

1 CLO. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 CLO. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 CLO. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again; come.

2 CLO. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 CLO. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke^b.

2 CLO. Marry, now I can tell.

1 CLO. To 't.

2 CLO. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO at a distance.

1 CLO. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and when you are asked this question next, say a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clown.]

1 Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, (O,) the time, for, (ah,) my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet²⁶.

^a *Even christian*—fellow-christian, *equal christian*. The expression is used by Chaucer. Mr. Hunter gives examples of the phrase from Strype's 'Memorials' and Wilson's 'Rhetorique.'

^b *Unyoke*—finish your work; unyoke your team.

HAM. Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

HOR. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAM. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 CLO.

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath caught ^a me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intill ^b the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

HAM. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches^c; one that could circumvent God, might it not?

HOR. It might, my lord.

HAM. Or of a courtier; which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

HOR. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here 's fine revolution, if we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them^d? mine ache to think on 't.

1 CLO.

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

HAM. There 's another! Why might not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits^e now, his quilllets^f, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha!

HOR. Not a jot more, my lord.

HAM. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

HOR. Ay, my lord, and of calves'-skins too.

^a *Caught*, in folio; in quartos, *claw'd*.

^b *Intill*, in folio; in quartos, *into*.

^c In quartos, *o'er-reaches*; *o'er-offices*, in folio.

^d *Quiddits*—quiddities—subtleties.

^e *Quilllets*—quidlibet—(what you please)—a frivolous distinction.

HAM. They are sheep, and calves, that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 CLO. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

HAM. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

1 CLO. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

HAM. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 CLO. 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

HAM. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 CLO. For no man, sir.

HAM. What woman, then?

1 CLO. For none neither.

HAM. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 CLO. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

HAM. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card^a, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it: the age is grown so picked^b, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 CLO. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

HAM. How long is that since?

1 CLO. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young Hamlet was born: he that was mad, and sent into England.

HAM. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 CLO. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

HAM. Why?

1 CLO. 'T will not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

HAM. How came he mad?

1 CLO. Very strangely, they say.

HAM. How strangely?

1 CLO. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAM. Upon what ground?

1 CLO. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

^a *The card*—"the seaman's card" of 'Macbeth.' A sea-chart in Shakspeare's time was called a *card*. But the drawing of the points of the compass is also called the *card*. Steevens and Malone differ as to whether a compass-card or a chart is here meant.

^b *Picked*, is spruce, affected, smart; to *pick* being the same as to *trim*. Some, however, think that the word was derived from *picked*, *peaked* boots, which were extravagantly long—and hence the association with the "*toe of the peasant*."

HAM. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 CLO. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corsers now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

HAM. Why he more than another?

1 CLO. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a scull now: this scull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years^a.

HAM. Whose was it?

1 CLO. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

HAM. Nay, I know not.

1 CLO. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir; this same scull, sir^b, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

HAM. This?

1 CLO. E'en that.

HAM. Let me see^c. [*Takes the scull.*] Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred my imagination is^d! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own jeering^e? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HOR. What 's that, my lord?

HAM. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

HOR. E'en so.

HAM. And smelt so? puh!

[*Puts down the scull.*]

HOR. E'en so, my lord.

HAM. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

HOR. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

HAM. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

^a So the folio. The quartos read, "Here 's a scull now hath lyen you i' the earth," &c.

^b The repetition does not occur in the quartos.

^c *Let me see*, is not in the quartos. It supersedes the stage-direction of "takes the scull."

^d So the folio. The reading of the quarto (B) is, "and how abhorred in my imagination it is." *Abhorred* is used in the sense of *disgusted*.

^e *Jeering*, in the folio; in the quartos, *grinning*.

Imperial^a Cæsar²⁸, dead and turn'd to clay,
 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
 O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
 Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw !
 But soft ! but soft ! aside :—Here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c., in procession ; the corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following ; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers : Who is that they follow ?
 And with such maimed rites ! This doth betoken,
 The corse they follow did with desperate hand
 Fordo its own life. 'T was of some estate :
 Couch we a while, and mark.

[Retiring with HORATIO.]

LAER. What ceremony else ?

HAM. This is Laertes,

A very noble youth : Mark.

LAER. What ceremony else ?

1 PRIEST. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
 As we have warranties : Her death was doubtful ;
 And, but that great command o'ersways the order^b,
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
 Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers^c,
 Shards^d, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,
 Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites^e,
 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of bell and burial.

LAER. Must there no more be done ?

1 PRIEST. No more be done !

We should profane the service of the dead,
 To sing sage requiem^f, and such rest to her,
 As to peace-parted souls.

LAER. Lay her i' the earth ;

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring ! I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,

^a *Imperial*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *imperious*.

^b *Order*—rule, canon, of ecclesiastical authority.

^c *For charitable prayers*—instead of charitable prayers.

^d *Shards*. A *shard* is a thing *shared*—divided. *Shards* are therefore fragments of ware—rubbish.

^e *Rites*. So the folio. The reading of the quarto, which is usually followed, is *crants*, which means garlands. But the "maiden strewments" are the flowers, the garlands, which piety scatters over the bier of the young and innocent. The *rites* included these, and "the bringing home of bell and burial"—with bell and burial.

^f *Sage requiem*, in the folio ; in the quartos, a *requiem*. *Sage* is said to be used for grave, solemn. We suspect some corruption.

When thou liest howling.

HAM. What, the fair Ophelia!

QUEEN. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,

And not t' have strew'd thy grave.

LAER. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;

Till of this flat a mountain you have made,

To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head

Of blue Olympus.

HAM. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief

Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow

Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

LAER. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

HAM. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;

Sir, though I am not splenetic and rash,

Yet have I something^a in me dangerous,

Which let thy wiseness^b fear: Away^c thy hand.

KING. Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN. Hamlet, Hamlet!

GENTLEMEN. Good my lord, be quiet^d.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

HAM. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

QUEEN. O my son! what theme?

HAM. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

KING. O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN. For love of God, forbear him.

HAM. Come, show me what thou 'lt do:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? [woul't fast?] woul't tear thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil²⁹? eat a crocodile?

^a *Something in me.* So the folio; the quartos, *in me something*.

^b *Wiseness*, in the folio; in the quartos, *wisdom*.

^c *Away*, in the folio; in the quartos, *hold off*.

^d In the folio, this entreaty is given to Horatio; and "Gentlemen" is ejaculated by *All*.

I'll do 't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
 To outface me with leaping in her grave?
 Be buried quick^a with her, and so will I;
 And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

^b QUEEN. This is mere madness:
 And thus a while the fit will work on him;
 Anon, as patient as the female dove,
 When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
 His silence will sit drooping³⁰.

HAM. Hear you, sir;
 What is the reason that you use me thus?
 I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

KING. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
 Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
 We'll put the matter to the present push.—
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
 This grave shall have a living monument:
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[Exit.

[Exit HORATIO.

[To LAERTES.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.**Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

HAM. So much for this, sir: now let me^c see the other;
 You do remember all the circumstance?

HOR. Remember it, my lord?

HAM. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
 That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
 Worse than the mutines^d in the bilboes^e. Rashly,
 And prais'd be rashness for it,—Let us know,

^a Quick—alive.

^b In the folio, this speech is given to *the King*; in the quartos, to *the Queen*. We think that the assignment in the folio of so beautiful and tender an image as that of "the female dove" to a man drawn by the poet as a coarse sensualist proceeds from a typographical error, which not unfrequently occurs.

^c Let me, in the folio; in the quartos, *shall you*.

^d Mutines—mutineers.

^e Bilboes—a bar of iron with fetters attached to it.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear ^a plots do pall; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will ³¹.

HOR. That is most certain.

HAM. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
O royal knavery, an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reason,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

HOR. Is 't possible?

HAM. Here 's the commission; read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

HOR. Ay, beseech you.

HAM. Being thus benetted round with villains,
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play; I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statist do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

HOR. Ay, good my lord.

HAM. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them as the palm should flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities ^b;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,

^a *Dear*, in the folio; in the quartos, *deep*.

^b Caldecott explains this—"continue the passage or intercourse of amity between them, prevent the interposition of a period to it."

Not shriving-time allow'd^a.

HOR. How was this seal'd?

HAM. Why, even in that was heaven ordinate;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave 't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight: and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

HOR. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

HAM. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat^b
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'T is dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

HOR. Why, what a king is this!

HAM. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with his arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

HOR. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

HAM. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life 's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I 'll court^c his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

HOR. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

OSR. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAM. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

HOR. No, my good lord.

^a *Shriving-time*—time of *shrift*, or confession.

^b *Defeat*, in the quartos; in the folio, *debate*.

^c The originals have *count*. Rowe substituted *court*.

HAM. Thy state is the more gracious ; for 't is a vice to know him : He hath much land, and fertile ; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess : 'T is a chough ; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

OSR. Sweet lord, if your friendship ^a were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAM. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit : Put your bonnet to his right use ; 't is for the head.

OSR. I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.

HAM. No, believe me, 't is very cold ; the wind is northerly.

OSR. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAM. Methinks it is very sultry and hot, for my complexion.

OSR. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry,—as 't were,—I cannot tell how. —But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head : Sir, this is the matter.

HAM. I beseech you, remember— [HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.

OSR. Nay, in good faith ; for mine ease, in good faith. [Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes : believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing : Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAM. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you ;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory ; and yet but yaw ^b neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article ; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror ; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

OSR. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAM. The concernancy, sir ? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath ?

OSR. Sir ?

HOR. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue ? You will do 't, sir, really.

HAM. What imports the nomination of this gentleman ?

OSR. Of Laertes ?

HOR. His purse is empty already ; all his golden words are spent.

HAM. Of him, sir.

OSR. I know, you are not ignorant—

HAM. I would, you did, sir ; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.] ^c

^a *Friendship*, in the folio ; in quartos, *lordship*.

^b *Yaw*, in the quarto of 1604. Mr. Dyce points out that *yaw* is applied to the unsteady motion of a ship. He would read, "and it but yaw neither."

^c The long passage in brackets is not given in the folio, but is found in quarto (B). Though it furnishes a most happy satire upon the affected phraseology of the court of Elizabeth, and displays the wit and readiness of Hamlet to great advantage, the poet perhaps thought it prolonged

OSR. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.

[HAM. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence ; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

OSR. I mean, sir, for this weapon ; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he 's unfellowed.]

HAM. What 's his weapon ?

OSR. Rapier and dagger.

HAM. That 's two of his weapons : but, well.

OSR. The king, sir, hath waged ^a with him six Barbary horses : against the which he has imponed ^b, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, or so : Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

HAM. What call you the carriages ?

[HOR. I knew you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.]

OSR. The carriages, sir, are the hangers ³².

HAM. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides : I would it might be hangers till then. But, on : Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages : that 's the French bet against the Danish : Why is this imponed, as you call it ?

OSR. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits ; he hath laid on twelve for nine ; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAM. How, if I answer no ?

OSR. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

HAM. Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me : let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can ; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

OSR. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so ?

HAM. To this effect, sir ; after what flourish your nature will.

OSR. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[Exit.

HAM. Yours, yours. He does well to commend it himself ; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

HOR. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

HAM. He did comply ^c with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter ; a kind of yesty

the main business somewhat too much. Several other passages in this scene, which we find in the quarto, are omitted in the folio ; and these we have placed in brackets.

^a *Waged*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *wagered*.

^b *Imponed*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *impawned*.

^c *Comply*—was complaisant. In Fulwel's 'Arte of Flatterie,' 1579, we have the same idea :—
"The very sucking babes hath a kind of adulation towards their nurses for the dug."

collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned * and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

LORD. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

HAM. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

LORD. The king, and queen, and all, are coming down.

HAM. In happy time.

LORD. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you go to play. *[Exit Lord.]*

HAM. She well instructs me.

HOB. You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAM. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

HOB. Nay, good my lord,—

HAM. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

HOB. If your mind dislike anything, obey: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

HAM. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes^b?

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.

KING. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.]

HAM. Give me your pardon, sir; I have done you wrong;

But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

* *Fanned*. The folio has *fond*. The conjecture that the word was *fand* is supported by Mr. Dyce. The "tune of the time" enables such men to oppose successfully those opinions which have been most carefully sifted—separated from chaff—fanned and winnowed.

^b So the folio. The reading of the quartos is, "Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be."

Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he 's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness; If 't be so.
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

LAER. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

HAM. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils; come on.

LAER. Come, one for me.

HAM. I 'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

LAER. You mock me, sir.

HAM. No, by this hand.

KING. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

HAM. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

KING. I do not fear it: I have seen you both.

But since he 's better'd, we have therefore odds.

LAER. This is too heavy, let me see another.

HAM. This likes me well: These foils have all a length?

[They prepare to play.]

OSR. Ay, my good lord.

KING. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table:

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an union^a shall he throw,
 Richer than that which four successive kings
 In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
 And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
 Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAM. Come on, sir.

LAER. Come on, sir.

[*They play.*]

HAM. One.

LAER. No.

HAM. Judgment.

OSR. A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAER. Well,—again.

KING. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;

Here 's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*]

HAM. I 'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come.—Another hit; what say you?

[*They play.*]

LAER. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

KING. Our son shall win.

QUEEN. He 's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows^b:

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAM. Good, madam.

KING. Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

KING. It is the poison'd cup: it is too late.

[*Aside.*]

HAM. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

QUEEN. Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAER. My lord, I 'll hit him now.

KING. I do not think it.

LAER. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*]

HAM. Come, for the third, Laertes: You but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

LAER. Say you so? come on.

[*They play.*]

OSR. Nothing neither way.

LAER. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*]

^a *Union*—a very rich pearl. The quartos read, *onyx*.

^b So the quartos; in the folio, the line stands

"Here 's a napkin, rub thy brows."

KING. Part them, they are incens'd.

HAM. Nay, come again.

[The QUEEN falls.]

OSR. Look to the queen there, ho!

HOR. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord?

OSR. How is 't, Laertes?

LAER. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAM. How does the queen?

KING. She swoons to see them bleed.

QUEEN. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd!

[Dies.]

HAM. O villainy!—How? Let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out.

[LAERTES falls.]

LAER. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;

I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

HAM. The point envenom'd too!—

Then, venom, to thy work.

[Stabs the KING.]

OSR. AND LORDS. Treason! treason!

KING. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

HAM. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion:—Is thy union here?

Follow my mother.

[KING dies.]

LAER. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me!

[Dies.]

HAM. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—

But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

HOR. Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here's yet some liquor left.

HAM. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it.
O, good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. *[March afar off, and shot within.]*

What warlike noise is this?

OSR. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

HAM. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. *[Dies.]*

HOR. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? *[March within.]*

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.

FORT. Where is this sight?

HOR. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

FORT. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shoot,
So bloodily hast struck?

1 AMB. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

HOR. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;

And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about: So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

FOUR. Let us haste to hear it,
 And call the noblest to the audience.
 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune ;
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

HOR. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more :
But let this same be presently perform'd,
E'en while men's minds are wild ; lest more mischance,
On plots, and errors, happen.

FOR. Let four captains
 Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
 For he was likely, had he been put on,
 To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
 The soldier's music, and the rights of war,
 Speak loudly for him.
 Take up the body*:—such a sight as this
 Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
 Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead March.*]

[*Exeunt, marching; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*]

* *Body*, in the folio; in the quartos, *bodies*. Fortinbras has ordered

“ Let four captains

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage."

This was a peculiar honour which he meant for him. We give the concluding stage-direction, as we find it in the folio. "Exeunt, bearing off the bodies," is a modern addition.



[*"Hyperion to a Satyr."*]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*"The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn," &c.*

THERE can be no doubt, we think, that this fine description is founded upon some similar description in the Latin language. The peculiar sense of the words *extravagant, erring, con-*, points to such a source. The first hymn Prudentius has some similarity; but Douce also found in the Salisbury collection of MSS., printed by Pynson, a passage from a MS. attributed to St. Ambrose, in which the images may be more distinctly traced:

"Preco diel jam sonat,
Noctis profundæ pervigil;
Nocturna lux vianibus,
A nocte noctem segregans.
Hoc excitatus Lucifer,
Solvit polum caliginem;
Hoc omnis errorum chorus
Viam nocendi deserit.
Gallo canente spes redit," &c.

SCENE I.—*"But, look, the morn," &c.*

Dr. Caldecott, in his valuable edition of 'Hamlet,' sometimes falls into that fault-finding tone which most Shakspearean critics assert their

occasional superiority over their author: "The almost momentary appearance of the ghost, and the short conversations preceding and subsequent to it, could not have filled up the long interval of a winter's night in Denmark, from twelve till morning." Such is Mr. Caldecott's objection to this scene. But how does he know that it was a *winter's* night? Francisco, indeed, says "'t is bitter cold;" but even in the nights of the *early summer* of the north of Europe, during the short interval between twilight and sunrise, "the air bites shrewdly." That this was the season intended by Shakspeare is indicated by Ophelia's flowers. Her pansies, her columbines, and her daisies belong not to the winter; and her "coronet weeds" were the field-flowers of the latter spring, hung upon the willow in full foliage,

"That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream."

SCENE II. *"more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow."*

This grammatical impropriety, as we now call it, was a common licence of the best authors of Shakspeare's age. The use of the plural verb

with the nominative singular, a plural genitive intervening, can scarcely be detected as an error, even by those who consider the peculiar phraseology of the time of Elizabeth as a barbarism, and are apt to call out upon Shakspeare as a monstrous violator of grammar. The truth is, that it is only within the last half century that the construction of our language has attained that uniform precision which is now required. We find in all the old dramatists many such lines as this in Marlow :—

“The outside of her garments were of lawn.”

And too many such lines have been corrected by the editors of Shakspeare, who have thus obliterated the traces of our tongue's history. It is remarkable that the very commentators, who were always ready to fix the charge of ignorance of the rudiments of grammar upon Shakspeare, have admitted the following passage in a note to ‘Henry IV., Part II.,’ by that elegant modern scholar T. Warton: “Beaumont and Fletcher's play contains many *satirical strokes* against Heywood's comedy, the force of which are entirely lost to those who have not seen that comedy.”

4 SCENE II.—“Hyperion to a satyr.”

The figures which we have selected from two paintings of antiquity, engraved in Landon's ‘*Peintres les plus Célèbres*,’ (Paris, 1813,) happily illustrate the text. Warburton says, “By the satyr is meant Pan, as by Hyperion, Apollo. Pan and Apollo were brothers; and the allusion is to the contention between those gods for the preference in music.” Steevens, on the other hand, believes that Shakspeare “has no allusion in the present instance, except to the beauty of Apollo, and its immediate opposite, the deformity of a satyr.” Farmer is careful to point out the error in quantity in Shakspeare's Hyperion; but he candidly admits that Spenser has committed the same error. Gray, whose scholarship would have commanded Farmer's approbation, if he could not appreciate his poetry, has this line:—

“Hyperion's march and glittering shafts of war.”

The commentators have only found one solitary instance of Hyperion amongst the poets of the seventeenth century.

* SCENE IV.—“The king doth wake to night,” &c.

This passage, descriptive of Danish intem-

perance, occurs without alteration in the quarto of 1603. In the augmented edition of 1604, we find added, the twenty-two lines beginning—

“This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us tradue'd, and tax'd of other nations.”

The drunkenness thus attributed to the Danes in the original passage is qualified in the additional lines. It takes from “achievements;” it is the “one defect”—the “dram of ill.” This circumstance, which we have not seen noticed, is to our minds singularly indicative of Shakspeare's character. James I. came to the English throne in 1603; his queen was Anne of Denmark. The intemperance of the Danish court was well known to all Europe. Howell, who visited Denmark at the beginning of the seventeenth century, thus describes the “rouse” and the “wassels,” in his letters:—“I made a Latin speech to the king of Denmark” (Christian IV., uncle of Anne, queen of James) “on the embassy of my lord of Leicester, who attended him at Rheynsburg, in Holsteinland. The king feasted my lord once, and it lasted from eleven of the clock till towards the evening, during which time the king began thirty-five healths: the first to the emperor, the second to his nephew of England; and so went over all the kings and queens of Christendom, but he never remembered the Prince Palgrave's health, or his niece's, all the while. *The king was taken away at last in his chair.*” This same kingly lover of the “heavy-headed revel” visited England soon after James's accession to the throne; and the effects of this visit upon the national manners are thus described in a letter of Sir John Harrington, 1606:—“From the day the Danish king came, until this hour, I have been well nigh overwhelmed with carousal, and sports of all kinds. . . . I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those whom I never could get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. I do often say (but not aloud) that the Danes have again conquered the Britains; for I see no man, or woman either, that can now command himself or herself.” Sir John Harrington, it seems, did not venture to say aloud what he thought of these habits; and for the same reason Shakspeare's strong description of the custom—

“More honour'd in the breach than the observance”—

might have given offence to the court of the new monarch. But he did not suppress the description. He made it only less severe by a tolerant exposition of the mode in which one ill quality destroys the lustre of many good ones. It is remarkable that this additional passage was omitted in the folio of 1623, published after the death of Anne of Denmark.

* SCENE V.—“*With juice of cursed hebenon.*”

Dr. Gray thinks that *hebenon* was a poetical modification of *henbane*. Our indigenous henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*) is well known in medicine for its soothing and narcotic properties; and a large dose, no doubt, would be poisonous. That it was considered as a poison in Shakspeare's time, we have sufficient evidence. In Drayton's ‘*Barons' Wars*,’ we have

“The pois’ning *hebenon*, and the mandrake dread.”

It was a belief, also, even of the medical professors of that day, that poison might be introduced into the system by being poured into the ear. Ambrose Paré, the celebrated French surgeon, was charged with having administered poison in this way to Francis II. It is, however, by no means clear that, by *hebenon*, Shakspeare means *henbane*. In Marlow's ‘*Jew of Malta*’ we have, amongst an enumeration of noxious things, “the juice of *hebon*” (ebony); and much earlier, in Gower's ‘*Confessio Amantis*,’ we find

the couch of the god of sleep made of the boards

“Of *Hebenus*, that sleepe tree.”

* SCENE V.—“*Upon my sword.*”

Warburton has observed that here “the poet has preserved the manners of the ancient Danes, with whom it was *religion* to swear upon their swords;” and for the support of his opinion he refers to Bartholinus, ‘*De causis contempt. mort. apud Dan.*’ Upton says that Jordanes, in his ‘*Gothic History*,’ mentions this custom; and that Ammianus Marcellinus relates the same ceremony among the Huns. Farmer is, of course, indignant that Shakspeare should be supposed to know anything beyond what he found in the common literature of his day; and he cites the following from the play of Hieronymo:

“Swear on this cross, that what thou say'st is true—
But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjust,
This very sword, whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy!”

The commentators all follow Farmer in the explanation, that to swear *by the sword*, was to swear *by the cross* formed by the hilt of the sword; but they suppress a line which Upton had quoted from Spenser,

“And swearing faith to either on his blade.”

We have little doubt that Shakspeare was aware of the peculiar custom of the Gothic nations, and did not make Hamlet propose the oath merely as a practice of chivalry.

ACT II.

* SCENE II.—“*This brave o'erhanging,*” &c.

Using *o'erhanging* as a substantive, and omitting *firmament* (the reading of the folio), the sentence is, perhaps, less eloquent, but more coherent. The *air* is the canopy; the *o'erhanging*; the majestic roof. Here, it appears to us, there are three distinct references to the common belief of the *three regions of air*. Ben Jonson, in his description of the scenery of the ‘*Masque of Hymen*,’ has this passage:—“A cortine of painted clouds reached to the utmost roof of the hall, and suddenly opening, revealed the three regions of air: in the *highest* of which sat Juno, in a glorious throne of gold, circled with comets and fiery meteors, engendered in

that hot and dry region; her feet reaching to the *lowest*, where was made a rainbow, and within it musicians seated, figuring æry spirits, their habits various, and resembling the *several colours caused in that part of the air by reflection*. The *midst* was all of dark and condensed clouds, as being the proper place where rain, hail, and other watery meteors are made.” The “canopy,” we believe, is the lowest region of “colours caused by reflection;” the “o'erhanging,” the midst of “dark and condensed clouds;” the “majestic roof fretted with golden fire,” the highest, where Juno sat, “circled with comets and fiery meteors.” The *air*, in its three regions, appears to Hamlet no other thing “than a foul

and pestilent congregation of vapours." If this interpretation be correct, the word "*firmament*," which is applied to the heavens generally, might have been rejected by the poet, as conveying an image unsuited to that idea of a part which is conveyed by the substantive "*overhanging*."

* SCENE II.—"*Seneca cannot be too heavy*," &c.

In the second Scene of the third Act, Hamlet thus addresses Polonius:—"My lord, you played once in the university, you say?" It is to the practice amongst the students of our universities, in the time of Elizabeth, of acting Latin plays, that Hamlet alludes; and the frequency of such performances, as Warton remarks, may have suggested to Shakspeare the names of Seneca and Plautus in the passage before us. In that very curious book, Braun's '*Civitates*,' 1575, there is a Latin memoir prefixed to a map of Cambridge, in which these theatrical entertainments are described; and the fables of Plautus, Terence, and Seneca, are expressly mentioned as being performed by the students with elegance, magnificence, dignity of action, and propriety of voice and countenance. Malone says, "The most celebrated actors at Cambridge were the students of St. John's and King's colleges: at Oxford, those of Christchurch. In the hall of that college a Latin comedy, called *Marcus Geminus*, and the Latin tragedy of *Progne*, were performed before Queen Elizabeth in the year 1566; and, in 1564, the Latin tragedy of *Dido* was played before her Majesty, when she visited the University of Cambridge. The exhibition was in the body or nave of the chapel of King's College, which was lighted by the royal guards, each of whom bore a staff-torch in his hand." The account of this visit of Elizabeth to Cambridge is to be found in Peck's '*Desiderata Curiosa*,' vol. ii. page 25; and it appears from the subjoined passage, that there was great competition amongst the colleges for the theatrical recreation of her Majesty:—

"Great preparations and charges, as before in the other plays, were employed and spent about the tragedy of Sophocles, called Ajax Flagellifer, in Latin, to be this night played before her. But her highness, as it were, tired with going about to the colleges, and with hearing of disputations, and over-watched with former plays, (for it was very late nightly before she came to them, as also departed from

them,) and furthermore, minding early in the morning to depart from Cambridge and ride to a dinner unto a house of the Bishop of Ely, at Stanton, and from thence to her bed at Hinchinbrook, (a house of Sir Henry Cromwell's, in Huntingdonshire, about twelve miles from Cambridge,) could not, as otherwise, no doubt, she would, (with like patience and cheerfulness, as she was present at the other,) hear the said tragedy; to the great sorrow, not only of the players, but of all the whole University."

* SCENE II.—"*One fair daughter and no more*," &c.

There is an old ballad, which was first printed in Percy's '*Reliques*,' under the title '*Jephthah, Judge of Israel*,' and is there given as it "was retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady who wrote it down from memory, as she had formerly heard it sung by her father." A copy of the ballad has since been recovered; and is reprinted in Evans's Collection, 1810. The first stanza is as follows:—

"I have read that many years agoe,
When Jephthah, Judge of Israel,
Had one fair daughter and no moe,
Whom he loved passing well.
As by lot, God wot,
It came to passe most like it was,
Great wars there should be,
And who should be the chiefe, but he, but he."

The lines quoted by Hamlet almost exactly correspond with this copy. Hamlet, in the text of the quarto of 1611, calls the poem, '*The Pious Chanson*;' but in the quarto of 1604, and the folio of 1623, it is '*the Pons Chanson*.' Pope says, this refers to the old ballads sung on bridges. We believe *Pons* is a typographical error; for in the quarto of 1603, we find "the first verse of the *godly* ballet." But Mr. Hunter says, that "in France, the trivial ballad, such as that referred to, is called in ordinary discourse a *pons chanson*, or a *chanson du Pont Neuf*." A popular ballad is called even in modern dictionaries a *chanson du Pont Neuf*—but where is the authority for *pons chanson*?

" SCENE II.—"*By the altitude of a chopine*."

The best description of a chopine is found in Coryat's '*Crudities*,' 1611; and we give a representation of several specimens of these monstrous clogs, which Evelyn calls "wooden scaffolds:—



"There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and towns subject to the signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I think) amongst any other women in Christendom, which is so common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad, —a thing made of wood and covered with leather of sundry colours, some with white, some red, some yellow. It is called a chapiney, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted; some also of them I have seen fairly gilt: so uncomely a thing (in my opinion), that it is pity this foolish custom is not clean banished and exterminated out of the city. There are many of these chapineys of a great height, even half a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short seem much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her chapineys. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported either by men or women, when they walk abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arm, otherwise they might quickly take a fall."

¹² SCENE II.—"Your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring."

Hamlet's address to "my young lady and mistress" is perfectly intelligible, and has no latent meaning. The parts of women were performed by boys. The boy that Hamlet recollected in such parts was now "nearer to heaven by the altitude of a chopine;"—he was growing into a man. Hamlet hopes, therefore, that his "voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring;"—that his voice be not broken, as the technical phrase is, and he be therefore unfitted for women's parts;—be no longer current in those parts. Our readers who have seen the coins of the 16th century, or have noticed our representations of them, will have observed that the head of the sovereign is invariably contained within a circle, between which and the rim the legend is given. The test of currency in a coin was, that it should not be cracked within the circle, or ring. If the crack, to which the thin coins of that age were particularly liable, extended beyond the ring, the money was no longer considered good. We learn, from two tracts quoted by Douce, that it was customary for usurers to buy up the "uncurrent gold," at a price lower than the nominal value of the coin, and then require the unhappy borrowers to take them at their standard rate.

¹³ SCENE II.—"T was caviarie to the general."

This word is generally written *caviare*: but it is *caviarie* in the folio, following the Italian *caviaro*. Florio, in his 'New World of Words,' has, "*Caviaro*, a kind of salt black meat made of roes of fishes, much used in Italy." In Sir John Harrington's 33rd epigram, we find the word forming four syllables, and accented, as written by Shakspeare:—

"And caveare, but it little boots."

This preparation of the roes of sturgeons was formerly much used in England amongst the refined classes. It was imported from Russia.

ACT III.

"SCENE II.—"I'll have a suit of *sables*."

SIR THOMAS HAMMER turned "I'll have a suit of *sables*," into "I'll have a suit of *ermine*;" and Warburton thinks it extremely absurd that Hamlet and the devil should both go into mourning. Neither Hammer nor Warburton perceived the latent irony of Hamlet's reply. Ophelia says his father has been dead "twice two months;" he replies, "So long! nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of *sables*." Robes of *sable* were amongst the most costly articles of dress; and by the Statute of Apparel, 24 Hen. VIII., it was ordained that none under the degree of an earl should use *sables*. This fur, as is well known, is not black; and it is difficult to know how it became connected with mournful associations, as in Spenser—

"Grief all in *sable* sorrowfully clad."

In heraldry, *sable* means black; and, according to Peacham, the name thus used is derived from the fur. *Sables*, then, were costly and magnificent; but not essentially the habiliments of sorrow, though they had some slight association with mournful ideas. If Hamlet had said, "Nay, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of *ermine*," he would merely have said, Let the devil be in mourning, for I'll be fine. But as it is he says, Let the devil wear the real colours of grief, but I'll be magnificent in a garb that only has a facing of something like grief. Hamlet would wear the suit as Ben Jonson's haberdasher wore it: "Would you not laugh to meet a great counsellor of state, in a flat cap, with his trunk-hose, and a hobby-horse cloak; and yond haberdasher in a velvet gown trimmed with *sables*?"

"SCENE II.—"The dumb show enters."

Hamlet has previously described the bad player as "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows." Mute exhibitions, during the time of Shakspeare, and before and after, were often introduced to exhibit such circumstances as the limits of a play would not admit to be represented. In some plays the order of these dumb shows is minutely described; and they generally represent scenes which are not offered to the understanding in the dialogue. We

presume, however, that Shakspeare, in the instance before us, had some stage authority for making the dumb show represent the same action that is indicated in the dialogue. His dramatic object here is evident: he wanted *completely* to catch the conscience of the king; and thus, before the actors come to the murder of Gonzago, the king is alarmed, and asks, "Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in it?"

"SCENE II.—The poetry of a ring."

Poey or *poesy*, was formerly, as now, understood to mean a short sentence or motto. Thus, in the 'Merchant of Venice':—

"A paltry ring
That she did give me; whose *poesy* was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife—Love me and leave me not."

In 'Hall's Chronicle' we have, "And the tent was replenished, and decked with this *posie*—After busy labor cometh victorious rest."

"SCENE II.—"A fellowship in a cry of players," &c.

A *cry* of players was a company; a *fellowship* was a participation in the profits. Hamlet had managed the play so well, that his skill ought to entitle him to such a fellowship:—"Half a share," says Horatio; "a whole one," says Hamlet. In Mr. Collier's 'History of the Stage,' vol. iii. p. 427, we find many curious details on the payment of actors, showing that the performers at our earlier theatres were divided into whole-sharers, three-quarter-sharers, half-sharers, and hired men.

"SCENE II.—"Enter one with a recorder."

The recorder was (not "a kind of large flute," as Mr. Steevens says, but) a flageolet, or small English flute, the mouthpiece of which, at the upper extremity of the instrument, resembled the beak of a bird; hence the larger flutes so formed were called the *flutes à bec*. The recorder was soft in tone, and an octave higher than the flute. Milton speaks ('Par. Lost,' l. 550) of

—"the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders."

It would appear from Bacon's 'Sylva Sylvarum,' cent. iii. 221, that this instrument was larger in

the lower than in the upper part; and a wood-cut of the flageolet in Mersenne's 'Harmonie Universelle' leads to the same conclusion. On the etymology of the word much ingenuity has been bestowed, but without any satisfactory result.

" SCENE IV.

" *Look here, upon this picture, and on this.*"

In a volume of Essays, written by Dr. Armstrong, under the assumed name of Lancelot Temple, we have the following observations on the common stage action which accompanies this passage,—“As I feel it, there is a kind of tame impropriety, or even absurdity, in that action of Hamlet producing the two miniatures of his father and uncle out of his pocket. It seems more natural to suppose, that Hamlet was struck with the comparison he makes between the two brothers, upon casting his eyes on their pictures, as they hang up in the apartment where this conference passes with the queen. There is not only more nature, more elegance, and dignity in supposing it thus; but it gives occasion to more passionate and more graceful action; and is of consequence likelier to be as Shakspeare's imagination had conceived it.” It is remarkable that this stage practice, which involved the improbability that Hamlet should have carried his uncle's picture about with him, should have been a modern innovation. In a print prefixed to Rowe's Shakspeare, 1709, of which the following is a copy, we see Hamlet pointing to the large pictures on the arras. Our readers will smile at the

costume, and will observe that the stage trick of kicking down the chair upon the entrance of the ghost is more than a century old.



" SCENE IV.—*Enter GHOST.*

It will be observed that a century and a half ago, we see in the above print the ghost in armour. But in the Duke of Devonshire's unique copy of the edition of 1603, we have, "*Enter the ghost in his night gowne.*" This better suits the expression of Hamlet,

" *My father, in his habit as he liv'd.*"



[Cockle Hat and Staff.]

ACT IV.

SCENE V.

"How should I your true love know?" &c.

THE music, still sung in the character of Ophelia, to the fragments of songs in the Fifth Scene of Act IV., is supposed to be the same, or nearly so, that was used in Shakspeare's time, and thence transmitted to us by tradition.

When Drury Lane theatre was destroyed by fire, in 1812, the copy of these songs suffered the fate of the whole musical library; but Dr. Arnold noted down the airs from Mrs. Jordan's recollection of them, and the present three stanzas, as well as the two beginning—"And will he not come again!" are from his collection.

Plaintively.

How should I your true love know, From a - no - ther one? By his
 coc - kle hat and staff, And his san - dal shoon.
 He is dead and gone, la - dy, He is dead and gone! At his
 head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

*Moderately gay.**Plaintively.*

The two stanzas commencing, "To-morrow," are from the notation of the late Wm. Linley, Esq., as he "remembered them to have been exquisitely sung by Mrs. Forster, when she was Miss Field, and belonged to Drury Lane

theatre."^a The stanzas beginning, "By Gis and by St. Charity," may go to the notes set to "To-morrow."

We have given the melodies as noted by Dr. Arnold and Mr. W. Linley.



²² SCENE V.

"Like the kind life-rend'ring pelican."

In architectural ornaments, or monumental sculptures, and in old books of fables and emblems, the pelican is always represented as an eagle. As an ornament in the ecclesiastical structures of the middle ages, it is of frequent occurrence, and is generally found as a pendant from the point in which the groinings of the roof intersect each other, or as a principal decoration in the carved seats of stalls. Of the former, there is a beautiful example in the church at Harfleur; and of the latter, there are several very good ones in St. Mary's College, Winchester. Amongst old books of emblems there is one on which Shakspeare himself might have looked, containing the above representation. It is entitled, 'A Choice of Emblems and other Devices, by Geffery Whitney, 1586.' Beneath the cut are the following lines:—

"The pelican for to revive her younge,
Doth pierce her brest, and geve them of her blood.
Then searche your breste, and as you have with tonge,
With penne proceeds to doe our countrie good:
Your zeal is great, your learning is profounde,
Then help our wantes with that you doe abounde."



^a 'Shakspeare's Dramatic Songs,' ii. 50.

22 SCENE V.

"No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones."

Sir John Hawkins says, "not only the sword, but the helmet, gauntlet, spurs, and tabard (*i. e.*, a coat whereon the armorial ensigns were an-

ciently depicted, from whence the term 'coat of armour') are hung over the grave of every knight." The foregoing cut shows a trophy of the period of Elizabeth, placed o'er the tomb of the Lennard family, in West-Wickham Church, Kent.

ACT V.

21 SCENE I.—"Crowners-quest law."

SIR JOHN HAWKINS originally pointed out that this ludicrous description of "crowners-quest law" was, in all probability, "a ridicule on the case of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his Commentaries." This was a case regarding the forfeiture of a lease to the crown, in consequence of the suicide of Sir James Hales. Malone somewhat sneers at the belief that Shakspeare should have known anything about a case determined before he was born; adding, "Our author's study was probably not much encumbered with old French reports." Plowden was not published till 1578,—in old French, certainly, as Malone says; but we have not a doubt that Shakspeare was familiar with the book, as the following extracts from the translation of 1779 will show. The clown says, "An act hath three branches, it is to act, to do, and to perform." Warburton observes that "this is a ridicule on scholastic divisions without distinction, and of distinctions without difference." The precise thing, however, to be ridiculed is in the speech of one of the counsel in the case before us:—

"Walsh said that the act consists of three parts. The first is the imagination, which is a reflection or meditation of the mind, whether or no it is convenient for him to destroy himself, and what way it can be done. The second is the resolution, which is a determination of the mind to destroy himself, and to do it in this or that particular way. The third is the perfection, which is the execution of what the mind has resolved to do. And this perfection consists of two parts, viz., the beginning and the end. The beginning is the doing of the act which causes the death, and the end is the death, which is only a sequel to the act."

Again, the clown says, "Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water and drown himself, it

is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life." We have, of course, no such delicious exaggeration as that of the clown; but the following reasoning of one of the judges is very nearly equal to it:

"Sir James Hales was dead, and how came he to his death? It may be answered, by drowning; and who drowned him? Sir James Hales; and when did he drown him? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales being alive caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offence it is reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished alive when the punishment comes after his death? Sir, this can be done no other way but by divesting out of him, from the time of the act done in his life which was the cause of his death, the title and property of those things which he had in his lifetime."

The determination in this case, that the verdict of *felo de se* was legal, shows that the complaint of the clown, "that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves," was wholly unjust.

23 SCENE I.—"Was he a gentleman?"

This is a ridicule of the heraldic writers. In Leigh's 'Accedence of Armourie,' 1591, we have, "For that it might be known that even anon after the creation of Adam there was both gentleness and ungentleness, you shall understand that the second man that was born was a gentleman, whose name was Abel." The same style of writing prevails in older works, as in the 'Book of St. Albans.'

24 SCENE I.

"In youth, when I did love, did love," &c.

The three stanzas which the grave-digger

sings are to be found, making allowance for the blunders of the singer, in 'The Songs of the Earl of Surrey and others,' 1557. The poem is reprinted in Percy's 'Reliques.' It is ascribed to Lord Vaux. We give the stanzas out of which the clown's readings may be made:—

"I loth that I did love,
In youth that I thought swete,
As time requires: for my behove
Me thinks they are not mete.

* * * * *

"For Age with steling steps
Hath clawde me with his croweh,
And lusty Youthe awaye he leapes,
As there had bene none such.

* * * * *

"A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most mete.

* * * * *

"For Beautie with her band,
These croked cares had wrought,
And shipped me into the land,
From whence I first was brought."

"SCENE I.—*To play at loggats with them.*"

The game of loggats is a country play, in which the players throw at a stake, or jack with round pins. In Ben Jonson's 'Tale of a Tub' we have:—

"Now are they tossing of his legs and arms,
Like *loggats* at a pear-tree."

The scene of the grave-diggers has always been the horror of the old French school of criticism. Voltaire, by a great generalisation, calls the works of Shakspeare a bundle of "*monstruosités et fossoyeurs.*" But Voltaire's criticism upon the grave-digging scene is far

less amusing than that of M. De La Baume Desdossat, who, in 1757, immortalised himself by the publication of a '*Pastorale Héroïque.*' He tells us, "All that the imagination can invent most horrible, most gloomy, most ferocious, constitutes the matter of the English tragedies, which are monsters in which sublime sentiments and ideas are found side by side with the flattest buffooneries and the grossest jests. Shakspeare in one tragedy introduces a game at bowls with death's heads upon the stage." ("*Fait jouer à la boule avec des têtes de mort sur le théâtre.*")

"SCENE I.—*Imperial Cæsar,*" &c.

The dwellings of our countrymen in the time of Elizabeth were rude enough to render it often requisite to

"Stop a hole, to keep the wind away."

The following is from Harrison's 'Description of England,' 1577: "In the fenny countries and northern parts, unto this day, for lack of wood, they are enforced to continue the ancient manner of building (houses set up with a few posts and many raddles), so in the open and champain countries, they are enforced, for want of stuff, to use no studs at all, but only frank-posts, and such principals, with here and there a girding, whereunto they fasten their splints or raddles, and then cast it all over with thick clay to keep out the wind. Certes this rude kind of building made the Spaniards in Queen Mary's day to wonder, and say, 'these English have their houses made of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly so well as the king.'"



["The winter's flaw."]

20 SCENE I.—“*Woul't drink up Esil?*”

Esil was formerly a term in common use for vinegar; and thus some have thought that Hamlet here meant, will you take a draught of vinegar—of something very disagreeable. It is, however, probable that he referred to the river Yssell, Issell, or Izel, the most northern branch of the Rhine, and that which is the nearest to Denmark. Stow and Drayton are familiar with the name.

21 SCENE I.

“*Anon, as patient as the female dove,*” &c.

To disclose was anciently used for, to hatch. The “couplets” of the dove are first covered with yellow down; and the patient female sits brooding o’er the nest, cherishing them with her warmth for several days after they are hatched.

22 SCENE II.

“*There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.*”

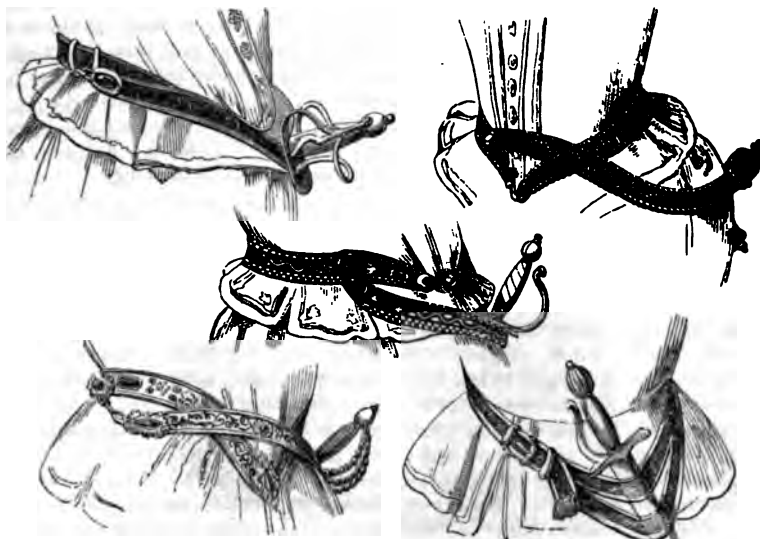
Philosophy, as profound as it is beautiful! says the uninitiated reader of Shakspeare. But he that is endued with the wisdom of the commentators will learn, how easy it is to mistake

for philosophy and poetry what really only proceeded from the very vulgar recollections of an ignorant mind. “Dr. Farmer informs me,” says Steevens, “that these words are *merely technical*. A wood-man, butcher, and dealer in skewers, lately observed to him, that his nephew, (an idle lad) could only assist him in making them; ‘he could *rough hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends*.’ To shape the ends of wood skewers, *i. e.*, to point them, requires a degree of skill; any one can rough-hew them. Whoever recollects the *profession of Shakspeare's father*, will admit that his son might be no st anger to such terms. I have frequently seen packages of wool pinn'd up with skewers.”!!!

23 SCENE II.

“*The carriages, sir, are the hangers.*”

The *hangers* are that part of the girdle or belt by which the sword was suspended. We find the word used in the directions for an installation of the Knights of the Garter. (See Ashmole's ‘History of the Order.’) Garter presents the Lords Commissioners with “the hanger and sword,” which they gird on the knight.



[Sword Belts, or “Hangers.”]



[Hamlet's Grave.]

SCENES.

THE local illustrations which we have given of this play are from original sketches made by Mr. G. F. Sargent. Those of buildings, have, of course, no association with the period of the action. But they possess an interest; being in some degree connected with the supposed scenes of Hamlet's history, and with the popular traditions which have most likely sprung from the European reputation of Shakspeare's Hamlet. For example, we have this passage in Cox's 'Travels': "Adjoining to a royal palace, which stands about half a mile from Kronborg, is a garden which curiosity led us to visit; it is called Hamlet's Garden, and is said, by tradition, to be the very spot where the murder of his father was perpetrated." The vignette above shows a sequestered part of this garden, which is called "Hamlet's Grave." Mr. Inglis, in an agreeable volume published in 'Constable's Miscellany,' describes his anxiety to see this garden, upon the evening of his arrival at Elsinore. "The centinel," he says, "to whom I addressed myself, laid aside his musket, and himself conducted me to the enclosure."

The Castle of Kronborg, or Kronenburg, in the immediate neighbourhood of Elsinore, is a fortification which is invariably associated with Shakspeare's Hamlet. Mr. Inglis learnt that very few travellers visited Elsinore; but that "occasionally passengers in English vessels which happened to be lying to, and sometimes also passengers in French vessels, landed at the castle, owing to its connexion with Hamlet and Shakspeare." A Danish translation of Hamlet, he learnt, was often acted at Elsinore. We present, therefore, to our readers what the few passengers who visit Elsinore land to see, walking up to the castle, as Mr. Inglis did, thinking all the way "of Hamlet and Ophelia, and the murdered King." The engraving at the head of Act I. is a view of the platform at the Castle of Kronborg; that at the head of Act III. the Palace of Kronborg, within the fortifications. We have also given a general view of Elsinore. The view of the Palace of Rosenberg, which is at Copenhagen, is introduced to exhibit the residence of a Danish noble in the time of Shakspeare.



[Canute and his Wife.]

COSTUME.

It has been conjectured, and with sufficient reason, by Mr. Strutt and other writers on the subject of costume, that the dress of the Danes during the tenth and eleventh centuries differed little, if anything, in shape from that of the Anglo-Saxons; and although from several scattered passages in the works of the Welsh bards and in the old Danish ballads, we gather that black was a favourite colour, we are expressly told by Arnold of Lubeck, that at the time he wrote (circa 1127), they had become "wearers of scarlet, purple and fine linen;" and by Wallingford, who died in 1214, that "the Danes were effeminately gay in their dress, combed their hair once a day, bathed once a week, and often changed their attire." Of their pride in their long hair, and of the care they took of it, several anecdotes have been preserved. Harold Harefagne, *i. e.*, Fairlocks, derived his name from the beauty of his long-flowing ringlets, which are said to have hung down to his girdle, and to have been like silken or golden threads: and these precious curls he made a vow to his mistress to neglect till he had completed the conquest of Norway for her love*. A young Danish warrior going to be beheaded begged of an executioner

* Torfaeus, 'Hist. Nor.'

that his hair might not be touched by a slave, or stained with his blood^b. In the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, we find—

"The long-haired one, illustrious in battle,
The bright lord of the Danes:"

and the Knyghtlinga Saga describes Canute's hair as profuse.

In a MS. register of Hyde Abbey, written in the time of Canute, that monarch is represented in a tunic and mantel, the latter fastened with cords or ribands, and tassels. He wears shoes and stockings reaching nearly to the knees, with embroidered tops, or it may be chausses or pantaloon, with an embroidered band beneath the knee; for the drawing being uncoloured leaves the matter in doubt. When Canute's body was examined at Winchester in 1766, it was adorned with several gold and silver bands, and a wreath or circlet was round the head. A jewelled ring was upon one finger, and in one of his hands a silver penny^c. Bracelets of massive gold were worn by all persons of rank, and their most sacred oath before their conversion to Christianity was by their "holy bracelet;" a sacred ornament of this kind being kept on the altars of

^b Jomsvingkinga Saga in Bartholinus.^c 'Archæologia,' vol. iii.

their gods, or worn round the arm of the priest. Scarlet was the colour originally worn by the kings, queens, and princes of Denmark. In the ballad of 'Childe Axelvold' we find that as soon as the young man discovered himself to be of royal race, he "put on the scarlet red;" and in the ballad of 'Hero Hogen and the Queen of Danmarck,' the queen is said to have rode first "in red scarlet;" the word red being used in both these instances to distinguish the peculiar sort of scarlets, as in those times scarlet, like purple, was used to express any gradation of colour formed by red and blue, from indigo to crimson. It thus happens, curiously enough, that the objections of the Queen and Claudius to the appearance of Hamlet in black are authorised, not only by the well-known custom of the early Danes, never to mourn for their nearest and dearest relatives or friends, but also by the fact that, although black was at least their favourite^a, if not, indeed, their national colour,

^a Black bordered with red is to this day common amongst the northern peasantry.

Hamlet, as a prince of the blood, should have been attired in the royal scarlet. Of the armour of the Danes at the close of the tenth century we have several verbal descriptions. "By the laws of Gula, said to have been established by Hacon the Good, who died in 963, it is ordered that every possessor of six marks should furnish himself with a red shield of two boards in thickness, a spear, an axe, or a sword. He who was worth twelve marks, in addition to the above, was ordered to procure a steel cap; whilst he who had eighteen marks was obliged to have also a coat of mail, or a tunic of quilted linen or cloth, and all usual military weapons, amongst which the bipennis, or double-bladed axe, was the most national. The Danish helmet, like the Saxon, had the nasal, which in Scandinavia is called *nef-biörg* (nose-guard), and to which the collar of the mail-hood, which covered the chin, was frequently hooked up, so as to leave little of the face unguarded except the eyes.



Danish Standard, &c.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ON the 6th of October, 1621, Thomas Walkley entered at Stationers' Hall 'The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice.' In 1622 Walkley published the edition for which he had thus claimed the copyright. It is, as was usual with the separate plays, a small quarto. It is by no means certain to our minds that Walkley's edition was published before the folio. The usual date of that edition is 1623; but there is a copy in existence bearing the date of 1622. We have, however, no doubt that the copy of 'Othello' in the folio was printed from a manuscript copy, without reference to the quarto. The folio edition is regularly divided into acts and scenes; the quarto edition has not a single indication of any subdivision in the acts, and omits the division between Acts II. and III. The folio edition contains 163 lines which are not found in the quarto, and these some of the most striking in the play: the number of lines found in the quarto which are not in the folio do not amount to ten. The quarto, then, has not the merit of being the fuller copy. Believing the folio to be the more genuine copy, our text, for the most part, follows that authority. There is a quarto edition of 1630, which differs, in some readings, from both of the previous editions.

When Shakspeare first became acquainted with the 'Moor of Venice' of Giraldi Cinthio (whether in the original Italian, or the French translation, or in one of the little story-books that familiarised the people with the romance and the poetry of the south), he saw in that novel *the scaffolding* of 'Othello.' There was formerly in Venice a valiant Moor, says the story. It came to pass that a virtuous lady of wonderful beauty, named Desdemona, became enamoured of his great qualities and noble virtues. The Moor loved her in return, and they were married, in spite of the opposition of the lady's friends. It happened too (says the story), that the

senate of Venice appointed the Moor to the command of Cyprus, and that his lady determined to accompany him thither. Amongst the officers who attended upon the General was an ensign, of the most agreeable person, but of the most depraved nature. The wife of this man was the friend of Desdemona, and they spent much of their time together. The wicked ensign became violently enamoured of Desdemona; but she, whose thoughts were wholly engrossed by the Moor, was utterly regardless of the ensign's attentions. His love then became terrible hate, and he resolved to accuse Desdemona to her husband of infidelity, and to connect with the accusation a captain of Cyprus. That officer, having struck a sentinel, was discharged from his command by the Moor; and Desdemona, interested in his favour, endeavoured to reinstate him in her husband's good opinion. The Moor said one day to the ensign, that his wife was so importunate for the restoration of the officer, that he must take him back. "If you would open your eyes, you would see plainer," said the ensign. The romance-writer continues to display the perfidious intrigues of the ensign against Desdemona. He steals a handkerchief which the Moor had given her, employing the agency of his own child. He contrives with the Moor to murder the captain of Cyprus, after he has made the credulous husband listen to a conversation to which he gives a false colour and direction; and, finally, the Moor and the guilty officer destroy Desdemona together, under circumstances of great brutality. The crime is, however, concealed, and the Moor is finally betrayed by his accomplice.

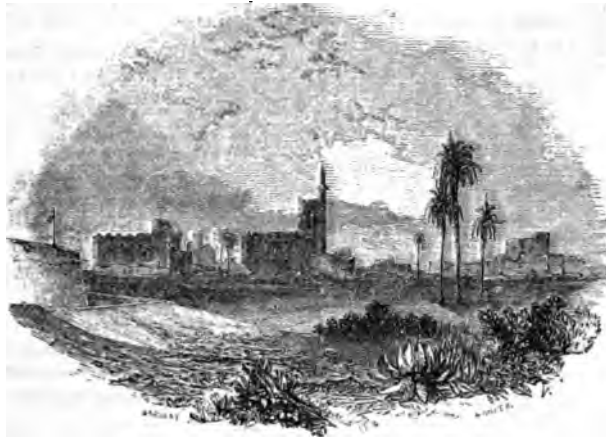
Mr. Dunlop, in his 'History of Fiction,' has pointed out the material differences between the novel and the tragedy. He adds, "In all these important variations Shakspeare has improved on his original. In a few other particulars he has deviated from

it with less judgment; in most respects he has adhered with close imitation. The characters of Iago, Desdemona, and Cassio, are taken from Cinthio with scarcely a shade of difference. The obscure hints and various artifices of the villain to raise suspicion in the Moor are the same in the novel and the drama." M. Guizot, with the eye of real criticism, has seen somewhat further than Mr. Dunlop: "There was wanting in the narrative of Cinthio the poetical genius which furnished the actors—which created the individuals—which imposed upon each a figure and a character—which made us see their actions, and listen to their words—which presented their thoughts and penetrated their sentiments:—that vivifying power which summons events to arise, to progress, to expand, to be completed:—that creative breath which, breathing over the past, calls it again into being, and fills it with a present and imperishable life:—this was the power which Shakspeare alone possessed, and by which, out of a forgotten novel, he has made 'Othello.'"

The republic of Venice became the virtual sovereign of Cyprus, in 1471; when the

state assumed the guardianship of the son of Catharine Cornaro, who had married the illegitimate son of John III., of Lusignan, and, being left a widow, wanted the protection of the state to maintain the power which her husband had usurped. The island was then first garrisoned by Venetian troops. Catharine, in 1489, abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the republic. Cyprus was retained by the Venetians till 1570, when it was invaded by a powerful Turkish force, and was finally subjected to the dominion of Selim II., in 1571. From that period it has formed a part of the Turkish empire. Lelkosia, the inland capital of the island, was taken by storm; and Famagusta, the principal sea-port, capitulated after a long and gallant defence. It is evident, therefore, that we must refer the action of Othello to a period before the subjugation of Cyprus by the Turks. The locality of the scenes after the first Act must be placed at Famagusta, which was strongly fortified,—a fact which Shakspeare must have known, when in the second Scene of the third Act, he says,—

"I will be walking on the works."



[Famagusta, from an original Sketch.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

BRABANTIO, a senator; father to Desdemona.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

Two other Senators.

Appear, Act I. sc. 3.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

OTHELLO, the Moor.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

CASSIO, lieutenant to Othello.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

IAGO, ancient to Othello.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.*

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.

Clown, servant to Othello.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

Herald.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

DESDEMONA, wife to Othello.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 2.*

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

*Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

BLANCA, a courtesan.

Appears, Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

SCENE,—FOR THE FIRST ACT, IN VENICE; DURING THE REST OF THE PLAY, AT A
SEA-PORT IN CYPRUS.



[Court of the Ducal Palace, Venice.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

ROD. Never tell me, I take it much unkindly ^a

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse

As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

IAGO. But you'll not hear me. If ever I did dream

^a The differences of the readings of the folio of 1623, which we adopt, with few exceptions, as our text, and those of the quarto of 1622, are so numerous, that it would be out of our power, without crowding our pages beyond all reasonable limits, to indicate every slight variation. The more important we shall of course point out; and the reader may rely that we have followed the folio in all minute deviations from the common text. The line to which this note belongs is an example of one, out of many, of these slight changes. It is ordinarily written,—

“*Tush*, never tell me, I take it much unkindly.”

The folio omits *tush*. Was this accidental? We think not. The reading,—

“Never tell *me*, I take it much unkindly,”—

is somewhat more in Roderigo's vein.

Of such a matter, abhor me ^a.

ROD. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

IAGO. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,

Off-capp'd ^b to him : and, by the faith of man,

I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,

Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,

Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;

And, in conclusion,

Nonsuits my mediators. For, certes, says he,

I have already chose my officer ^c.

And what was he ?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine ¹,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theorick,

Wherein the toged ^d consuls can propose

^a Steevens writes these lines thus:—

" 'Sblood, but you will not hear me ;
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me."

Steevens adds, " The folio suppresses this oath '*sblood*;' " but he does not tell us what the folio does besides. It accommodates the rhythmical arrangement of the sentence to the suppression of the oath, giving the lines as we print them.

^b *Off-capp'd*. So the folio ; the quarto, *oft capp'd*. The reading of the quarto has been adopted by all the editors, and is used as an example of the antiquity of the academical phrase *to-cap*, meaning to take off the cap. We admit that the word *cap* is used in this sense by other early English authors ; we have it in 'Drant's Horace,' 1567. But, we would ask, is *oft capp'd* supported by the context ? As we read the whole passage, three great ones of the city wait upon Othello ; they *off-capp'd*—they took cap-in-hand—in personal suit that he should make Iago his lieutenant ; but he evades them, &c. He has already chosen his officer. The audience was given, the solicitation was humbly made, the reasons for refusing it courteously assigned. But take the other reading, *oft capp'd* ; and then we have Othello perpetually haunted by the three great ones of the city, capping to him and repeating to him the same prayer, and he perpetually denying them with the same bombast circumstance. Surely this is not what Shakspeare meant to represent.

^c These lines, in the folio, are printed thus:—

" But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them ; with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
Nonsuits my mediators ; for, certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer."

Circumstance is circumlocution. According to this reading, Iago does not mean to say that Othello made a long rigmarole speech to the three great ones, and then in conclusion nonsuited the mediators by telling them he had already chosen his officer. But, in the spirit of calumny, he imputes to Othello that, having chosen his officer before the personal suit was made to him for Iago, he suppressed the fact ; evaded the mediators ; and nonsuited them with a bombast circumstance.

^d *Toged*, in the quarto. *Tongued*, in the folio.

As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice.
 Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election :
 And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
 Christen'd^a and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd^b
 By debtor and creditor : this counter-caster,
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I,—bless the mark ! his Moor-ship's ancient.

ROD. By Heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAGO. Why, there 's no remedy, 't is the curse of service ;
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affin'd
 To love the Moor.

ROD. I would not follow him then.

IAGO. O sir, content you ;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender ; and when he 's old, cashier'd ;
 Whip me such honest knaves : Others there are
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
 Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;
 And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor I would not be Iago.
 In following him I follow but myself ;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end ;
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In complement extern^c, 't is not long after

^a *Christen'd*. In the quarto, *Christian*.

^b *Be-lee'd and calm'd*. Iago uses terms of navigation to express that Cassio had out-sailed him.

^c *In complement extern*. Johnson interprets this—"In that which I do only for an outward show of civility." Surely this interpretation, by adopting the secondary meaning of *complement* (compliment), destroys Iago's bold avowal, which is, that when his actions exhibit the real intentions and motives of his heart, in *outward completeness*, he might as well wear it upon his sleeve.

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

ROD. What a full fortune does the Thicklips^a owe,
If he can carry 't thus^a !

IAGO. Call up her father,
Rouse him : make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances^b of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

ROD. Here is her father's house ; I 'll call aloud.

IAGO. Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by night and negligence^c) the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

ROD. What, ho ! Brabantio ! signior Brabantio, ho !

IAGO. Awake ; what, ho ! Brabantio ! thieves ! thieves !
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO, *above*.

BRA. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?

What is the matter there ?

ROD. Signior, is all your family within ?

IAGO. Are your doors lock'd ?

BRA. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

IAGO. Sir, you are robb'd ; for shame^d put on your gown ;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise ;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you :
Arise, I say.

BRA. What, have you lost your wits ?

ROD. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

BRA. Not I ; what are you ?

ROD. My name is Roderigo.

BRA. The worser welcome :

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors :
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

^a This is simply, *how fortunate he is*. The reading of the folio is, "What a *fall* Fortune," &c.

^b *Chances*. The quarto reads *changes*.

^c We adopt the parenthetical punctuation of the folio, which, if it had been followed, might have saved the discussion as to Shakspeare's carelessness in making the fire *spied* "by night and negligence."

^d *For shame*. This is not used as a reproach, but means—for decency put on your gown.

My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,
(Being full of supper and distempering draughts,)
Upon malicious knavery ^a, dost thou come
To start my quiet ³.

ROD. Sir, sir, sir,—

BRA. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

ROD. Patience, good sir.

BRA. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is Venice ;
My house is not a grange ^b.

ROD. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

IAGO. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.
Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll
have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse : you'll have your nephews ^c
neigh to you : you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for Germans.

BRA. What profane wretch art thou ?

IAGO. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are
making the beast with two backs.

BRA. Thou art a villain.

IAGO. You are a senator.

BRA. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.

ROD. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night ^d,
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier ^e,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor :
If this be known to you, and your allowance,

^a *Knavery*. The quarto, *bravery*.

^b *Grange*. Strictly speaking, the farmhouse of a monastery. But it is used by the old writers as a separate dwelling, as in Spenser:—

“ Ne have the watery fowls a certain *grange*
Wherein to rest.”

Shakspeare, in ‘ Measure for Measure,’ gives the feeling of *loneliness* (which Brabantio here expresses) in a few words:—“ At the moated *grange* resides this dejected Mariana.”

^c *Nephews*. The word was formerly used to signify a grandson, or any lineal descendant. In ‘ Richard III.’ (Act IV., Scene 1) the Duchess of York calls her grand-daughter *niece*. *Nephew* here is the Latin *nepos*.

^d The seventeen lines beginning “ If 't be your pleasure,” are not found in the quarto of 1622. We cannot, therefore, consult that quarto here, as in other instances, when a doubtful reading occurs. We have two difficulties here. First, what is the *odd-even* of the night ? It is explained to be the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning. But then, secondly, an auxiliary verb is wanting to the proper construction of the sentence ; and Capell would read, “ be transported.” We can only give the passage as we find it.

We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs ;
 But if you know not this, my manners tell me
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
 That, from the sense of all civility,
 I thus would play and trifle with your reverence :
 Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
 In an extravagant^a and wheeling stranger,
 Of here and every where : Straight satisfy yourself :
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state
 For thus deluding you.

BRA. Strike on the tinder, ho !
 Give me a taper ; call up all my people :
 This accident is not unlike my dream ;
 Belief of it oppresses me already :
 Light, I say ! light !

[*Exit from above.*]

IAGO. Farewell ; for I must leave you :
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
 Against the Moor : For, I do know, the state
 (However this may gall him with some check)
 Cannot with safety cast him. For he 's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
 (Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have none
 To lead their business : in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
 Lead to the Sagittary^b the raised search ;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

BRA. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;
 And what 's to come of my despised time
 Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her ?—O, unhappy girl !—

^a *Extravagant.* Wandering, unsettled, as in 'Hamlet':—"The *extravagant* and erring spirit."

^b *The Sagittary.* This is generally taken to be an inn. It was the residence at the arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army of the republic. The figure of an archer, with his drawn bow, over the gates, still indicates the place. Probably Shakspeare had looked upon that sculpture.

With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 't was she?—O, she deceives me^a
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

ROD. Truly, I think they are.

BRA. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

ROD. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

BRA. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

ROD. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

BRA. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night^b.—
On, good Roderigo. I will deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.

IAGO. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff^c o' the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometime to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs^d.

OTH. 'T is better as it is.

IAGO. Nay, but he prated,

^a The quarto reads, "*Thou deceiv'st me.*"

^b *Officers of night.* So the quarto. The folio reads *officers of night*. Malone has given a quotation from the '*Commonwealth of Venice*,' a translation from the Italian, printed in 1599, from which it appears that, the city being divided into six tribes, each tribe furnished an officer of the night, "to make rounds about his quarter, till the dawning of the day, being always guarded and attended on with weaponed officers and serjeants."

^c *Stuff.* Matter—material. The stuff of the conscience is the very substance of the conscience.

^d Iago is preparing Othello for the appearance of Roderigo with Brabantio, which he does by representing that Roderigo has communicated to him his intention to apprise Desdemona's father of her flight, and that he resented his expressions towards Othello.

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
 Against your honour,
 That, with the little godliness I have,
 I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
 Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this^a,
 That the magnifico is much belov'd,
 And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,
 As double as the duke's^b: he will divorce you;
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
 The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
 Will give him cable.

OTH. Let him do his spite:
 My services, which I have done the signiory,
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,
 (Which when I know that boasting is an honour
 I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege^c; and my demerits
 May speak, unbonneted^d, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused^e free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth^f. But, look! what lights come yond?

^a The quarto reads—*for be sure of this*.

^b *As double as the duke's*. Most of the editors give this a literal construction, supposing that Shakspeare adopted the popular though incorrect notion, that the doge had two voices in the senate. Capell calls *as double* a Grecism, signifying *as large*, *as extensive*. It is clear that Shakspeare did not take the phrase in a literal sense; for, if he had supposed that the Duke had a double voice as duke, he would not have assigned the same privilege to the senator Brabantio.

^c *Siege*. The quarto reads *height*. A *siege* royal was a throne, an elevated seat. We have in Spenser,—

“A stately *siege* of sovereign majesty.”

^d *Unbonneted*. Theobald says, to speak unbonneted is to speak with the cap off, which is directly opposed to the poet's meaning. Mr. Fuseli suggested an ingenious explanation, that as at Venice the cap or bonnet constituted an important distinction, so the demerits of Othello might speak for themselves without any extrinsic honours. *Demerits* is used in the sense of *merits*; *mereo* and *demereo* being synonymous in Latin. We have the same word in ‘*Coriolanus*’:—

“Opinion, that so sticks on Martius, may
 Of his *demerits* rob Cominius.”

^e Johnson explains *unhoused*—free from domestic cares. Whalley says that Othello, talking as a soldier, means that he has no settled habitation. Mr. Hunter (‘*Disquisition on the Tempest*’) points out that Shakspeare “*Italianates*” in the use of the word *unhoused*, which, he adds, “to an English ear suggests nothing that a man would not willingly resign; but it would be different with an Italian.” It appears to us that Othello had expressed no satisfaction at having been houseless, but that he simply uses *unhoused* for *unmarried*. The *husband* is the head or *band* of the *house*—the unmarried is the *unhouse-banded*—the *unhoused*.

^f So in ‘*Henry V.*’ Act I., Scene 2—

“As rich with praise
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.”

Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with torches.

IAGO. Those are the raised father and his friends :
You were best go in.

OTH. Not I : I must be found ;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

IAGO. By Janus, I think no.

OTH. The servants of the duke ; and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
What is the news ?

CAS. The duke does greet you, general ;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

OTH. What is the matter, think you ?

CAS. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine :
It is a business of some heat. The galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels ;
And many of the consuls^a, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already : You have been hotly call'd for ;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

OTH. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[*Exit.*

CAS. Ancient, what makes he here ?

IAGO. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack^b ;
If it prove lawful prize he 's made for ever.

CAS. I do not understand.

IAGO. He 's married.

CAS. To who ?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

IAGO. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go ?

OTH. Have with you.

CAS. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches.

IAGO. It is Brabantio :—general, be advis'd ;

^a *Consuls.* In the first scene we have "the togged consuls;" doubtless the senators are meant in both passages.

^b *Carack.* A vessel of heavy burden.

He comes to bad intent.

OTH. Holla! stand there!

ROD. Signior, it is the Moor.

BRA. Down with him, thief! [*They draw on both sides.*]

IAGO. You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I am for you.

OTH. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

BRA. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

(If she in chains of magic were not bound^a.)

Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings^b of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou,—to fear^c, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,

That weaken motion^d:—I'll have it disputed on;

'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:

Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

OTH. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest:

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge?

BRA. To prison: till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session,

Call thee to answer.

OTH. What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied;

Whose messengers are here about my side,

^a This line is wanting in the quarto.

^b The quarto has *darlings*; the folio, *dearling*.

^c *To fear*. Brabantio calls Othello, a thing to terrify, not to delight.

^d So the folio. The passage in which the word *weaken* occurs, beginning at "Judge me the world," and ending at "palpable to thinking," is not found in the quarto. The commentators, therefore, change *weaken* to *waken*, which they elucidate by three pages of notes, which are neither satisfactory in a critical point of view, nor edifying in a moral one.

Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

OFF. 'T is true, most worthy signior,
The duke 's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure is sent for.

BRA. How! the duke in council?
In this time of the night?—Bring him away:
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Council Chamber.*

The DUKE, and Senators, sitting; Officers attending.

DUKE. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 SEN. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

DUKE. And mine, a hundred forty.

2 SEN. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where the aim reports*,
'T is oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

DUKE. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

SAILOR. [*Within.*] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailor.

OFF. A messenger from the galleys.

DUKE. Now? What 's the business?

SAIL. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes*;
So was I bid report here to the state,

* *The aim reports.* Aim is used in the sense of *conjecture*, as in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona':—

"But fearing lest my jealous aim might err."

By signior Angelo.

DUKE. How say you by this change?

1 SEN. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless^a.

DUKE. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

OFF. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 SEN. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?

MESS. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes towards Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

DUKE. 'T is certain then for Cyprus.

Marcus Luccicos^b, is not he in town?

1 SEN. He's now in Florence.

DUKE. Write from us to him, post—post-haste, despatch^c.

1 SEN. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

^a The preceding seven lines are only found in the folio.

^b *Marcus Luccicos*. Both the folio and the quarto give this proper name thus. Capell changed it to *Marcus Lucchesi*, saying that such a termination as *Luccicos* is unknown in the Italian. But who is the Duke inquiring after? Most probably a Greek soldier of Cyprus—an Estradiot—one who from his local knowledge was enabled to give him information. Is it necessary that the Greek should bear an Italian name? And does not the termination in *cos* better convey the notion which we believe the poet to have had?

^c This is ordinarily printed after the quarto—

“Write from us; ~~wish~~ him post-post-haste; despatch.”

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.

DUKE. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior:

[*To BRABANTIO.*]

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

BRA. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

DUKE. Why, what's the matter?

BRA. My daughter! O, my daughter!

SEN.

Dead?

BRA.

Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense^a,
Sans witchcraft could not—

DUKE. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter^a,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

BRA. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

ALL. We are very sorry for 't.

DUKE. What, in your own part, can you say to this?

[*To OTHELLO.*]

BRA. Nothing, but this is so.

OTH. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft^b phrase of peace;

^a This line is wanting in the quarto.

^b *Soft.* The quarto, *set.* We have a similar use of the word *soft* in 'Coriolanus':—

"Say to them,

Thou art their *soldier*, and, being bred in broils,

For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted^a, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
 I won his daughter^b.

BRA. A maiden never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at herself: And she, in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 That will confess perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

DUKE. To vouch this is no proof;
 Without more wider^c and more overt test,
 Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
 Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 SEN. But, Othello, speak:
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth?

OTH. I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father:
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you^d,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence

Hast not the *soft* way, which thou dost confess
 Were fit for thee to use."

^a He had been unemployed during nine months.

^b See note in 'Cymbeline,' Act V., Scene 5.

^c *Wider*. The quarto, *certain*.

^d This line is wanting in the quarto.

Even fall upon my life.

DUKE. Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTH. Ancient, conduct them : you best know the place.

[*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood ^a,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

DUKE. Say it, Othello.

OTH. Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year : the battles, sieges, fortune ^b,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances ;
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And portance. In my traveller's history ^c,
(Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle ^d,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,) such was my process ;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow ^e beneath their shoulders⁷. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,

^a This line is also wanting in the quarto.

^b The reading of the folio is—*battle, sieges, fortune*.

^c *Traveller's history*. Othello modestly, and somewhat jocosely, calls his wonderful relations, *a traveller's history*—a term by which the marvellous stories of the Lithgows and Coryats were wont to be designated in Shakspeare's day. This is enfeebled by the quarto into *travel's history*. We have ventured to change the punctuation of the text, for the ordinary reading is certainly unintelligible. We subjoin that reading as it is found in the current editions:—

“ Of my redemption thence,

And portance in my travel's history :

Wherein of antres vast and desarts idle,

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process.”

^d *Idle*. Sterile, barren. Pope reads *wild*, which he found in the second folio ; and Gifford somewhat peevishly defends that reading, in a note on Ben Jonson's ‘*Sejanus*.’

Do grow, as in the quarto. The folio, *grew*.

Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently^a: I did consent;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs^b:
 She swore^c;—In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
 She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man^d: she thank'd me;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

DUKE. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best:
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

BRA. I pray you, hear her speak;
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head if my bad blame
 Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience?

DES. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you, I am bound for life and education;

^a *Intently*. So the quarto; the folio reads *instinctively*—a decided typographical error.

^b *Sighs*. So the quarto; the folio, *kisses*.

^c *She swore*. Steevens has a most extraordinary note upon this expression. He discovered in Whitaker's 'Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots,' that to aver upon faith and honour was called swearing. He had previously considered that Desdemona had come out with a good round oath—a bold and masculine oath, as he calls it—and, having this impression, he had often condemned the passage "as one among many proofs of Shakspere's inability to exhibit the delicate graces of female conversation!"

^d Tieck says that Eschenburg has fallen into the mistake of translating this passage as if Desdemona had wished that heaven had made such a man *for* her, instead of wishing that heaven had created *her* as brave as the hero to whose story she had given "a world of sighs." We are not sure that Eschenburg is wrong.

My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty ;—
 I am hitherto your daughter : But here 's my husband ;
 And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

BRA. God be with you !—I have done :—

Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;
 I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
 Come hither, Moor :
 I here do give thee that with all my heart,
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart,
 I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

DUKE. Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a sentence,
 Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers ^a.
 When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief ;
 He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

BRA. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
 We lose it not so long as we can smile.
 He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears :
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
 But words are words ; I never yet did hear
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear ^b.

^a The quarto adds, *into your favour*.

^b *Pierced*. Steevens, accepting this literally, says, "the consequence of a *bruise* is sometimes matter collected, and this can no ways be cured without *piercing*—letting it out." Warburton proposed to read *pieced*. Spenser has,—

" Her words

Which passing through the ears would *pierce the heart*."

(Spenser—' Faery Queen,' book iv., chap. 8.)

Pierced is not here used by Spenser in the sense of *wounded*—but simply *penetrated*, which is probably the meaning of the text.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

DUKE. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you: And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a more sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

OTH. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize ^a
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

DUKE. Why; at her father's.

BRA. I will not have it so.

OTH. Nor I.

DES. Nor I. I would not there reside ^b,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear ^c;
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.

DUKE. What would you, Desdemona?

DES. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm ^d of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rights for why I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

OTH. Let her have your voice.

^a *Agnize*—confess, acknowledge.

^b So the quarto. The folio, "Nor would I there reside."

^c *Your prosperous ear*. The quarto reads, *a gracious ear*.

^d *Storm*, in the folio; the quarto, *scorn*, which Mr. Dyce holds to be right.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not ^a,
 To please the palate of my appetite ;
 Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
 In me defunct) and proper satisfaction ^b;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
 I will your serious and great business scant,
 When she is with me : No, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
 My speculative and offic'd instrument ^c,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation.

DUKE. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay or going : the affair cries haste,
 And speed must answer it.

SEN. You must away to-night.

OTH. With all my heart ^d.

DUKE. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you ;
 And such things else of quality and respect
 As doth import you.

OTH. So please your grace, my ancient ;
 A man he is of honesty and trust :
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

DUKE. Let it be so.

^a So the folio. The quarto reads—

“ Your voices, lords, beseech you let her will
 Have a free way, I therefore beg it not,” &c.

The modern editions give us a made-up text of the folio and the quarto ; altogether one of the worst modes of emendation.

^b This passage, Steevens says, will prove a lasting source of doubt and controversy. In the original it stands thus :

“ Nor to comply with heat the young affects
 In my defunct and proper satisfaction.”

Upton suggested the change of *my* to *me*, and the parenthetical punctuation.

^c The reading of the quarto is—

“ No, when light-wing'd toys,
 And feather'd Cupid *foils* with wanton dulness
 My speculative and *active instruments*.”

^d The reading of the quarto is,—

“ And speed must answer it ; you must hence to-night.

DES. *To-night, my lord ?*

DUKE.

This night.

OTH.

With all my heart.”

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

[To BRABANTIO.]

I SEN. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

BRA. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see^a;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.]

OTH. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee;

I prithee let thy wife attend on her;

And bring them after in the best advantage.

Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour

Of love, of worldly matter and direction,

To spend with thee: we must obey the time. [*Exeunt* OTHELLO and DESD.]

ROD. Iago.

IAGO. What say'st thou, noble heart?

ROD. What will I do, think'st thou?

IAGO. Why, go to bed and sleep.

ROD. I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

ROD. It is silliness to live when to live is torment: and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

IAGO. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

ROD. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO. Virtue? a fig! 't is in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance^b of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect^c or scion.

ROD. It cannot be.

IAGO. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of per-

^a The quarto reads—*have a quick eye to see*.

^b Balance, in the quarto. The folio, *brains*.

^c A sect. What we now call in horticulture a *cutting*.

durable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour^a with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring^b barbarian and super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

ROD. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

IAGO. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money: I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

ROD. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

IAGO. At my lodging.

ROD. I'll be with thee betimes.

IAGO. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

[ROD. What say you?

IAGO. No more of drowning, do you hear?]

ROD. [I am changed.] I'll sell all my land.

IAGO. [Go to; farewell! put money enough in your purse.^c] [*Exit RODERIGO.*

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;

To get his place, and to plume up my will;

^a Defeat thy favour—change thy countenance.

^b Erring—used in the sense of wandering.

^c The passages in brackets are not in the folio.

In double knavery,—How? how?—Let's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have 't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit.]



[Arsenal at Venice.]

"Lead to the Sagittary the raised search."



[Citadel, Famagusta.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.*

Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.

MONTANO. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

GENT. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heaven^a and the main,
Descry a sail.

MONTANO. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise^b? what shall we hear of this?

GENT. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden^c billow seems to pelt the clouds;

Heaven. The quarto of 1622 reads *haven*, which Malone adopts, because he objects to "hy-bolical language in the mouth of a gentleman, answering a serious question." It is well when the reason is given for spoiling poetry. When Shakspeare wrote this passage, and when he made Clown in 'The Winter's Tale' say, "Between the sea and the firmament you cannot thrust a kin's point," the poetry of the image was equally preserved, though the expression was modified by the characters of the speakers.

Mortise. The hole of one piece of timber fitted to receive the tenon of another.

Chidden. The quarto, *chiding*. How weak is the *chiding* billow *pelt*ing the clouds; but the *now chidden* by the blast is full of beauty.

The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane^a,
 Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
 And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
 I never did like molestation view
 On the enchain'd flood.

MON. If that the Turkish fleet
 Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
 It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 GENT. News, lads^b! our wars are done:
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
 That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
 Hath seen a grievous wrack^c and sufferance
 On most part of their fleet.

MON. How! is this true?

3 GENT. The ship is here put in,
 A Veronessa: Michael Cassio^d,
 Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
 Is come on shore: the Moor himself 's at sea,
 And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

MON. I am glad on 't; 't is a worthy governor.

3 GENT. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort,
 Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
 And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
 With foul and violent tempest.

MON. 'Pray heaven he be;
 For I have serv'd him, and the man commands

^a *Mane*. In the folio this word is spelt *maine*; in the quarto, *mayne*. In each the spelling of *main* in the third line of this scene is the same. But what is "high and monstrous *main*?" We use the word *main*, elliptically, for the main sea, the great sea, as Shakspeare uses it in the passage "twixt the heaven and the main." The main is the *ocean*. Substitute that word, and what can we make of the passage before us?—"The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous *ocean*." But adopt the word *mane*, and it appears to us that we have as fine an image as any in Shakspeare. In the *high and monstrous mane* we have a picture which was probably suggested by the noble passage in Job: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his *neck* with thunder?" The horse of Job is the war-horse "who swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage;" and when Shakspeare pictured to himself his *mane* wildly streaming, "when the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield," he saw an image of the fury of "the wind-shak'd surge," and of its very form; and he painted it "with high and monstrous *mane*."

^b *Lads*. The quarto, *lords*.

^c *Wrack*. Mr. Hunter ("Disquisition on the Tempest") has with great propriety suggested the restoration of the old word *wrack* to Shakspeare's text instead of *wreck*. He observes that we still use the familiar phrase "wreck and ruin;" and he asks, upon the principle of substituting *wreck*, what we are to do with this couplet of *Lucrece* :—

"O this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
 I could prevent this storm, and shun thy *wrack*!"

^d See Illustration 1, Act I., Scene 1.

Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,—ho!
 As well to see the vessel that's come in
 As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
 Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
 An indistinct regard.

3 GENT. Come, let's do so.
 For every minute is expectancy
 Of more arrivancy.

Enter CASSIO.

CAS. Thanks, you the valiant of the warlike isle^a,
 That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
 Give him defence against the elements,
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

MON. Is he well shipp'd?

CAS. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
 Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
 Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
 Stand in bold cure^b.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

CAS. What noise?

4 GENT. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
 Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

CAS. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 GENT. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
 Our friends, at least.

[*Guns heard.*]

CAS. I pray you, sir, go forth,
 And give us truth who't is that is arriv'd.

2 GENT. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

MON. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

CAS. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
 That paragon's description and wild fame;
 One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
 And in the essential vesture of creation
 Does tire the ingener^c—How now? who has put in?

^a The reading of the quarto is—

“Thanks to the valiant of *this worthy* isle.”

^b Dr. Johnson proposed to alter this passage, saying that he could not understand “how hope can be surfeited to death, that is, can be increased till it be destroyed.” As “hope deferred maketh the heart sick,” so hope upon hope, without realisation, is a surfeit of hope, and extinguishes hope. Cassio had some reasonable facts to prevent his hope being “surfeited to death.”

^c So the folio, or rather *ingeniuer*. The quarto reads, “Does bear all excellency.” Johnson says that the reading of the folio is the best reading, and that which the author substituted in his revision. The text of the folio presents no difficulty when we understand the word *ingener*. The word

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2 GENT. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

CAS. He has had most favourable and happy speed :

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd^a to enclog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty do omit
Their mortal^b natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

MON. What is she ?

CAS. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago ;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath ;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms^c,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
[And bring all Cyprus comfort !^d—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is^e come on shore !
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees :
Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round !

DES. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

CAS. He is not yet arriv'd ; nor know I aught

But that he 's well, and will be shortly here.

engine is so called " because not made without great effort (*ingenii*) of genius, of ingenuity, of contrivance."—(Richardson.) The *ingenier*, then, is the contriver by ingenuity—the designer—and here applied to a poet is almost literally the Greek *Παράβολος*—*maker*. Daniell uses the word *ingeniate* in the sense of *to contrive* ; Ben Jonson, *ingine* for understanding.

^a *Ensteep'd*. Steevens here complains of the confusion of Shakspeare's metaphorical expressions. But what confusion is here ? Rocks and sands are *beneath the water*, as the critic might have learned from Gay's ballad ; and what is beneath the water is *steep'd* in the water. The identical word thus applied is in Spenser (' Faery Queen,' book i., chap. 2):—

" Now 'gan the golden Phoebus for to steep
His fiery face in billows of the west."

^b *Mortal*—deadly.

^c The editors have for once adopted an improved line from the folio. The quarto has:—

" And swiftly come to Desdemona's arms."

^d The words in brackets are not in the folio.

^e *Riches* is used as a singular noun in the 87th Sonnet—

" And for *that riches* where is my deserving."

DES. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

CAS. The great contention of the sea and skies

Parted our fellowship: But hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail! a sail! Then guns heard.*

2 GENT. They give their greeting to the citadel;

This likewise is a friend.

CAS. See for the news.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—

[*To EMILIA.*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

That I extend my manners; 't is my breeding

That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*

IAGO. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,

You 'd have enough.

DES. Alas, she has no speech.

IAGO. In faith, too much;

I find it still when I have list^a to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

EMIL. You have little cause to say so.

IAGO. Come on, come on: you are pictures out of door;

Bells in your parlours; wild cats in your kitchens;

Saints in your injuries; devils being offended;

Players in your huswifery; and huswives in your beds^b.

DES. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

IAGO. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

EMIL. You shall not write my praise.

IAGO. No, let me not.

DES. What wouldst write of me if thou shouldst praise me?

IAGO. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;

For I am nothing if not critical.

DES. Come on, assay:—There 's one gone to the harbour?

IAGO. Ay, madam.

DES. I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

IAGO. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention

Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—

It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,

^a *List*, in the quarto; *leave* in the folio.

^b These lines are printed as prose in the folio, but are arranged as we give them in the quarto. The sentiments are an amplification of some proverbial slanders which were current in Shakespeare's day.

And thus she is deliver'd^a.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.

DES. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

IAGO. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

DES. Worse and worse.

EMIL. How, if fair and foolish?

IAGO. She never yet was foolish that was fair:
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

DES. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish?

IAGO. There 's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

DES. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

IAGO. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—now I may;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail^b;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wights^c were,

DES. To do what?

IAGO. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

DES. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal^d counsellor?

CAS. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

IAGO. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship^e. You say true; 't is so,

^a These lines are also printed as prose in the folio.

^b "To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail" is to exchange the more delicate fare for the coarser. In the household book of Queen Elizabeth it is directed that "the master cooks shall have to fee all the salmons' tails."

^c *Wights*. The quarto, *wight*.

^d *Liberal*—licentious.

^e The quarto reads, *I will catch you in your own courtesies*. *Courtship* is used for paying courtesies, as in 'Richard II.'—

"Observ'd his courtship to the common people."

indeed : if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good ! well kissed, and excellent courtesy^a ! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips ? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake !—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

CAS. 'T is truly so.

DES. Let 's meet him, and receive him.

CAS. Lo, where he comes !

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

OTH. O my fair warrior^b !

DES. My dear Othello !

OTH. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high ; and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy ; for, I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DES. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow !

OTH. Amen to that, sweet powers !—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here ; it is too much of joy ;
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
That e'er our hearts shall make !

[*Kissing her.*]

IAGO. O, you are well tun'd now !

^a *Courtesy.* Johnson has a note upon this : " Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtesies." A *courtesy*, *courtesy*, *curtesy*, was anciently used for any courteous mode of demeanour, and not, as Johnson receives it, as exclusively a female action. The reading of the quarto is—" Well kiss'd ! an excellent *courtesy*."

^b The term *warrior* applied to a lady is somewhat startling. In the third Act Desdemona says of herself, " Unhandsome warrior that I am." Steevens says that it was a term of endearment which we derive from the old French poets, and that Ronsard, in his sonnets, frequently calls the ladies *guerrières*. But we cannot avoid thinking that Othello playfully salutes his wife as a warrior, in compliment to her resolution not to

—— " be left behind,

A moth of peace, and he go to the war."

When Desdemona repeats the word in the third Act, the name which her husband has given her may, in the same manner, be floating in her memory. We have no parallel use of the word in Shakspeare.

But I'll set down the pegs^a that make this music,
As honest as I am.

[*Aside.*]

OTH. Come; let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle^b?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTH., DES., and Attend.*]

IAGO. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come thither^c. If thou
be'st valiant, (as they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in
their natures more than is native to them,) list me. The lieutenant to-night
watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona
is directly in love with him.

ROD. With him! why, 't is not possible.

IAGO. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what
violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical
lies: And will she love him still for prating? Let not thy discreet heart
think it^d. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look
on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there
should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness
in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor
is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate
tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and
abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some
second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and
unforced position,) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as
Cassio does;—a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting
on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of
his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slipper
and subtle knave^e; a finder of occasions: that has an eye can stamp and
counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devil-
ish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those re-

^a *Set down.* In some modern editions this is *let down*, which is certainly the meaning of *set down*.

^b The quarto of 1622 reads—

“How do, our old acquaintance of the isle?”

In the folio *acquaintance* is used in the singular as a noun of multitude.

^c *Thither.* The quarto reads *hither*.

^d The folio reads, *To love him still for prating, let not, &c.*

^e The quarto reads, “*A subtle slippery knave.*”

quisites in him that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

ROD. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd condition.

IAGO. Bless'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have loved the Moor: Bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

ROD. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

IAGO. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

ROD. Well.

IAGO. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply^a, may strike at you. Provoke him that he may: for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

ROD. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity^b.

IAGO. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessities ashore. Farewell.

ROD. Adieu.

[Exit.

IAGO. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof

^a We find in the quarto, "Haply with his truncheon may strike at you."

^b The quarto reads, "If I can bring it to any opportunity." But Roderigo is not one of those who relies upon himself; and the reading of the folio, "If you can bring it to any opportunity," is far more characteristic. Iago replies to this expression of reliance upon him, "I warrant thee."

Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards ;
 And nothing can or shall content my soul,
 Till I am even'd ^a with him, wife for wife ;
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace ^b
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ;
 Abuse him to the Moor in the right ^c garb,—
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too ;
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd ;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Street.**Enter a Herald, with a proclamation ; People following.*

HBR. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere ^d perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph : some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him ; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial ^e : So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open ; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.**Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.*

OTH. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :
 Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,

^a *Even'd.* The quarto, *even*.

^b The reading of the quarto is,—

" If this poor trash of Venice, whom I crush
 For his quick hunting."

Crush is evidently a corruption, and is properly rejected.

^c *Right.* The quarto, *rank*.

^d *Mere—entire.*

^e *Nuptial.* The quarto, *nuptials*. The modern editors in adopting *nuptials* have departed from the usual phrase of Shakspeare, as in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' "This looks not like a nuptial."

Not to out-sport discretion.

CAS. Iago hath direction what to do ;

But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

OTH. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night : To-morrow, with your earliest^a,

Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;

[To DESDEMONA.

That profit 's yet to come 'tween me and you.—

Good night.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendant.

Enter IAGO.

CAS. Welcome, Iago : We must to the watch.

IAGO. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 't is not yet ten o' th' clock : Our general
cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not there-
fore blame : he hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and she is
sport for Jove.

CAS. She 's a most exquisite lady.

IAGO. And, I 'll warrant her, full of game.

CAS. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

IAGO. What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

CAS. An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest.

IAGO. And when she speaks is it not an alarum to love ?

CAS. She is, indeed, perfection.

IAGO. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of
wine : and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have
a measure to the health of black Othello.

CAS. Not to-night, good Iago ; I have very poor and unhappy brains for
drinking : I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of
entertainment.

IAGO. O, they are our friends ; but one cup ; I 'll drink for you.

CAS. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too,—
and, behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the in-
firmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO. What, man ! 't is a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

CAS. Where are they ?

IAGO. Here at the door ; I pray you call them in.

CAS. I 'll do 't ; but it dislikes me.

[*Exit* CASSIO.

IAGO. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,

With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

^a *With your earliest.* The quarto and folio both read *your earliest*, yet in most modern editions we find *our earliest*.

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out^a,
 To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
 Potations pottle deep ; and he 's to watch :
 Three lads^b of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
 That hold their honours in a wary distance,
 The very elements of this warlike isle,—
 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
 Am I to put our Cassio in some action
 That may offend the isle :—But here they come :
 If consequence do but approve my dream,
 My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

CAS. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

MON. Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

IAGO. Some wine, hoa !

And let me the canakin clink, clink,

[*Sings.*

And let me the canakin clink :

A soldier 's a man ; O man's life 's but a span^c ;

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys !

[*Wine brought in.*

CAS. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

IAGO. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting :
 your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, hoa !—
 are nothing to your English.

CAS. Is your Englishman so exquisite^d in his drinking ?

IAGO. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not
 to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next
 pottle can be filled.

CAS. To the health of our general.

MON. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I 'll do you justice.

IAGO. O sweet England !

King Stephen was a worthy peer^e,
 His breeches cost him but a crown ;
 He held them sixpence all too dear,
 With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
 And thou art but of low degree :
 'T is pride that pulls the country down,
 Then take thine auld cloak about thee^f.

^a Out. The quarto, *outward*.

^c The quarto reads, "*A life 's but a span*."

^e The quarto,—

^b Lads, in the quarto ; the folio, *else*.

^d Exquisite. The quarto, *expert*.

" Then take thine auld cloak about thee."

The folio, *And take thy*.

Some wine, ho!

CAS. Why this is a more exquisite song than the other.

IAGO. Will you hear 't again?

CAS. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—
Well,—Heaven 's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be
souls must not be saved^a.

IAGO. It 's true, good lieutenant.

CAS. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—
I hope to be saved.

IAGO. And so do I too, lieutenant.

CAS. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before
the ancient. Let 's have no more of this: let 's to our affairs.—Forgive us
our sins!—Gentlemen, let 's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen,
I am drunk;—this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my
left:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well
enough.

ALL. Excellent well.

CAS. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*]

MON. To the platform, masters; come, let 's set the watch.

IAGO. You see this fellow that is gone before;—

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar

And give direction: and do but see his vice;

'T is to his virtue a just equinox,

The one as long as the other: 't is pity of him.

I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,

On some odd time of his infirmity,

Will shake this island.

MON. But is he often thus?

IAGO. 'T is evermore his prologue to his sleep:

He 'll watch the horologe a double set^b,

If drink rock not his cradle.

MON. It were well

The general were put in mind of it.

Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,

And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

IAGO. How now, Roderigo?

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Aside.*
Exit RODERIGO.]

MON. And 't is great pity, that the noble Moor

^a The quarto omits "And there be souls must not be saved."

^b Shakspeare here adopts the English division of time, in which the day is divided into two portions of twelve hours each, "*the double set*" of the horologe.

Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity :
It were an honest action, to say so
To the Moor.

IAGO. Not I, for this fair island :
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark ! what noise *?

Enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.

CAS. You rogue ! you rascal !

MON. What 's the matter, lieutenant ?

CAS. A knave !—teach me my duty !

I 'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle ^b.

ROD. Beat me !

CAS. Dost thou prate, rogue ? [Striking Rod.]

MON. Nay, good lieutenant ; [Staying him.]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

CAS. Let me go, sir,

Or I 'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

MON. Come, come, you 're drunk.

CAS. Drunk ! [They fight.]

IAGO. Away, I say ! go out, and cry—a mutiny. [Aside to Rod., who goes out.]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, hoa !—Lieutenant,—sir Montano ^c,—

Help, masters !—Here 's a goodly watch, indeed !

[Bell rings.]

Who 's that which rings the bell ?—Diablo, hoa !

The town will rise : Fie, fie, lieutenant ! hold ;

You 'll be asham'd for ever ^d.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

OTH. What is the matter here ?

MON. I bleed still ; I am hurt to the death.—He dies ^e—

* We here find in the quarto, *help, help, within !* as a stage direction.

^b *Twiggen bottle.* The quarto reads *wicker bottle*, which gives the explanation.

^c *Sir Montano.* So both the old editions, not only here, but in a subsequent line. In all modern texts it is given as *Sir ! Montano !* Iago is pretending to separate the lieutenant and Montano, but he is not familiar with Montano, the ex-governor, and he gives him a title of courtesy.

^d The quarto, "*You will be sham'd for ever*"—a very different meaning.

^e *He dies.* These words are not found in the quarto, the line there being eked out with *sounds !* Malone supposes that they were absurdly inserted as a stage direction. *He faints* is found as a stage direction in the quarto of 1630. In the folio we have "*he dies*" as a part of the speech of Montano. It is evident that, although Montano fancies himself hurt to the death, he is still ready to attack Cassio, as his words express, *he dies !* If he were to *faint* when he says, "*I am hurt to the death,*" why should Iago say

"Hold, hold, lieutenant—sir Montano—gentlemen—
Have you forgot," &c.

OTH. Hold, for your lives.

IAGO. Hold, hoa! Lieutenant,—sir Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place^a and duty?

Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

OTH. Why, how now, hoa! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love I charge thee.

IAGO. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,

(As if some planet had unwitting men,)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And 'would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

OTH. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

CAS. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

OTH. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure: What's the matter

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

MON. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;

Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught

By me that's said or done amiss this night;

Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,

And to defend ourselves it be a sin

When violence assails us.

OTH. Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule;

And passion, having my best judgment collied^b,

^a The quarto and folio both read "place of sense,"—clearly an error.

^b Collied—blackened—discoloured. The quarto reads cooled, evidently a mistake.

Assays to lead the way : If I once stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul rout began, who set it on ;
 And he that is approv'd in this offence,
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall loose me ^a.—What ! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety ^b !
 'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began 't ?

MON. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
 Thou art no soldier.

IAGO. Touch me not so near :
 I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
 Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
 Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him.—This it is, general.
 Montano and myself being in speech,
 There comes a fellow crying out for help ;
 And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
 To execute upon him : Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause ;
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
 Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)
 The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose ; and I return'd then rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath ; which, till to-night,
 I ne'er might say before : When I came back,
 (For this was brief,) I found them close together,
 At blow, and thrust ; even as again they were
 When you yourself did part them.
 More of this matter cannot I report :—
 But men are men : the best sometimes forget :—
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—

^a *Loose me*. So both the original editions. In the modern editions it is invariably printed, *loose me* ; the same word, certainly, but differently applied. By the employment of *loose* we destroy the force of " Though he had *twinn'd* with me."

^b Malone reads,—

" In night, and on the *court of guard* and safety."

Steevens and he have a great controversy about it ; Malone contending that *court of guard* is a proper technical expression.

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

OTH. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio :—Cassio, I love thee ;
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ;—
I'll make thee an example.

DES. What is the matter, dear ?

OTH. All's well, sweeting.

Come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon : Lead him off. [*To MONTANO, who is led off.*]
Iago, look with care about the town ;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona : 't is the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

IAGO. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

CAS. Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid !

CAS. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost my reputation ! I
have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My
reputation, Iago, my reputation.

IAGO. As I am an honest man I had thought you had received some bodily
wound ; there is more sense^a in that than in reputation. Reputation is an
idle and most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without
deserving : You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself
such a loser. What, man ! there are ways to recover the general again :
You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in
malice ; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an
imperious lion : sue to him again, and he is yours.

CAS. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander with
so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk ? and speak
parrot ? and squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse fustian with one's
own shadow^b ?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be
known by, let us call thee devil !

IAGO. What was he that you followed with your sword ? What had he done
to you ?

CAS. I know not.

^a *Sense.* The quarto reads *offence*. The *sense* of a wound is its *sensibility*.

^b This most expressive sentence, from *drunk* to *shadow*, is not found in the quarto of 1622.

IAGO. Is 't possible?

CAS. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause^a, transform ourselves into beasts!

IAGO. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

CAS. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

IAGO. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

CAS. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

IAGO. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

CAS. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

IAGO. You, or any man living, may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement^b of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her: importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint^c, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

CAS. You advise me well.

IAGO. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

CAS. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me.

IAGO. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

CAS. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit CASSIO.]

IAGO. And what 's he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,

Probal^d to thinking, and indeed the course

To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy

The inclining Desdemona to subdue

^a The quarto reads, *joy, revel, pleasure, and applause*.

^b *Denotement* was substituted by Theobald for *devotement* of the folio.

^c *Broken joint*. The quarto, *broil*.

^d *Probal*—probable—an abbreviation not found in any other writer, we believe.

In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
 As the free elements. And then for her
 To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
 His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now: For whiles this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all. How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

ROD. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that
 fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceed-
 ingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be I shall have so much
 experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more
 wit, return to Venice.

LAGO. How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,

And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:

Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:

Content thyself a while.—In troth, 't is morning;

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit ROD.*] Two things are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,

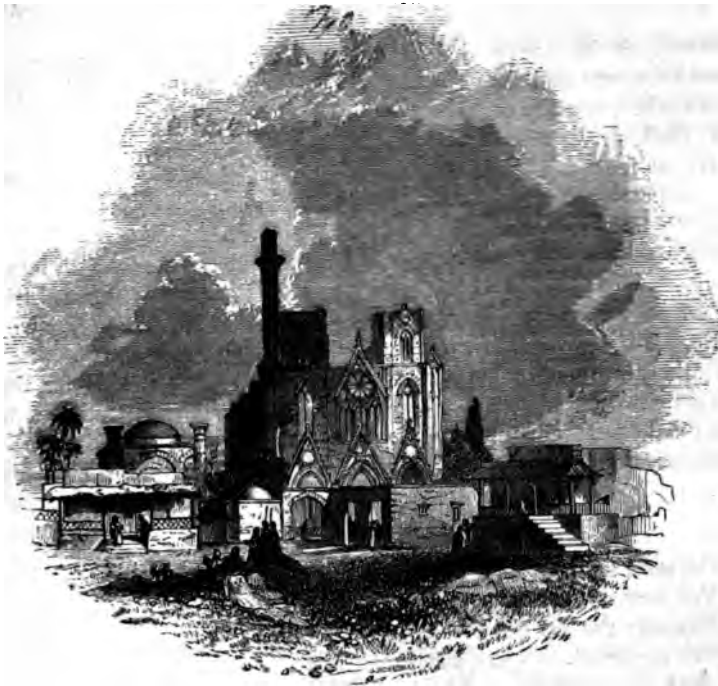
I'll set her on;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that 's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*



[*Estradiot.*]



[*Venetian Remains at Famagusta.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

CAS. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid, Good-morrow, general.

[*Music.*]

Enter Clown.

CLO. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak
i' th' nose thus?

1 MUS. How, sir, how?

CLO. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

1 MUS. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

CLO. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 MUS. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

* The quarto reads, "call'd wind instruments."

CLO. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here 's money for you: and the general so likes your music that he desires you, for love's sake^a, to make no more noise with it.

1 MUS. Well, sir, we will not.

CLO. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

1 MUS. We have none such, sir.

CLO. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away: Go; vanish into air^b; away. [Exit Musicians.]

CAS. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

CLO. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

CAS. Prithee, keep up thy quilllets. There 's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her, there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

CLO. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit.]

Enter IAGO.

CAS. [Do, good my friend. '—In happy time, Iago.

IAGO. You have not been a-bed then?

CAS. Why, no; the day had broke

Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

IAGO. I 'll send her to you presently;

And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [Exit.]

CAS. I humbly thank you for 't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest^d.

Enter EMILIA.

EMIL. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but he protests he loves you;
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,

^a For love's sake. The quarto has the prettier phrase, of all loves.

^b The quarto, vanish away.

^c The words in brackets are not found in the folio.

^d See Illustration to Act I, Scene 1.

[To take the safest occasion by the front*,]
To bring you in again.

CAS. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

EMIL. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

CAS. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

OTH. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the senate^b:
That done, I will be walking on the works,—
Repair there to me.

IAGO. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't.

OTH. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?

GENT. We 'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

DES. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

EMIL. Good madam, do; I warrant^c it grieves my husband,
As if the cause^d were his.

DES. O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

CAS. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

DES. I know 't,—I thank you^e: You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off

* The words in brackets are not found in the folio.

^b The quarto, *state*.

^c The quarto, *know*.

^d The quarto, *case*.

^e The quarto, *O! sir, I thank you*.

Than in a politic distance.

CAS. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

DES. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame*, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO at a distance.

EMIL. Madam, here comes my lord.

CAS. Madam, I'll take my leave.

DES. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

CAS. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

DES. Well; do your discretion.

[Exit CASSIO.]

IAGO. Ha! I like not that.

OTH. What dost thou say?

IAGO. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

OTH. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing your coming.

OTH. I do believe 't was he.

DES. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTH. Who is 't you mean?

DES. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;

* Hawks were tamed by being kept from sleep. Thus in Cartwright's 'Lady Errant'—

“We'll keep you,
As they do hawks, watching, until you leave
Your wildness.”

For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I prithee call him back.

OTH. Went he hence now?

DES. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him^a. Good love, call him back.

OTH. Not now, sweet Desdemona^b; some other time.

DES. But shall 't be shortly?

OTH. The sooner, sweet, for you.

DES. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

OTH. No, not to-night.

DES. To-morrow dinner then?

OTH. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

DES. Why then, to-morrow night; on Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on^c Wednesday morn;—
I prithee name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make example
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering^d on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you; and so many a time^e,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

OTH. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

DES. Why, this is not a boon;
'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

^a The quarto, *I suffer with him*.

^b *Sweet Desdemona*. In five passages of this play, in the folio edition, Desdemona is called *Desdemona*. The abbreviation might not be a capricious one, but an epithet of tenderness.

^c The repetition of the word *on*, instead of *or*, is the reading of the folio. It is much more emphatic.

^d *Mammering*. The quarto, *muttering*. The word—having the meaning of *suspense—doubt*—is continually used by our old writers, as in Lyly's 'Euphues'—"Neither stand in a *mammering*, whether it be best to depart or not."

^e Steevens struck out *so* in the course of his hood-winked pruning.

To your own person : Nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficult weight^a,
And fearful to be granted.

OTH. I will deny thee nothing :
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

DES. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

OTH. Farewell, my Desdemona; I'll come to thee straight.

DES. Emilia, come:—Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit, with EMILIA.]

OTH. Excellent wretch^b! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again.

IAGO. My noble lord,—

OTH. What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

OTH. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

IAGO. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

OTH. Why of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTH. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

IAGO. Indeed?

OTH. Indeed? ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

IAGO. Honest, my lord?

OTH. Honest? Ay, honest.

IAGO. My lord, for aught I know.

OTH. What dost thou think?

IAGO. Think, my lord?

OTH. Think, my lord? By heaven, he echoes me^d

^a The quarto reads,—

“It shall be full of poise and *difficulty*.”

This is adopted without any mention of the reading *difficult weight*; and then the editors tell us that *poise* is weight. Now, in the sense before us, poise is *balance*, and Desdemona means to say that, when she really prefers a suit that shall task the love of Othello, it shall be one difficult to determine, and, when determined, hard to be undertaken.

^b *Wretch*. The play-house copies, in their nicely-critical phraseology, give us *wench* instead of *wretch*. Johnson properly explains *wretch* as expressing “the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection.”

^c This re-echo of Iago's echo is rejected by Steevens, because it violates the measure.

^d “By heaven he echoes me” is the reading of the first quarto. The folio has, “*Alas! thou echoest me.*” The quarto of 1630, “*Why dost thou echo me?*”

As if there were some monster in his thought
 Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
 I heard thee say even now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
 When Cassio left my wife: What didst not like?
 And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
 In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, Indeed?
 And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me
 Show me thy thought.

IAGO. My lord, you know I love you.

OTH. I think thou dost;
 And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
 And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
 For such things in a false disloyal knave
 Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
 They're close delations^a, working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

IAGO. For Michael Cassio,—
 I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

OTH. I think so too.

IAGO. Men should be what they seem;
 Or, those that be not 'would they might seem none!

OTH. Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTH. Nay, yet there's more in this:
 I prithee speak to me, as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
 The worst of words.

IAGO. Good my lord, pardon me;
 Though I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
 Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
 As where's that palace whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not?—who has that breast so pure,
 But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions^b sit

^a *Delations*. The quarto, *denotements*. The original word *dilations* is rejected by the editors, because they accept it either in the sense of *delays* or *dilatements*. We have adopted Johnson's ingenious suggestion, that the *dilations* of the folio was *delations*—secret accusations. Sir Henry Wotton uses *delations* in the same sense.

^b The quarto, *session*. The reading of the folio, *sessions*, has a parallel in that exquisite gem, the 30th Sonnet:—

“When to the *sessions* of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past.”

With meditations lawful?

OTH. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

IAGO. I do beseech you,
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and of my jealousy
Shape faults that are not,) that your wisdom
From one that so imperfectly conceits
Would take no notice^a; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

OTH. What dost thou mean?

IAGO. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

OTH. I'll know thy thoughts^b.

IAGO. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

OTH. Ha!

IAGO. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on^c: That cuckold lives in bliss

^a The modern editors take the reading of the quarto:—

"I do beseech you,
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you, then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
You'd take no notice."

They then enter into a long discussion about abruptness, and obscurity, and regulation of the pointing, without taking the slightest notice of the perfectly clear reading of the folio, which we give without the alteration of a point or letter.

^b The first quarto, "*By Heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.*"

^c This passage has always been a stumbling-block. Hanmer reads, and Malone and Collier adopt the reading,—

"It is the green-ey'd monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on."

The commentators give us five pages for and against *mock*, leaving the matter exactly where they

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger :
 But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
 Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly^a loves !

OTH. O misery !

IAGO. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
 But riches, fineless^b, is as poor as winter,
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor :
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy !

OTH. Why ! why is this ?
 Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,
 Is once to be resolv'd : Exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufficate^c and blow'd surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous,
 To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances^d ;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
 For she had eyes, and chose me : No, Iago ;
 I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—

found it. *Mocke* is the reading both of the first quarto and the folio. The quarto of 1630 has "a green-ey'd monster." One of the difficulties would be got over by adopting the indefinite article; for then we should not be called upon to agree with Steevens that a tiger was meant, nor with Jennens that it was certainly a crocodile. A green-ey'd monster leaves us the licence of imagining that the poet had some *chimera* in his mind, to which he applied the epithet, green-ey'd. It has been suggested that Shakspeare meant to say, that the meat mocked the monster, instead of the monster mocking the meat. (Explanations, &c.; Edinburgh, 1814.) But the inverted construction which this implies was quite uncalled for, and is not in Shakspeare's manner. We have little doubt that *mock* is the true word; and that it may be explained, which doth play with,—half receive, half reject,—the meat it feeds on—as the cat (green-eyed) playing with the mouse. Farmer suggested that it was used for *mammoth*, which appears not unlikely.

^a *Strongly* is the reading of the quarto. The folio has *soundly*, which is probably a misprint for *fondly*.

^b *Fineless*—endless.

^c *Exsufficate*. Todd, in his edition of 'Johnson's Dictionary,' says, that *exsufficate* may be traced to the low Latin *exsufflare*, to spit down upon, an ancient form of exorcising, and figuratively to spit out in abhorrence or contempt. *Exsufficate* may thus signify contemptible. Richardson, in his admirable Dictionary, somewhat dissents from this; considering the word "not improbably a misprint for *exsufflate*, i. e., *efflate* or *efflated*, puff'd out, and, consequently, exaggerated, extravagant,—to which *blow'd* is added, not so much for the sake of a second epithet, with a new meaning, as to give emphasis to the first."

^d *Dances*. The quarto adds, *well*—a weak addition, as we think. Mr. Collier says, "Southern's ear was so sensible of the deficiency, that he added the word in manuscript in his copy of the folio, 1685."

Away at once with love, or jealousy.

IAGO. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eyes^a thus,—not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to 't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown^b.

OTH. Dost thou say so?

IAGO. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

OTH. And so she did.

IAGO. Why, go to, then;
She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,
He thought 't was witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

OTH. I am bound to thee for ever.

IAGO. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

OTH. Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

OTH. I will not.

IAGO. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success^c
Which my thoughts aim'd not^d. Cassio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

OTH. No, not much mov'd:—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

^a Eyes. The quarto, *eye*.

^b So the quarto of 1622. The folio has *leave't and keep't*.

^c Success—succession—consequence.

^d The quarto, *As my thoughts aim not at*.

OTH. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

IAGO. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;—
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural,—
But, pardon me: I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, happily, repent.

OTH. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

IAGO. My lord, I take my leave.

[Going.

OTH. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

IAGO. My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

OTH. Fear not my government.

IAGO. I once more take my leave.

[Exit.

OTH. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,

And knows all qualities^a, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune^b. Haply, for I am black,

^a *Qualities*. So the quarto. The folio, *quantities*.

^b The images in this sentence are derived from falconry. Some doubts exist whether the *haggard* was an unreclaimed hawk; but there is no doubt that the old adjective *haggard* means wild. The *jesses* are the footstraps of a hawk. The remainder of the passage may be illustrated by a quotation from Dryden (*Annus Mirabilis*):—

“Have you not seen, when *whistled* from the fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And, with her eagerness, the quarry miss'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it *down the wind*?”

And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have : Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years ;—yet that's not much ;—
She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uses. Yet 't is the plague of great ones ;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base ;
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death ;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Look, where she comes * :

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself ^b !—
I'll not believe 't.

DES. How now, my dear Othello ?

Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

OTH. I am to blame.

DES. Why do you speak so faintly ^c ?
Are you not well ?

OTH. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

DES. Why, that's with watching ; 't will away again :
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

OTH. Your napkin ^d is too little ;

[He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

DES. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt OTH. and DES.]

EMIL. I am glad I have found this napkin ;

This was her first remembrance from the Moor :
My wayward husband hath a hundred times

* The quarto, *Desdemona comes.*

^b This is the reading of the quarto. The folio reads,—

“ If she be false, heaven mock'd itself ! ”

By the reading of the folio we may understand that, if Desdemona be false,—be not what she appears to be,—heaven at her creation, instead of giving an image of itself, mocked itself,—gave a false image. The reading of the quarto is more forcible and natural.

^c The quarto, *Why is your speech so faint ?*

^d *Napkin* and *handkerchief* were synonymous. The expression was used as recently as the date of the Scotch proceedings in the Douglas cause, in which we find a lady described as constantly dressed in a hoop, with a large napkin on her breast. (Warner's 'Plan of a Glossary to Shakespeare,' 1768.) A pocket-handkerchief is still a *pocket-napkin* in Scotland.

Woo'd me to steal it : but she so loves the token,
 (For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,)
 That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out^a,
 And give 't Iago.
 What he will do with it heaven knows, not I.
 I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

IAGO. How now ! what do you here alone ?

EMIL. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

IAGO. A thing for me ?—it is a common thing—

EMIL. Ha !

IAGO. To have a foolish wife.

EMIL. O, is that all ? What will you give me now

For that same handkerchief ?

IAGO. What handkerchief ?

EMIL. What handkerchief ?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;

That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAGO. Hast stolen it from her ?

EMIL. No ; but she let it drop by negligence :

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.

Look, here it is.

IAGO. A good wench ; give it me.

EMIL. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest

To have me filch it ?

IAGO. Why, what 's that to you ?

[*Snatching it.*]

EMIL. If it be not for some purpose of import,

Give 't me again : Poor lady ! she 'll run mad

When she shall lack it.

IAGO. Be not acknown on 't^b ; I have use for it.

Go, leave me.

[*Exit EMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,

And let him find it : Trifles, light as air,

Are to the jealous confirmations strong

As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poison :

Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,

^a Emilia does not propose to obliterate the work, but to *copy the work*, and to restore the original to Desdemona. Iago's abrupt address frightens her from her purpose. That *ta'en out* means copied, we find in the subsequent scene, when Cassio says to Bianca, *Take me this work out . . . I'd have it copied.*

^b The quarto reads—*Be not you known of 't*. The more poetical word, *acknown*, is used in a similar manner in the 'Life of Ariosto,' subjoined to Sir John Harrington's 'Translation,' 1607:—"Some say he was married to her privily, but durst not be acknown of it."

Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
 But, with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so^a—
 Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora^b,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Enter OTHELLO.

OTH. Ha! ha! false to me?

IAGO. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

OTH. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:

I swear, 't is better to be much abus'd,
 Than but to know 't a little.

IAGO. How now, my lord?

OTH. What sense had I of^c her stolen hours of lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
 I slept the next night well, fed well^d, was free and merry;
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.

IAGO. I am sorry to hear this.

OTH. I had been happy, if the general camp,

Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed troops^e, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife^f,
 The royal banner; and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,

^a *I did say so.* These words are simply used in the common sense—I said so—I was right. Iago has been describing the effect of "dangerous conceits;" and when he sees Othello approaching, with a perturbed demeanour, he exclaims triumphantly, "*I did say so*—look where he comes." In the old copies, and in the modern also, the stage direction—*Enter Othello*—is placed before *look where he comes*; we have removed it to the close of Iago's speech.

^b *Mandragora.* The mandrake was used by the ancients as a powerful opiate. So in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' Act I., Scene 5:—

— "Give me to drink *mandragora*,
 That I might sleep out this great gap of time
 My Antony is away."

^c *Of*, the quarto; *in*, the folio.

^d *Fed well.* The quarto has not these words, and they are not found in modern editions.

^e *Troops.* The quarto, *troop*.

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

IAGO. Is 't possible, my lord?

OTH. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; [Taking him by the throat.

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my wak'd wrath.

IAGO. Is 't come to this?

OTH. Make me see 't; or, at the least, so prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,

To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

IAGO. My noble lord,—

OTH. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,

Never pray more: abandon all remorse;

On horror's head horrors accumulate:

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,

For nothing canst thou to damnation add,

Greater than that.

IAGO. O grace! O heaven forgive^a me!

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—

God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,

That lov'st^b to make thine honesty a vice!—

O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,

I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

OTH. Nay, stay:—Thou shouldst be honest.

IAGO. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,

And loses that it works for.

OTH. ^c By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;

I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;

I'll have some proof: My name^d, that was as fresh

^a *Forgive*. The quarto, *defend*.

^b *Lov'st*. The quarto, *liv'st*, which the modern editors adopt. Surely the man that *loves* to carry his honesty so far that it becomes a vice is what Iago means when he calls himself a *fool*.

^c This fine speech of Othello is not in the quarto of 1622.

^d *My name*. The quarto of 1630, "*her name*." We cling to "*my name*." It is Othello's intense feeling of *honour* that makes his wife's supposed fault so terrific to him. It is not that *Desdemona's* name is begrimed and black, but that *his own name* is degraded. This one thought, here for the first time exhibited, pervades all the rest of the play. The thought that his own name is now tarnished drives him at once into a phrenzy. He has said, "*I'll have some proof*;" but the moment that the idea of dishonour comes across his sensitive nature, he bursts into uncontrolled fury:—

—— "If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it."

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

IAGO. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :
 I do repent me that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied?

OTH. Would? nay, and I will.

IAGO. And may: But how? how satisfied, my lord?
 Would you the supervision^a? grossly gape on?
 Behold her topp'd?

OTH. Death and damnation! O!

IAGO. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
 To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
 More than their own! What then? how then?
 What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
 It is impossible you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
 If imputation, and strong circumstances,
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,
 Will give you satisfaction, you might^b have 't.

OTH. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

IAGO. I do not like the office:

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
 Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
 And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
 I could not sleep.
 There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
 One of this kind is Cassio:
 In sleep I heard him say,—Sweet Desdemona,
 Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
 And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
 Cry,—O sweet creature! then kiss me hard,
 As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
 That grew upon my lips; lay his leg o'er my thigh,
 And sigh, and kiss; and then cry,—Cursed fate
 That gave thee to the Moor!

OTH. O monstrous! monstrous!

^a *Supervision.* The quarto, *supervisor*. We add the note of interrogation.

^b *Might.* The quarto, *may*.

LAGO. Nay, this was but his dream.

OTH. But this denoted a foregone conclusion ;

"T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

LAGO. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTH. I'll tear her all to pieces.

LAGO. Nay, but be wise ; yet we see nothing done ;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

OTH. I gave her such a one ; 't was my first gift.

LAGO. I know not that : but such a handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTH. If it be that,—

LAGO. If it be that or any, if 't was ^a hers,

It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

OTH. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives ;

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !

Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago ;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :

"T is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell ^b !

Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,

To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,

For 't is of aspicks' tongues !

LAGO. Yet, be content.

OTH. O, blood, blood, blood !

LAGO. Patience, I say ; your mind may change^c.

^a *If 't was hers.* This is the reading of the second folio. The quarto and the first folio have *it was hers*,—clearly an error. Malone corrected it to *that was hers*.

^b *From the hollow hell.* The commentators were aware that this was the reading of the folio, yet they adopted *thy hollow cell*, from the quarto. Warburton says, that *hollow*, as applied to *cell*, was "a poor unmeaning epithet;" and he therefore gives us *th' unhallow'd cell*. Johnson, Steevens, and Malone rejected the magnificent reading of *the hollow hell*. Capell is the only one who has the taste to adopt it. If the reading, *from the hollow hell*, had failed to impress the commentators by its power, the imitations of it by Milton ought to have rendered it sacred:—

"He call'd so loud that all the *hollow* deep
Of *hell* resounded."

And

"The universal host up sent
A shout that tore *hell's* concave."

But let us only mark the opposition of the two lines:—

"All my fond love thus do I *blow to heaven*.
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow *hell*."

^c The reading of the quarto is—

"LAGO. *Pray*, be content.

OTH.

O, blood, Iago, blood !

LAGO. Patience, I say ; your mind, *perhaps*, may change."

OTH. Never, Iago. * Like to the Pontick sea,
 Whose icy current and compulsive course
 Ne'er keeps^b retiring ebb, but keeps due on
 To the Propontick and the Hellespont;
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow
 I here engage my words.

[Kneels.]

IAGO. Do not rise yet.—
 Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
 You elements that clip us round about!
 Witness, that here Iago doth give up
 The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
 To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,
 What bloody business ever^c—

[Kneels.]

OTH. I greet thy love,
 Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
 And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
 Within these three days let me hear thee say
 That Cassio's not alive.

IAGO. My friend is dead: 't is done, at your request:
 But let her live.

OTH. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her! damn her!
 Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO. I am your own for ever.

[Exeunt.]

* The glorious passage from "*Like to the Pontick sea*" to "*swallow them up*," is not found in the quarto. Pope would also omit it, "as an unnatural excursion." Steevens supports the proposed rejection in his characteristic manner:—"Every reader will, I dare say, abide by Mr. Pope's censure on this passage. When Shakspeare *grew acquainted* with such particulars of knowledge, *he made a display of them as soon as opportunity offered*. He found this in the second Book and 97th chapter of Pliny's '*Natural History*,' as translated by Philemon Holland, 1601:—'*And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth back again within Pontus.*'"

^b *Feels*, in the quarto of 1630, which reading is that of Pope. The folio has *keeps*.

* The quarto, "*What bloody work soever*." In both texts it is quite clear that Othello interrupts the conclusion of Iago's speech. At the moment when he has said that obedience to Othello shall stand in the place of remorse (mercy)—"*What bloody business ever*" (Othello may command), Othello jumping at his meaning, at once sets him upon the murder of Cassio.

SCENE IV.—*The same.**Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.*

DES. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies ?

CLO. I dare not say he lies any where.

DES. Why, man ?

CLO. He is a soldier ; and for me to say a soldier lies, 't is stabbing.

DES. Go to 't. Where lodges he ?

CLO. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.

DES. Can any thing be made of this ?

CLO. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

DES. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report ?

CLO. I will catechise the world for him ; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

DES. Seek him, bid him come hither ; tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

CLO. To do this is within the compass of man's wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.

DES. Where should I lose the handkerchief, Emilia ?

EMIL. I know not, madam.

DES. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes¹⁰. And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

EMIL. Is he not jealous ?

DES. Who, he ? I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

EMIL. Look where he comes.

DES. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my lord ?

Enter OTHELLO.

OTH. Well, my good lady ;—[Aside.] O, hardness to dissemble !—
How do you, Desdemona ?

DES. Well, my good lord.

OTH. Give me your hand : This hand is moist, my lady.

DES. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

OTH. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart ;
Hot, hot, and moist : This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout ;
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,
A frank one.

DES. You may, indeed, say so ;

For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

OTH. A liberal hand : The hearts of old gave hands :

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts¹¹.

DES. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

OTH. What promise, chuck ?

DES. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

OTH. I have a salt and sorry^a rheum offends me ;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

DES. Here, my lord.

OTH. That which I gave you.

DES. I have it not about me.

OTH. Not ?

DES. No, indeed, my lord.

OTH. That is a fault :

That handkerchief¹²

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people : she told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father

Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathly^b, and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies : She, dying, gave it me ;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so : and take heed on 't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye ;

To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

DES. Is 't possible ?

OTH. 'T is true : There 's magic in the web of it :

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

The sun to course^c two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work :

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;

And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful

Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

DES. Indeed ! is 't true ?

OTH. Most veritable ; therefore look to 't well.

DES. Then 'would to heaven that I had never seen it.

^a *Sorry*. The quarto, *sullen*.

^b *Loathly*. So the quarto. The folio, *loathed*.

^c *Course*. The quarto, *make*.

OTH. Ha! wherefore?

DES. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

OTH. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is 't out of the way?

DES. Bless us!

OTH. Say you?

DES. It is not lost: But what and if it were?

OTH. How?

DES. I say, it is not lost.

OTH. Fetch 't, let me see it.

DES. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;

This is a trick, to put me from my suit;

Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

OTH. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.

DES. Come, come;

You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

OTH. The handkerchief.—

DES. [I pray, talk me of Cassio.

OTH. The handkerchief,—^a]

DES. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,

Shar'd dangers with you;—

OTH. The handkerchief,—

DES. In sooth, you are to blame.

OTH. Away!

[Exit OTHELLO.

EMIL. Is not this man jealous?

DES. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief;

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

EMIL. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full

They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

IAGO. There is no other way; 't is she must do 't;

And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

DES. How now, good Cassio? what 's the news with you?

CAS. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,

That, by your virtuous means, I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love,

Whom I, with all the office^b of my heart,

Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

^a The lines in brackets are in the quarto only.

^b Office. The quarto, duty.

That nor my ^a service past, nor present sorrows,
 Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
 Can ransom me into his love again,
 But to know so must be my benefit;
 So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
 And shut ^b myself up in some other course,
 To fortune's alms.

DES. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
 My advocacy is not now in tune;
 My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
 Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
 So help me every spirit sanctified,
 As I have spoken for you all my best,
 And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
 For my free speech! You must a while be patient:
 What I can do I will; and more I will,
 Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

IAGO. Is my lord angry?

EMIL. He went hence but now,
 And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

IAGO. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
 And, like the devil, from his very arm
 Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
 Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
 There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

DES. I prithee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,
 Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
 Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object. 'T is even so;
 For let our finger ache, and it indues
 Our other healthful members ev'n to a sense ^c
 Of pain: Nay, we must think men are not gods;
 Nor of them look for such observancy
 As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
 I was (unhandsome warrior as I am ^d)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indicted falsely.

[Exit IAGO.]

EMIL. Pray heaven it be state matters, as you think;
 And no conception, nor no jealous toy,

^a *Nor my.* The quarto, *neither*.
^c *A sense.* The quarto, *that sense*.

^b *Shut.* The quarto, *shoot*.
^d See note on Act II., Scene 1.

Concerning you.

DES. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

EMIL. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;

They are not ever jealous for the cause,

But jealous for they 're jealous : It is a monster,

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

DES. Heaven keep the monster from Othello's mind !

EMIL. Lady, amen.

DES. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout :

If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit,

And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

CAS. I humbly thank your ladyship. *[Exit DESDEMONA and EMILIA.]*

Enter BIANCA.

BIAN. Save you, friend Cassio !

CAS. What make you from home ?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?

Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

BIAN. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?

Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times ?

O weary reckoning !

CAS. Pardon me, Bianca ;

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd ;

But I shall, in a more continue^a time,

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief.]

Take me this work out^b.

BIAN. O, Cassio, whence came this ?

This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause.

Is 't come to this ? Well, well.

CAS. Go to, woman !

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance :

No, in good troth, Bianca.

BIAN. Why, whose is it ?

CAS. I know not, neither^c : I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well : ere it be demanded,

(As like enough it will,) I 'd have it copied :

Take it, and do 't ; and leave me for this time.

^a *Continue.* The quarto, *convenient*. Continue time, is time uninterrupted.

^b See note on Scene 3 of this Act. *Neither.* The quarto, *sweet*.

BIAN. Leave you! wherefore?

CAS. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

BIAN. Why, I pray you?

CAS. Not that I love you not.

BIAN. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

CAS. 'T is but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

BIAN. 'T is very good: I must be circumstanc'd *.

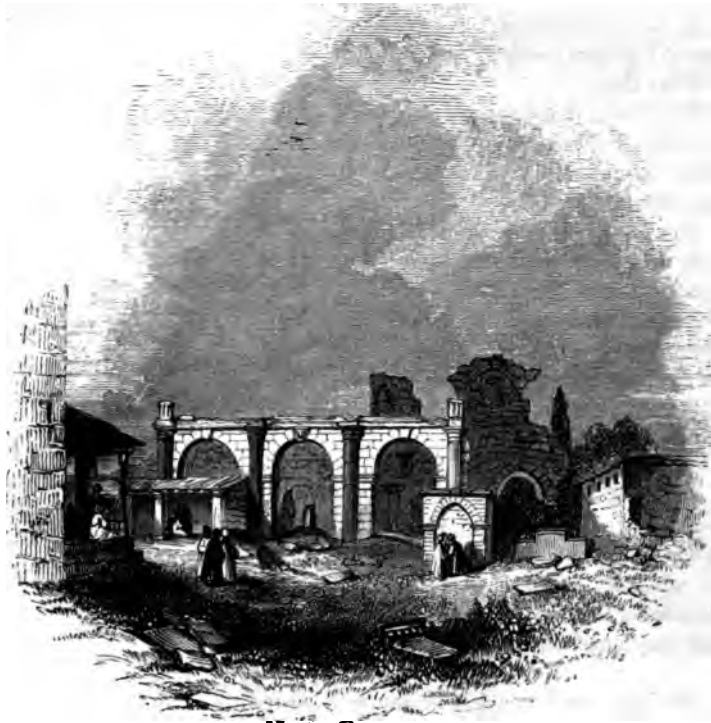
[*Exeunt.*]

* *I must be circumstanc'd. I must yield to circumstances.*



[*Venetian General.*]

"Farewell the plumed troops."



[Piazza of the Mosque at Famagusta.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

IAGO. Will you think so?

OTH. Think so, Iago?

IAGO. What,

To kiss in private?

OTH. An unauthoris'd kiss?

IAGO. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,

An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

OTH. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

IAGO. If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip :

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

OTH. What then ?

IAGO. Why then, 't is hers, my lord ; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

OTH. She is protectress of her honour too ;

May she give that ?

IAGO. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen ;

They have it very oft that have it not :

But, for the handkerchief,—

OTH. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it :—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infectious ^a house,

Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

IAGO. Ay, what of that ?

OTH. That 's not so good, now.

IAGO. What, if I had said I had seen him do you wrong ?

Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad,

Who, having by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab,)

OTH. Hath he said any thing ?

IAGO. He hath, my lord ; but be you well assur'd,

No more than he 'll unswear.

OTH. What hath he said ?

IAGO. Why, that he did,—I know not what he did.

OTH. What ? what ?

IAGO. Lie—

OTH. With her ?

IAGO. With her ;—on her ;—what you will.

OTH. Lie with her ! lie on her !—We say, lie on her, when they belie her : Lie with her ! that 's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—

To confess, and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess :—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction ^b. It is not words that shake me thus :

^a *Infectious*. The quarto, *infected*.

^b *Instruction*. Warburton would read, *induction*. Johnson thus explains *instruction* :—" There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy ; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superior Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, ' Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without *instruction*.' ' It is not words that shake me thus.' This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words ; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities."

—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips :—Is 't possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!
—O devil! [Falls, in a trance ^a.

IAGO. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

CAS. What is the matter?

IAGO. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

CAS. Rub him about the temples.

IAGO. [No, forbear: ^b

The lethargy must have his quiet course:

If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,

Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight: when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit CAS.

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

OTH. Dost thou mock me?

IAGO. I mock you? no, by heaven:

'Would you would bear your fortune ^c like a man.

OTH. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

IAGO. There's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

OTH. Did he confess it?

IAGO. Good sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow that's but yok'd

May draw with you: there's millions now alive

That nightly lie in those unproper beds,

Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.

O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,

And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;

And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

OTH. O, thou art wise; 't is certain.

IAGO. Stand you awhile apart;

^a The stage direction of the folio is, *falls in a trance*. We have altered the punctuation to express, what no doubt was meant, that Othello actually falls. The direction of the first quarto is, *he falls down*. Iago's statement to Cassio, *my lord has fallen into an epilepsy*, is not meant for a falsehood.

^b The words in brackets are not in the folio.

^c *Fortune*. The quarto, *fortunes*.

Confine yourself but in a patient list ^a.
 Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed ^b with your grief,
 (A passion most unsuiting ^c such a man.)
 Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
 And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;
 Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;
 The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
 That dwell in every region of his face ;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife ;
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;
 Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

OTH. Dost thou hear, Iago ?
 I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
 But (dost thou hear ?) most bloody.

IAGO. That 's not amiss ;
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ? [OTHELLO *withdraws*.]
 Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife, that by selling her desires
 Buys herself bread and clothes : it is a creature
 That dotes on Cassio,—as 't is the strumpet's plague,
 To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one ;—
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter :—Here he comes :—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe ^d
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant ?

CAS. The worsen, that you give me the addition,
 Whose want even kills me.

IAGO. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
 Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power ^e, [Speaking lower.

^a *List*. *Bound, barrier*,—as in 'Henry V.,' Act V., Scene 2:—"Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak *list* of a country's fashion."

^b *O'erwhelmed*. The quarto, *ere-while mad*. This is one evidence, amongst many, that both the texts were printed from a manuscript.

^c *Unsuiting*. So the quarto. The folio, *resulting*.

^d *Construe*. There is an obvious association between the epithet *unbookish* and *construe*. The folio, however, reads *conserve*. The quarto has *conster*.

^e *Power*, in the quarto ; the folio, *dower*.

How quickly should you speed?

CAS. Alas, poor caitiff!

OTH. Look, how he laughs already! [Aside.

IAGO. I never knew woman love man so.

CAS. Alas, poor rogue! I think indeed she loves me.

OTH. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [Aside.

IAGO. Do you hear, Cassio?

OTH. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [Aside.

IAGO. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:

Do you intend it?

CAS. Ha, ha, ha!

OTH. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? [Aside.

CAS. I marry!—what? a customer? Prithee bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

OTH. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win. [Aside.

IAGO. Why, the cry goes, that you marry her.

CAS. Prithee, say true.

IAGO. I am a very villain else.

OTH. Have you scored me? Well. [Aside.

CAS. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

OTH. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. [Aside.

CAS. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus^a about my neck;—

OTH. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [Aside.

CAS. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so shakes^b and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

OTH. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [Aside.

CAS. Well, I must leave her company.

IAGO. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

CAS. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

BIAN. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work^c!—A likely piece of work that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there? This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There,—give it your hobby horse: Where-soever you had it I'll take out no work on't.

^a The quarto, by this hand she falls thus.

^b Shakes. The quarto, hales.

^c The quarto—the whole work.

CAS. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now, how now?

OTH. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

[*Aside.*

BLAN. If you'll come to supper to-night you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

[*Exit.*

IAGO. After her, after her.

CAS. I must; she'll rail in the streets else.

IAGO. Will you sup there?

CAS. Yes, I intend so.

IAGO. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

CAS. Prithce, come: Will you?

IAGO. Go to; say no more.

[*Exit* CASSIO.

OTH. How shall I murder him, Iago?

IAGO. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

OTH. O, Iago!

IAGO. And did you see the handkerchief?

OTH. Was that mine?

IAGO. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

OTH. I would have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

IAGO. Nay, you must forget that.

OTH. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.

O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

IAGO. Nay, that's not your way.

OTH. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

IAGO. She's the worse for all this.

OTH. O, a thousand thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!

IAGO. Ay, too gentle.

OTH. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

IAGO. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you it comes near nobody.

OTH. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

IAGO. O, 't is foul in her.

OTH. With mine officer!

IAGO. That's fouler.

OTH. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

IAGO. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

OTH. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

IAGO. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker :

You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A trumpet within.*

OTH. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

IAGO. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico,

Come from the duke ; and, see, your wife is with him ^a.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

LOD. 'Save you, worthy general !

OTH. With all my heart, sir.

LOD. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a packet.*

OTH. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*Opens the packet and reads.*

DES. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

IAGO. I am very glad to see you, signior ;

Welcome to Cyprus.

LOD. I thank you : how does lieutenant Cassio?

IAGO. Lives, sir.

DES. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach : but you shall make all well.

OTH. Are you sure of that?

DES. My lord?

OTH. This fail you not to do, as you will—

[*Reads.*

LOD. He did not call : he's busy in the paper.

Is their division 'twixt my lord ^b and Cassio?

DES. A most unhappy one ; I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

OTH. Fire and brimstone !

DES. My lord?

OTH. Are you wise?

DES. What, is he angry?

LOD. 'May be, the letter mov'd him ;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

DES. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

OTH. Indeed?

DES. My lord?

OTH. I am glad to see you mad.

DES. Why, sweet Othello?

OTH. Devil !

[*Striking her.*

DES. I have not deserv'd this.

LOD. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

^a So the quarto. The folio reads thus:

" I warrant, something from Venice.

'T is Lodovico, this, comes from the duke;

See, your wife's with him."

^b My lord. The quarto, *thy lord*.

Though I should swear I saw 't: 'T is very much ;
Make her amends, she weeps.

OTH. O devil, devil !
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls^a would prove a crocodile :—
Out of my sight !

DES. I will not stay to offend you.

[Going.]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady :—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

OTH. Mistress—

DES. My lord ?

OTH. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

OTH. Ay ; you did wish that I would make her turn :

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient :—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion !
I am commanded home :—Get you away ;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice ;—Hence, avaunt !
Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.

[Exit DESDEMONA.]

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys !

[Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient ?—Is this the nature^b
Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce ?

IAGO. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe ? is he not light of brain ?

IAGO. He is that he is ; I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife !

IAGO. 'Faith, that was not so well ; Yet 'would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use ?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create his fault ?

IAGO. Alas, alas !

It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him ;

^a Falls, used as a verb active.

^b The quarto—*Is this the noble nature.*

And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

OTH. You have ~~seen~~ nothing then?

EMIL. ~~Nor ever~~ heard; nor ever did suspect.

OTH. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

EMIL. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

OTH. What, did they never whisper?

EMIL. Never, my lord.

OTH. Nor send you out o' the way?

EMIL. Never.

OTH. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

EMIL. Never, my lord.

OTH. That's strange.

EMIL. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives^a
Is foul as slander.

OTH. Bid her come hither;—go.—

[*Exit EMIL.*]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

DES. My lord, what is your will?

OTH. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

DES. What is your pleasure?

OTH. Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

DES. What horrible fancy's this?

^a The quarto—of her sex.

OTH. Some of your function, mistress;

[To EMILIA.]

• Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[Exit EMILIA.]

DES. Upon my knee what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

[But not the words.*]

OTH. Why, what art thou?

DES. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

OTH. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,

Swear—thou art honest.

DES. Heaven doth truly know it.

OTH. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

DES. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?

OTH. Ah, Desdemona!—away! away! away!

DES. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?

Am I the motive^b of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

I have lost him too.

OTH. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction; had he rain'd

All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should have found in some place^c of my soul

A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me

The fixed figure of the time, for scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at^d,

* The passage in brackets is not in the folio.

^b *Motive.* The quarto, *occasion*.

^c *Place.* The quarto, *part*.

^d The folio has,

“The fixed figure *for* the time of scorn.”

The quarto reads, a *fixed figure*, instead of *the fixed figure*, and *unmoving*, instead of *and moving*. Rowe altered *time* to *hand*. The commentators say that Othello takes his idea from a clock. Stevens thus paraphrases the text of the quarto:—“To make me a fixed figure on the dial of the world, for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at;” and then he adds, “In the clocks of the last age there was, I think, in the middle of the dial-plate a figure of time, which, I believe, was in our poet's thoughts when he wrote the passage in the text.” By *the fixed figure* we understand, literally, a living man exposed to public shame. By *the time* we receive the same idea as in ‘Hamlet:’—

“For who would bear the whips and scorns of *time*?”

If, then, we adopt Mr. Hunter's emendation of transposing *for* and *of*, we have a clear mean-

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
 Where either I must live, or bear no life;
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
 To knot and gender in! turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin!
 Ay, there, look grim as hell!^a

DES. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTH. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
 That the sense aches at thee,—'would thou hadst ne'er been born!

DES. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

OTH. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write whore upon? What committed?
 Committed?—O thou public commoner!
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?
 Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it: What committed?
 Impudent strumpet!^b

DES. By heaven, you do me wrong.

OTH. Are not you a strumpet?

DES. No, as I am a Christian;
 If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
 From any other foul unlawful touch,
 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

OTH. What, not a whore?

DES. No, as I shall be saved.

OTH. Is 't possible?

DES. O, heaven forgive us!

OTH. I cry you mercy, then;
 I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
 That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

ing. The *slow finger* is the *pausing* finger, pointing at the fixed figure; but, while it points, it *moves in mockery*. Shakspeare was probably thinking of the *Digito Monstrari* of the ancients, and it may be, also, of the finger gesticulations of the Italians.

^a In all the old copies—I here look grim as hell. Ay is often printed I.

^b The quarto omits the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth lines of Othello's speech, adding, after the last question, "Impudent strumpet!"

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! *ay, you!*

Re-enter EMILIA.

We have done our course; there's money for your pains;

I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel. [E₁

EMIL. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

DES. 'Faith, half asleep.

EMIL. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

DES. With who?

EMIL. Why, with my lord, madam.

DES. Who is thy lord?

EMIL. He that is yours, sweet lady^a.

DES. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,

But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—

And call thy husband hither.

EMIL. Here's a change, indeed! [E₁

DES. 'T is meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse^b?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

IAGO. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?

DES. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

IAGO. What is the matter, lady?

EMIL. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,

That true hearts cannot bear it.

DES. Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO. What name, fair lady?

DES. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

EMIL. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

IAGO. Why did he so?

DES. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

IAGO. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas the day!

^a Desdemona's question and this answer are omitted in the quarto.

^b On my least misuse. The quarto reads, on my great'st abuse.

EMIL. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be called whore? would it not make one weep?

DES. It is my wretched fortune.

IAGO. Beshrew him for 't!
How comes this trick upon him?

DES. Nay, heaven doth know.

EMIL. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I will be hang'd else.

IAGO. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

DES. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

EMIL. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals ^a naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

IAGO. Speak within door.

EMIL. O, fie upon them ^b! some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

IAGO. You are a fool; go to.

DES. Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him ^c. Here I kneel;
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought ^d, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;

^a *Rascals.* The quarto, *rascals*.

^b *Them.* The quarto, *him*.

^c The following lines to the end of the speech are not found in the quarto.

^d *Discourse of thought.* In 'Hamlet' we have *discourse of reason*. Sir John Davies has the *discouraging thought*. Pope changed the text before us to *discourse, or thought*.

It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

IAGO. I pray you, be content; 't is but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
[And he does chide with you. ^a]

DES. If 't were no other!

IAGO. It is but so, I warrant.

[Tri

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

The messengers of Venice stay the meat ^b.

Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and E*

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

ROD. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

IAGO. What in the contrary?

ROD. Every day thou dafts ^c me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

IAGO. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

ROD. I have heard too much; and your words and performances are together.

IAGO. You charge me most unjustly.

ROD. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona, would have corrupted a votary: You have told me she hath received them, and removed my expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance ^d: find none.

IAGO. Well; go to; very well.

ROD. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 't is not very well. I think ^e, it is scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

IAGO. Very well.

ROD. I tell you, 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona. If she will return me my jewels I will give over my suit, and cease unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of

^a The line in brackets is not in the folio.

^b The quarto reads—

“And the great messengers of Venice stay.”

Steevens calls the reading of the folio poor; but its precision and familiarity make it moreomatic and characteristic.

^c *Dafts*. The Prince of Wales, in ‘Henry IV.,’ is described as one “that *daft* the world.” The quarto reads *doffts*. The words are the same.

^d *Acquaintance*. The quarto reads *acquittance*.

^e *Nay, I think*. The quarto reads, *by this hand I say*.

IAGO. You have said now.

ROD. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

IAGO. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

ROD. It hath not appeared.

IAGO. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

ROD. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

IAGO. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

ROD. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

IAGO. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

ROD. How do you mean removing him?

IAGO. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

ROD. And that you would have me to do?

IAGO. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one), you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

ROD. I will hear further reason for this.

IAGO. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

LOD. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

OTH. O, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

LOD. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

DES. Your honour is most welcome.

OTH. Will you walk, sir?

O Desdemona,—

DES. My lord ?

OTH. Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be returned forthwith : dismiss your attendant there ; look it be done.

DES. I will, my lord. [*Exit OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.*]

EMIL. How goes it now ? he looks gentler than he did.

DES. He says he will return incontinent ;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

EMIL. Dismiss me !

DES. It was his bidding ; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu ;
We must not now displease him.

EMIL. Ay, would you had never seen him !

DES. So would not I ; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them^a.

EMIL. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

DES. All 's one :—Good father ! how foolish are our minds !—
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

EMIL. Come, come, you talk.

DES. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara ;
She was in love ; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her : she had a song of " willow,"¹³
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it : That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind^b ; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it, like poor Barbara. Prithee, despatch.

EMIL. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

DES. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

EMIL. A very handsome man.

DES. He speaks well.

EMIL. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

I.

DES. The poor soul sat sighing^c by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow ;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow :

^a *In them.* The quarto reads, " Have grace and favour in them." The folio omits *in them*.

^b All that follows, to the end of the song, is not found in the quarto of 1622.

^c *Sighing.* The ordinary reading is *sighing*, which is supported by the copy of the old ballad given in Percy's 'Reliques.' The folio has *singing*, but the quarto of 1630, *sighing*.

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans ;
Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones.

Lay by these :

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

Prithce, hie thee : he 'll come anon. —

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve, —

Nay, that 's not next. — Hark ! who is 't that knocks ?

EMIL. It 's the wind.

DES. I call'd my love, false love ; but what said he then ?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women you 'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone ; good night. Mine eyes do itch ;

Doth that bode weeping ?

EMIL. 'T is neither here nor there.

DES. I have heard it said so. — O, these men, these men ! —

Dost thou in conscience think, — tell me, Emilia, —

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind* ?

EMIL. There be some such, no question.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

EMIL. Why, would not you ?

DES. No, by this heavenly light !

EMIL. Nor I neither by this heavenly light ;

I might do 't as well i' the dark.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

EMIL. The world 's a huge thing : 'T is a great price for a small vice.

DES. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMIL. In troth, I think I should ; and undo 't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring¹⁴ ; nor for measures of lawn ; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition : but, for all the whole world, — Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch ? I should venture purgatory for 't.

DES. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

EMIL. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world ; and, having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DES. I do not think there is any such woman.

EMIL. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.

* This speech of Desdemona, and Emilia's answer, are not found in the quarto.

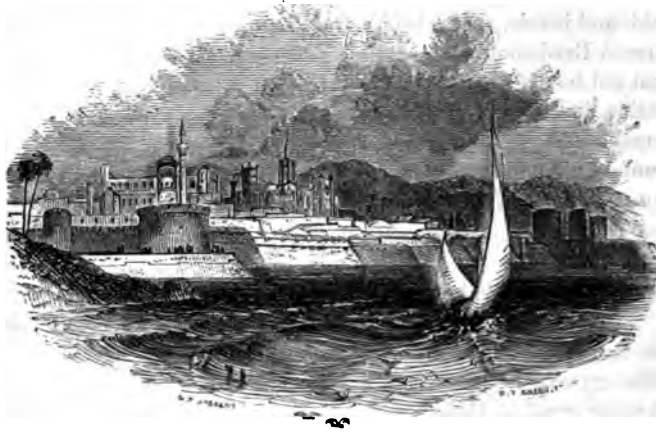
▪ But, I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: Is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too: And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,
The ills we do their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such uses^b send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

| *Exeunt.*

▪ The remainder of Emilia's speech, commencing at this line, is wanting in the quarto.

^b *Uses.* The quarto, *usage*.



[General View of Famagusta. From Le Brun—'Voyage en Orient.']

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

IAGO. Here, stand behind this bulk^a; straight will he come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I 'll be at thy elbow ;
It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

ROD. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in 't.

IAGO. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy stand^b.

[Retires to a little distance.]

ROD. I have no great devotion to the deed ;

And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons :—

'T is but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.

[Goes to his stand.]

IAGO. I have rubb'd this young quat^c almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain^d : Live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large

^a Bulk. So the quarto; the folio has *bark*.

^b Take thy stand. The quarto, *take thy sword*.

^c Quat. The quarto reads *gnat*. Johnson explains that a *quat*, in the midland counties, is a pimple, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is rubbed to sense.

^d Gain, in the folio. The quartos, *game*.

Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona;
 It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life
 That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
 No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

ROD. I know his guilt, 't is he:—Villain, thou diest.

[Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO.]

CAS. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st^a;

I will make proof of thine^b.

[Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.]

ROD.

O, I am slain!

[IAGO rushes from his post,

cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.]

CAS. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder!

[Falls.]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

OTH. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

ROD. O, villain that I am!

OTH.

'T is even so.

CAS. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

OTH. 'T is he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!

Thou teachest me:—Minion, your dear lies dead,

And your unblest fate hies^c:—Strumpet, I come:

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit.]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

CAS. What, ho! no watch? no passage^d? murder! murder!

GRA. 'T is some mischance; the voice^e is very direful.

CAS. O, help!

LOD.

Hark!

ROD.

O wretched villain!

LOD. Two or three groan;—'t is heavy night^f.

^a *Thou know'st.* The quarto, *thou think'st.*

^b Malone explains that Cassio's speech implies that he wore some secret armour. The coat was, on the contrary, the buff jerkin.

^c *Your unblest fate hies.* The quarto, *your fate hies apace.*

^d *No passage.* No one passing.

^e *The voice.* The quarto, *the cry.*

^f The quarto reads, and so in the modern editions, "two or three groans—it is a heavy night." Lodovico does not merely say that there are two or three groans from one man, but that two

These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

ROD. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO.

LOD. Hark!

GRA. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

IAGO. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

LOD. We do not know.

IAGO. Do you not hear a cry?

CAS. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

IAGO. What's the matter?

GRA. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

LOD. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

IAGO. What are you here that cry so grievously?

CAS. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

IAGO. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

CAS. I think that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.

IAGO. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*]

ROD. O, help me here!

CAS. That's one of them.

IAGO. O murderous slave! O villain!

[*IAGO stabs RODERIGO.*]

ROD. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog*!—

IAGO. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

LOD. As you shall prove us, praise us.

IAGO. Signior Lodovico?

LOD. He, sir.

IAGO. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

GRA. Cassio?

IAGO. How is 't, brother?

CAS. My leg is cut in two.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!

Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

or three men groan; and he adds, "these may be counterfeits." 'T is heavy night, is, 't is dark night.

* The quarto has, O, O, O! which seems to stand in the place of the usual stage direction, *die*. That direction is put too early.

Enter BIANCA.

BIAN. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?

IAGO. Who is 't that cried?

BIAN. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

IAGO. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

CAS. No.

GRA. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

IAGO. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,

To bear him easily hence!

BIAN. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

IAGO. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash

To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; yes, 't is Roderigo.

GRA. What, of Venice?

IAGO. Even he, sir; did you know him?

GRA. Know him? ay.

IAGO. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,

That so neglected you.

GRA. I am glad to see you.

IAGO. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

GRA. Roderigo!

IAGO. He, he, 't is he:—O, that 's well said;—the chair:—

[A chair brought in.]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I 'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[To BIANCA.]

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

CAS. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

IAGO. *[To BIANCA.]* What, look you pale?—O bear him o' the air.—

[CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne off.]

Stay you, good gentlemen^a.—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—

Nay, an you stir:—we shall hear more anon^b:—

Behold her well: I pray you look upon her;

^a *Good gentlemen.* The quarto reads, *good gentlewoman*, which Malone adopts; but Lodovico and Gratiano are going away with Cassio, when Iago stops them, to hear his accusation of Bianca.

^b The folio reads:

“Nay, if you stare we shall hear more anon.”

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

EMIL. Alas, what is the matter? what is the matter, husband?

IAGO. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,

By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;

He 's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead^a

EMIL. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

IAGO. This is the fruits of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—

What, do you shake at that?

BIAN. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

IAGO. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

EMIL. O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

BIAN. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest

As you that thus abuse me.

EMIL. As I? fie upon thee!

IAGO. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—

Will you go on afore? This is the night,

That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber*¹⁵: *DESDEMONA in bed asleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

OTH. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—

It is the cause,—Yet I 'll not shed her blood;

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Takes off his sword.*

Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then——Put out the light^b?

^a *Quite dead.* The quarto omits *quite*.

^b We have pointed this controverted passage according to a suggestion of Warburton. It is usually printed as it is found in the original copies:—

“Put out the light, and then put out the light.”

Warburton's explanation of his reading is as follows:—“The meaning is, I will put out the light, and then proceed to the execution of my purpose. But, the expression of *putting out the light* bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say,—But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites.” The reading of the folio in a subsequent line, “but once put out *thy* light,” strengthens, we think, this interpretation of Warburton's. Instead of this, some have adopted the weaker reading of the quarto, “but once put out *thine*.”

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister!
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It needs must wither:—I 'll smell thee on the tree*.—
 O balmy breath, that doth almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after:—One more, and that 's the last:
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears: This sorrow 's heavenly;
 It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—

[Kissing her.]

DES. Who 's there? Othello?

OTH. Ay, Desdemona.

DES. Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTH. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

DES. Ay, my lord.

OTH. If you bethink yourself of any crime
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

DES. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

OTH. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No,—Heavens fend.—I would not kill thy soul.

DES. Talk you of killing?

OTH. Ay, I do.

DES. Then heaven

Have mercy on me!

OTH. Amen, with all my heart!

DES. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

OTH. Humph!

DES. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
 When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear I know not,
 Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

OTH. Think on thy sins.

DES. They are loves I bear to you.

OTH. Ay, and for that thou diest.

DES. That death 's unnatural that kills for loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

* I 'll smell thee. The quarto, I 'll smell it.

These are portents ; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

OTH. Peace, and be still !

DES. I will so : What 's the matter ?

OTH. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

DES. No, by my life and soul ;
Send for the man and ask him.

OTH. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury ; thou 'rt on thy death-bed.

DES. Ay, but not yet to die.

OTH. Yes, presently ;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

DES. O, heaven have mercy on me !

OTH. I say, amen.

DES. And have you mercy too !—I never did
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love : I never gave him token.

OTH. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjur'd woman, thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :
I saw the handkerchief.

DES. He found it then ;
I never gave it him :—Send for him hither ;
Let him confess a truth.

OTH. He hath confess'd.

DES. What, my lord ?

OTH. That he hath us'd thee.

DES. How ? unlawfully ?

OTH. Ay.

DES. He will not say so.

OTH. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

DES. O, my fear interprets^a,—What, is he dead ?

OTH. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

DES. Alas ! he is betray'd, and I undone.

OTH. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to my face ?

^a The quarto, *my fear interprets then*.

DES. O banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

OTH. Down, strumpet!

DES. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

OTH. Nay, if you strive.—

DES. But half an hour.

OTH. Being done,

There is no pause^a.

DES. But while I say one prayer.

OTH. It is too late. [He smothers her.]

EMIL. [Within.] My lord! my lord! what hoa! my lord! my lord!

OTH. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So so^b.

EMIL. [Within.] What hoa, my lord! my lord!

OTH. Who's there?

EMIL. [Within.] O, good my lord! I would speak a word with you.

OTH. Yes;—'t is Emilia;—by and by:—She's dead.

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were 't good?

I think she stirs again:—No.—What's best to do^c?

If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe

Did yawn at alteration.

EMIL. [Within.] I do beseech you that I may speak with you,

O, good my lord!

OTH. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—

Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now? [Unlocks the door.]

^a A correspondent suggests that the reading should be, "*being down*, there is no pause." We cannot agree to receive Othello's meaning so literally. He certainly has already said, *Down*, *strumpet*, and has probably at that moment commenced the death-struggle; for he adds, "*nay*, if you *strive*." But the words *being done* appear to us to have a much greater depth of meaning. They are not addressed to Desdemona, but exhibit what is passing in Othello's mind. The conflict between his love and his wounded honour is over; he looks upon the act of retribution as *done* when he has lifted his murderous hand against his wife. It is done. For the mere completion of the violence, which will then be mercy, "there is no pause."

^b There is no stage direction at this place in the original copies; but it is most probable that the poet intended Othello here to stab Desdemona, according to the practice of the modern stage. His previous resolution, "I'll not shed her blood," is forgotten in the agony and terror of the moment, when he says, *not dead! not yet quite dead?*

^c *What's best to do?* The quarto, *What's the best?*

Enter EMILIA.

EMIL. O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murthers done.

OTH. What? now?

EMIL. But now, my lord!

OTH. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more nearer earth^a than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

EMIL. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd Roderigo.

OTH. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

EMIL. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

OTH. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murther 's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

DES. O falsely, falsely murther'd!

EMIL. Alas; what cry is that?

OTH. That! what?

EMIL. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—

Help! help, hoa! help!—O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

DES. A guiltless death I die.

EMIL. O, who hath done this deed?

DES. Nobody; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell.

[Dies.]

OTH. Why, how should she be murther'd?

EMIL. Alas, who knows?

OTH. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

EMIL. She said so: I must needs report the truth.

OTH. She 's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;

'T was I that kill'd her.

EMIL. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

OTH. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

EMIL. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

OTH. She was false as water.

EMIL. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

OTH. Cassio did top her: ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity: Thy husband knew it all.

EMIL. My husband?

OTH. Thy husband.

^a *More nearer earth. The quarto, more near the earth.*

EMIL. That she was false to wedlock?

OTH. Ay, with Cassio.

Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

EMIL. My husband?

OTH. Ay, 't was he that told me on her first^a;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

EMIL. My husband?

OTH. What needs this iterance^b, woman? I say thy husband.

EMIL. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say that she was false?

OTH. He, woman;

I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

EMIL. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

OTH. Ha!

EMIL. Do thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

OTH. Peace, you were best.

EMIL. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help! ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

MON. What is the matter?—How now, general?

EMIL. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

GRA. What is the matter?

EMIL. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou toldst him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.

IAGO. I told him what I thought; and told no more

^a That told me on her first. The quarto, that told me first.

^b Iterance, in the folio; iteration, in the quartos.

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

EMIL. But did you ever tell him she was false?

IAGO. I did.

EMIL. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;

Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—

She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

IAGO. With Cassio, mistress: Go to, charm your tongue.

EMIL. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;

My mistress here lies murther'd in her bed.

ALL. O heavens forbend!

EMIL. And your reports have set the murther on.

OTH. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

GRA. 'T is a strange truth.

MON. O monstrous act!

EMIL. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—

I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't;—O villainy!—

I thought so then;—I 'll kill myself for grief.—

O villainy, villainy!

IAGO. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

EMIL. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;

'T is proper I obey him, but not now:

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

OTH. Oh! Oh! Oh!

EMIL. Nay, lay thee down, and roar:

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

OTH. O, she was foul!—

I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

GRA. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobance^a.

OTH. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows,

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognisance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;

It was a handkerchief, an antique token

^a *Reprobance.* The quarto, *reprobation.*

My father gave my mother.

EMIL. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

IAGO. Come, hold your peace.

EMIL. 'T will out, 't will out !—I hold my peace, sir ? no ;

No, I will speak as liberal as the north* ;

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

IAGO. Be wise, and get you home.

EMIL. I will not. [IAGO offers to stab his w

GRA. Fie ! your sword upon a woman ?

EMIL. O, thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband,

For often with a solemn earnestness,

(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)

He begg'd of me to steal it.

IAGO. Villainous whore !

EMIL. She give it Cassio ! no, alas, I found it,

And I did give 't my husband.

IAGO. Filth, thou liest.

EMIL. By heaven, I do not ; I do not, gentlemen :

O murderous coxcomb ! what should such a fool

Do with so good a wife ? [IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs o

OTH. Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious villain !

GRA. The woman falls ; sure he has kill'd his wife.

EMIL. Ay, ay : O, lay me by my mistress' side !

GRA. He 's gone, but his wife 's kill'd.

MON. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recovered from the Moor :

Come, guard the door without ; let him not pass,

But kill him rather ; I'll after that same villain,

For 't is a damned slave.

[Exit MONTANO

OTH. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword :—

But why should honour outlive honesty ?

Let it go all.

EMIL. What did thy song bode, lady ?

Hark, canst thou hear me ? I will play the swan,

And die in music ;—' Willow, willow, willow.'—

Moor, she was chaste ; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor ;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;

* *As liberal as the north.* The quarto, *as liberal as the air*. Liberal is used in the sense of unrestrained—uncontrolled.

^b The ordinary stage direction is here, *Exeunt Montano and Gratiano* ; and *Gratiano* is afterwards made to re-enter. See Illustration 15.

So speaking as I think, alas, I die.

[Dies.

OTH. I have another weapon in this chamber,

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper^a;—

O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

IRA. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

OTH. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

IRA. What is the matter?

OTH. Behold! I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,

That with this little arm, and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.—

Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires;—Where should Othello go?—

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?

Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—

O Desdemona^b! dead? Desdemona! dead? Oh, oh!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair, and* Officers, *with*
IAGO, *prisoner.*

LOD. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

OTH. That 's he that was Othello; here I am.

LOD. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

OTH. I look down towards his feet;—but that 's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.

^a *Ice-brook's temper.* Pope and others would read *Ebro's temper*. The practice of the Spaniards
to temper their swords by plunging them, when hot from the forge, into waters of an icy coldness,
noticed by Martial and Justin.

^b The folio has *Desdemona*.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir ; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither ; I 'd have thee live ;

For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,

Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,

What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why, any thing :

An honourable murderer, if you will ;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy :

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : What you know, you know :

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What ? not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not : Here is a letter,

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;

And here, another : the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook

By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain !

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross !

Lod. Now here 's another discontented paper,

Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain ;

But that, belike, Iago in the interim

Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff !—

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief

That was my wife's ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber ;

And he himself confess'd, but even now,

That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,

Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him

Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
That I was cast : And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us ;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his : You shall close prisoner rest
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state :—Come, bring him away ^a.

OTH. Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know 't ;
No more of that :—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian ^b, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum : Set you down this :
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus.

[Stabs himself.

Lod. O bloody period !

GRA. All that is spoke is marr'd.

OTH. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee ;—No way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[Dies.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;
For he was great of heart.

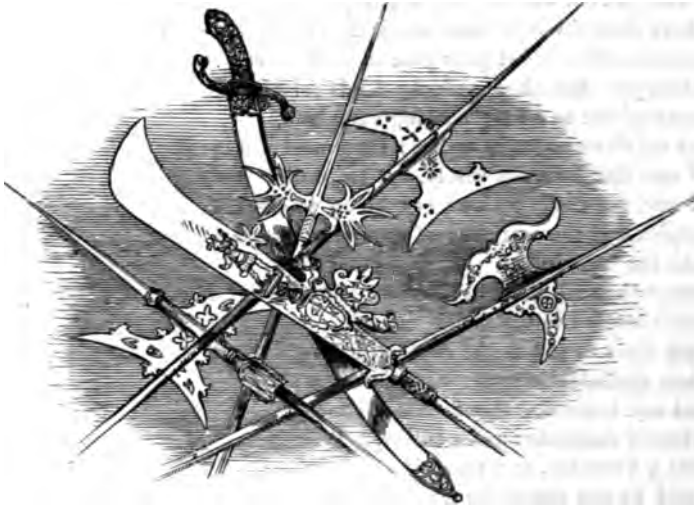
Lod. O Spartan dog !
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !
Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;

[To Iago.

^a *Bring him away*, in the quarto. *Bring away*, in the folio.

^b *Indian*. The first and second quartos read distinctly, *Indian*—the first folio, *Judean*. We might have thought that there was only a substitution in this reading of *u* for *n*, had we not turned to all the passages in that edition where *Indian* occurs, and found it invariably spelt *I-n-d-i-a-n*. (See Illustration 16.)

This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it !
Myself will straight aboard ; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Venetian Glive, Halberds, and Sword of an Estradiot. Meyrick's Collection.*]



Rhodes.]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ SCENE I.—“*A Florentine.*”

It appears,” says Hanmer, “from many passages of this play, rightly understood, that Cassio was a Florentine, and Iago a Venetian.” We may as well dispose of this question at once, to avoid the repetition in subsequent notes. Iago here calls Cassio a Florentine. But there are some who maintain that Cassio was not therefore a Florentine. It is not to be forgotten that Iago, throughout the whole course of his extraordinary character, is represented as utterly regardless of the differences between truth and falsehood. The most absolute lie,—the half lie,—the truth in the way of telling it distorted into a lie,—are the instruments with which Iago constantly works. This ought to be borne in mind with reference to his assertion that Cassio was a Florentine. But in the second Act we find, in the modern editions, the following lines spoken by a gentleman of Cyprus:—

“The ship is here put in.
A Veronese; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore.”

Here the ship is the Veronese. But, although the text looks plausible, the editors stumble at it because *Verona is an inland city*. They settle

it, however, in the usual way, by saying that Shakspeare knew nothing of the topography of Italy. But the original quarto and folio each agree in the punctuation of the passage:

“The ship is here put in:

A Veronese, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come ashore.”

Here Cassio is the Veronese. But we retain the word *Veronese*, because we apprehend that it must be taken as a feminine, and as such applicable to the ship, and we alter the punctuation accordingly. The city of Verona, subject to Venice, might furnish ships for the Republic. In the third Act Cassio, when Iago is proffering his services to him, says,

“I humbly thank you for’t. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.”

One meaning of his words is, that Iago being a Florentine, Cassio never knew one of that country more kind and honest. The other meaning is, that Cassio never knew even a Florentine, even one of his own countrymen, more kind and honest. This is Malone’s interpretation; and “Iago,” he adds, “is a Venetian,” because he says, speaking of Desdemona,

“I know our country disposition well;”

and again, calls Roderigo, of *Venice*, his *countryman*. These assertions, be it again observed, rest upon the authority of Iago the liar. We do not, however, think that it is proved, as Tieck maintains, that Iago is a Florentine, and Cassio the Veronese; but we distinctly agree with him that Iago meant to speak disparagingly of Cassio when he called him a Florentine. He was an "arithmetician," a "counter-caster," a native of a state whose inhabitants, pursuing the peaceful and gainful occupations of commerce, had armies of mercenaries. Cassio, for this reason, upon the showing of Iago, was one "that never set a squadron in the field." According to Tieck, this imputation of being a Florentine must solve the enigma of the next line—

"A fellow almost damnd in a fair wife."

But we are of opinion that it is not necessary to find any mystical meaning in these words; and that Iago distinctly refers to Bianca.

2 SCENE I.—"*The Thick-lips*."

This passage has been received as indicating the intention of Shakspeare to make Othello a Negro. It is very probable that the popular notion of a Moor was somewhat confused in Shakspeare's time, and that the descendants of the proud Arabs who had borne sovereign sway in Europe ("men of royal siege"), and, what is more, had filled an age of comparative darkness with the light of their poetry and their science, were confounded with the uncivilised African—the despised slave. We do not think, however, that Shakspeare had any other intention than to paint Othello as one of the most noble and accomplished of the proud children of the *Omniades* and the *Abbasides*. The expression, "*thick-lips*," from the mouth of Roderigo, can only be received dramatically, as a nick-name given to Othello by the folly and ill-nature of this coxcomb. Whatever may have been the practice of the stage even in Shakspeare's time—and it is by no means improbable that Othello was represented as a Negro—the whole context of the play is against the notion. Coleridge has very acutely remarked, with reference to the present practice of making him a black-moor—"Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakspeare himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be made too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned

it, would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages?"^a Rymer, in his most amusingly-absurd attack upon this tragedy, seems to confound the notion of Moor and Negro, without any reference to the stage. "The character of that state (Venice) is to employ strangers in their wars; but shall a poet thence fancy that they will set a Negro to be their general, or trust a Moor to defend them against the Turk? With us a black-a-moor might rise to be a trumpeter; but Shakspeare would not have him less than a lieutenant-general. With us a Moor might marry some little drab, or small-coal wench: Shakspeare would provide him the daughter and heir of some great lord, or privy councillor; and all the town should reckon it a very suitable match. Yet the English are not bred up with that hatred and aversion to the Moors as are the Venetians, who suffer by a perpetual hostility from them. *Littora littoribus contraria*. Nothing is more odious in nature than an improbable lie; and certainly, never was any play fraught, like this of 'Othello,' with improbabilities."^b Rymer's accuracy is not more to be depended on than his taste. In a subsequent page he says, "This senator's daughter runs away to a *carrier's inn*, the Sagittary, with a black-a-moor." Shakspeare's local knowledge was more to be depended upon than the guessing learning of the editor of the '*Fœdera*.' The Sagittary was not an inn (see note on that passage); nor were the Venetians in perpetual hostility with the Moors. Upon this subject we are favoured with the following observations from the friend who contributed some local illustrations to '*The Merchant of Venice*':—

Every shade of complexion is even now familiar to Venetians, and was yet more so in former days. Groups of Greeks, Africans, and natives of both Indies, may be daily seen in the great squares of Venice, conversing in the arcades, or gathered about the cafés. In the ages of her splendour, Venice was thronged with foreigners from every climate of the earth; and nowhere else, perhaps, has prejudice of colour been so feeble. A more important fact, as regards Desdemona's attachment, is that it was the policy of the Republic to employ foreign mercenaries, and especially in offices of command, for the obvious purpose of lessening to the utmost the danger of cabal and intrigue at home. The

^a 'Literary Remains,' vol. II., p. 227.

^b 'Short View of Tragedy,' 1693, p. 91.

families of senators, or other chief citizens, were in the habit of seeing, in their dark-complexioned guests, those only who were distinguished by ability, and by the official rank thereby gained:—picked men, whose hue might be forgotten in their accomplishments.

* SCENE I.—“*To start my quiet.*”

The singular quiet of residences on the canals of Venice seems to have been, at all times, a temptation to “start” it by practical jokes. The houses may be approached and quitted so stealthily as to render it extremely easy to cause an alarm. We have seen great confusion occasioned by a single wag, who, late in the evening, kept up a succession of thundering knocks at the great palace doors on either side of the Grand Canal, approaching each by swimming, and diving the moment the trick was played. The starting the quiet of elderly citizens was an easy revenge for the disappointed lovers of their daughters, and an infliction with which old Brabantio seems to have been well acquainted. (M.)

* SCENE I.—“*Transported with no worse,
—— a gondolier.*”

The word “knave,” with its answering terms in foreign languages, seems to be the most approved description of an ancient and modern gondolier. The reply in Venice to our question, whether gondoliers were usually knaves, was, “O ! oui,—naturellement.” The explanation of “naturellement” is, that the gondoliers are the only conveyers of persons, and of a large proportion of property, in Venice; that they are thus cognizant of all intrigues, and the fittest agents in them, and are under perpetual and strong temptation to make profit of the secrets of society. Brabantio might well be in horror at his daughter having, in “the dull watch o’ the night,” “no worse nor better guard.” (M.)

* SCENE III.—“*The Turkish preparation makes
for Rhodes.*”

Reed, in his edition of Shakspeare, has the following observation:—“We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first came sailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts which

happened when Mustapha, Selymus’s general, attacked Cyprus in May, 1570.”

* SCENE III.—“*the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter.*”

We now know for a certainty, through the researches of Mr. Collier, that ‘Othello’ was performed in 1602; and yet it would seem that this passage has a direct allusion to a statute of the first James. When Othello says,—

“I will a round unvarnish’d tale deliver
Of my whole course of love: what *drugs*, what *charms*,
What *conjur*ation, and what mighty *magic*,
(For such proceeding I am charg’d withal.)
I won his daughter.”—

he almost uses the very words of the statute, which enacts, That if any person or persons should take upon him or them, by *witchcraft*, *enchantment*, *charm*, or *sorcery*—to the intent to provoke any person to unlawful love, and being thereof lawfully convicted, he or they should, for the first offence, suffer imprisonment, &c. Might not this passage have been added to the original copy of the tragedy? This particular superstition was, however, much earlier than the period of our witch-hunting James. We find a curious story of this nature in Skelton, about the enchantment of Charlemagne, which he says he had from

“Fraunces Peträrke,
That much noble clerke.”

* SCENE III.

“*The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.*”

In the third Act of ‘The Tempest,’ Gonzalo says,—

“When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp’d like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out of one for five will bring us
Good warrant of.”

A few lines before, Antonio, half sneeringly, remarks,—

“Travellers ne’er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.”

The *putter-out of one for five* was the travelling adventurer, who effected an insurance on his own risk—the very opposite of the principle of life-insurances. He was to be the gainer if he survived the dangers of his expedition. (See Illustrations of ‘The Two Gentlemen of Verona,’ Act I., Scene 3.) Mr. Hunter considers that the satire of ‘The Tempest’ is most distinctly

pointed at Raleigh's marvellous tales in his voyage to Guiana, in 1595. The passage in Raleigh is certainly a singular proof of his credulity, for he only affirms his own belief upon the report of others. "Next unto the Arvi" (a river which he says falls into the Orenoque, or Oronoko), "are two rivers, Atoica and Caora; and on that branch which is called Caora are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which, though it may be thought a mere fable, yet for my own part I am resolved it is true, because every childe in the province of Arromaia and Canuri affirme the same. They are called Ewaipanoma; they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and that a long traine of haire groweth backward betweene their shoulders."* Hondius, the Dutch geographer, published in 1599 a Latin translation of the more remarkable passages of Raleigh's tract, with plates of Anthropophagi,

* Raleigh's 'Narrative,' printed in Hakluyt's 'Voyages,' 1600.

Amazons, and headless men. But these tales are as old as Pliny, and of his account of the headless men there is an almost literal translation in Sir John Manndeville's 'Travels.' "And in another yle, toward the southe, duellen folk of foule stature, and of cursed kynde, that han no hedes, and here eyen bin in here scholdres." Mr. Hunter is so sure that the passage in 'The Tempest' is meant to be an attack upon Raleigh, that he proposes it as one of his special proofs that the play was written as early as 1598. But we may ask how we are to account for the difference of tone in 'Othello?' In the passage before us there is no ridicule—nothing in the slightest degree approaching to a sarcasm. Othello, perfectly simple and veracious, though enthusiastic, and it may be credulous, speaks precisely in the same spirit of his own

— "Most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;"
and of

"The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

ACT II.

* SCENE III.—"King Stephen was a worthy peer."

PERCY, in his 'Reliques,' has printed from a manuscript the exceedingly interesting ballad from which Shakspeare adopted this verse. The reading in the manuscript of that verse is somewhat different, although Percy adopted Shakspeare's reading, generally, in his printed ballad:—

"King Harry was a verry good king,
I trow his hose cost but a crown;
He thought them lye to deere,
Therefore he calld the taylor clowne.
He was king, and wore the crowne,
And thouse but of a low degree;
Itts pride that puttis this countrey downe,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee."

Our readers will not be displeased to have the entire ballad here reprinted. Percy thinks that it was originally Scotch.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE.

This winter's weather itt waxeth cold,
And frost doth freeze on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,
That all our cattell are like to spill*;
Bell, my wife, who loves noe strife,
She sayd unto me quietlye,
Rise up, and save cow Crumbocke's life,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

* Spill. To spoil; to come to harm.

HZ.

O Bell, why dost thou fyte and seorne?
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin;
Itt is soe bare and overworne,
A cricke* he theron cannot renn^b:
Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,
For once Ile new appaerd bee,
To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SUN.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cove,
Shee ha bene alwayes true to the payle,
She has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things shee will not fayle:
I wold be loth to see her pine;
Good husband, counsell take of mee,
Itt is not for us to go soe fine,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HZ.

My cloake itt was a very good cloake,
Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
But now itt is not worth a groat;
I have had itt four-and-forty yeere.
Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,
"T is now but a sigh-clout*, as you may see,
Itt will neither hold out winde nor raine,
And Ile have a new cloake about mee.

* Cricke. A small insect.

^b Renn. Run.

* Sigh-clout. A clout, or cloth, to strain milk through. A sythe-clout, that which severs, divides the milk from impurities, or the curd from the whey. The word is still used in the midland counties.

SHE.

It is four-and-forty yeeres agoe
 Since the one of us did the other ken;
 And we have had betwixt us twoe
 Of children either nine or ten:
 Wee have brought them up to women and men;
 In the feare of God I trow they bee;
 And why wilt thou thyselfe miaken?
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, my wiffe, why dost thou floute?
 Now is nowe, and then was then:
 Seeke now all the world throughout,
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.
 They are cladd in blacke, greane, yellowe, or gray,
 Soe far above their own degree:
 Once in my life Ile doe as they,
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

• *Micken. Mistake.*

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
 His breeches cost him but a crowne;
 He held them sixpence all too deere,
 Therefore he calld the taylor Iowne.
 He was a wight of high renowne,
 And thouse but of a low degree;
 Itts pride that puttts the cuntrye downe,
 Man, take thine auld cloake about thee.

HE.

Bell, my wiffe, she loves not strife,
 Yet she will lead me if she can;
 And oft, to live a quiet life,
 I am forced to yield, though I me good-man.
 Itts not for a man with a woman to threape*,
 Unless he first give oer the plea:
 As wee began wee now will leave,
 And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

• *To threape. To argue.*

ACT III.

• SCENE III.—“*The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.*”

WARTON says that the fife accompanying the drum is of considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly in the German. There is a picture in the Ashmolean Museum, painted in 1525, representing the siege of Pavia, in which we see fifes and drums; and, in a journal of the siege of Boulogne, 1544, which is printed in Rymer's ‘*Fœdera*,’ mention is made of *drummes* and *viflours* marching at the head of the king's army. At a subsequent period, however, the fife was disused in the English armies; and was first revived, within the memory of man, says Warton, among our troops by the British guards, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maestricht, in 1747. Amongst the French regiments the fife is not found; and those who have witnessed this peculiarity must have observed how dull, and monotonous, and un-spirit-stirring is the drum without its ear-piercing companion. The fife is so completely unknown to the French in the present day, that M. Alfred de Vigny, in his translation of this passage of ‘*Othello*,’ gives us only the drum:—

“Adieu, beaux bataillons aux panaches flottants;
 Adieu, guerre, adieu, toi dont les jeux éclatants
 Font de l'ambition une vertu sublime!
 Adieu donc, le coursier que la trompette anime,
 Et ses hennissements et les bruits du tambour,
 L'étendard qu'on déploie avec des cris l'amour!”

• SCENE IV.

“*I had rather have lost my purse
 Full of cruzadoes.*”

The cruzado was a Portuguese coin, so called

from the cross being stamped on it. Douce says that it was of gold, of the value of 9s. English; and that the sovereigns who struck this coin were Emanuel and his son John. Douce adds, that “the cruzado was not current at Venice, though it certainly was in England, in the time of Shakspeare, who has here indulged his usual practice of departing from costume.” It would have been an exceedingly difficult thing for any antiquary of the last generation not to have indulged his usual practice of girding at Shakspeare, for some supposed violation of propriety. In this case, we would ask, how could the cruzado be current in England, except as an instrument of commercial exchange; and how could the same instrument of exchange be kept out of Venice, whose foreign trade at that period was much greater than that of England?

• SCENE IV.

“*The hearts of old gave hands:
 But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.*”

James I., in 1611, created the order of baronets; and, in 1612, to amplify his favour towards the baronets, he granted them, by a second patent, “the arms of Ulster, that is, in a field argent, a hand *gules*, or a *bloudie hand*.” Spenser tells us, in his ‘*State of Ireland*,’ that “the bloody hand is O’Neel’s badge.” This was a notable device of James to raise money, for the alleged purpose of settling and improving the province of Ulster; and the sum of money paid for the patent upon each creation was 1095*l.*, estimated as equivalent to the support of thirty infantry for three years. Warburton,

with these facts before him, says, "We are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author, by which he insinuates that some then created had hands indeed, but not hearts; that is, money to pay for the creation, but no virtue to purchase the honour." Johnson and Douce believe in the interpretation of Warburton. Steevens and Malone are opposed to it. In his 'Chronology' of the plays, Malone gives a passage from the 'Essays' of Sir William Cornwallis, 1601, which certainly has a considerable resemblance to the passage in the text:—"We of these later times, full of a nice curiosity, mislike all the performances of our forefathers; we say they were honest plain men, but they want the capering wits of this ripe age. . . . They had wont to give their hands and their hearts together; but we think it a finer grace to look asquint, our hand looking one way, and our heart another." One thing is perfectly certain:—if the passage be an allusion to the *new heraldry* of the baronets' arms, it must have been an interpolation at least ten years after the first production of the play, for we know that 'Othello' was performed before Elizabeth, in 1602. If, too, it were an interpolation, it must have displaced some other passage; for if

we omit these two lines the context is destroyed. We do not think that Shakspeare would have gone out of his way to introduce a covert sarcasm at a passing event, offensive as it must have been if understood, and perfectly useless if not understood. The obvious meaning of the words, without any allusion, is plain enough; and *our new heraldry*, if it be any more than a figurative expression, may be easily referred to the practice of quartering or joining the arms of the husband and wife.

¹² SCENE IV.—"That handkerchief."

The description of this tremendous handkerchief in the original Italian novel is, "*lavorato alla morisco sottilissimamente.*" Mrs. Jameson thus explains this:—"Which, being interpreted into modern English, means, I believe, nothing more than that the pattern was what we now call *arabesque*." Shakspeare has expanded this into one of the finest poetical passages in the play, in which the Moor crowds together some of the prevailing superstitions of his nation, for the purpose of disturbing the imagination of Desdemona, and thus, as he supposes, arriving at the truth through the influence of terror. This was a fatal mistake; for she loses her balance, and evades the question.

ACT IV.

¹³ SCENE III.—"She had a song of 'willow.'"

In Percy's 'Reliques' will be found an old ballad, from the black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, entitled 'A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love.' Shakspeare, in adopting a portion of this ballad, accommodated the words to the story of 'Poor Barbarie.' We subjoin four stanzas of the original from which the song in the text has been formed:—

"A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

The cold stream ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, willow, willow!
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his moanes:

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;

O willow, &c.

She was borne to be fair; I, to die for her love.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c."

¹⁴ SCENE III.—"A joint ring."

Dryden, in 'Don Sebastian,' has described such a ring with a minute particularity:—

"A curious artist wrought them,
With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each other's counterpart:
Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,
(You know those names are theirs,) and, in the midst,
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now, if the rivets of those rings enclos'd
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie:
But if they join, you must for ever part."

ACT V.

"SCENE II.—*A bedchamber,*" &c.

THE stage directions in the original copies of Shakspeare are very scantily supplied; and we have no indications either of general or particular localities. In the scene before us, the original direction is, *enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed*. It appears to us that, to understand this scene properly, we must refer to the peculiar construction of the ancient theatres. In 'Romeo and Juliet' (Illustrations of Act III.) we have described the *balcony* or upper stage, in explanation of the old direction, *enter Romeo and Juliet aloft*. We there gave Malone's description of the uses of this balcony. Mr. Collier has also thus described another arrangement of the old stage, independent of the balcony: "Besides the curtain in front of the stage, which concealed it from the spectators until it was drawn on each side upon a rod, there were other curtains at the back of the stage, called *traverses*, which served, when drawn, to make another and an inner apartment, when such was required by the business of the play. They had this name at a very early date." The German commentators upon Shakspeare have bestowed much attention upon this subject. Ulrici says, "In the midst of the stage, not far from the proscenium, was erected a sort of balcony or platform, supported by two pillars which stood upon some broad steps. These steps led up to an interior and smaller stage, which, formed by the space under the platform and betwixt the pillars, was applied to the most varied uses." Tieck, in his notes upon 'Lear' has shown, we think very satisfactorily, that the horrid action of tearing out Gloster's eyes did not take place on the stage proper. He says, "The chair in which Gloster is bound is the same which stood somewhat elevated in the middle of the scene, and is the same from which he has delivered his first speech. This little theatre in the midst was, when not in use, concealed by a curtain; when in use, the curtain was withdrawn. Shakspeare, therefore, like all the dramatists of his age, has frequently two scenes at one and the same time. In 'Henry VIII.' the nobles stand in the ante-chamber; the curtain of the smaller stage is withdrawn, and we are in the chamber of the king. Again, while Cranmer waits in the ante-chamber, the curtains open to the council-chamber. We

have here this advantage, that by the pillars which divided the little central theatre from the proscenium, or proper stage, not only could a double group be presented, but it could be partially concealed; and thus two scenes might be played, which could be wholly comprehended, although not everything in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen." It appears to us not very material to determine whether Ulrici is right about the "broad steps." Certainly the elevation of the "little central theatre" was not considerable—it was "somewhat elevated," as Tieck observes. Now, let us apply this principle to the scene before us; and we doubt not that we shall get rid of some anomalies which are presented to us in the modern representations. *Enter Othello*, to the proper stage; *Desdemona in her bed* is concealed from the audience in the little central stage, whose curtains are drawn. After Othello has said, "I'll smell thee on the tree," he ascends the little elevated stage, and undraws its curtain. The dialogue between him and Desdemona then takes place. After the murder he remains upon the central stage, while Emilia is knocking at the door; and after

"Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw,"

he steps down. The dialogue between Emilia and Othello at first goes on without any apparent consciousness on the part of Emilia of Desdemona's presence. When Desdemona has spoken Emilia withdraws the curtain of the secondary stage. When Montano, Gratiano, and Iago enter, a long dialogue takes place between Iago and Emilia, without Montano and Gratiano perceiving "what is the matter." Had Desdemona been upon the stage proper, there would have been no time for this dialogue. Her murder would have been at once discovered. The actors now get over the difficulty by having a four-post bedstead, with curtains closely drawn. When, however, Emilia ascends the central stage, and exclaims,

"My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,"

a double group is presented. Emilia is in the chamber with Desdemona; Othello and the others remain on the stage proper; Montano then follows Iago out, who has previously rushed to the central stage, and stabbed his wife. Gratiano remains upon the proper stage; but why then does Montano order Gratiano to guard the

door without? Othello has entered into the secondary stage, and he speaks from within the curtain to Gratiano,—

"I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth."

Gratiano, still remaining upon the proper stage, answers, "If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear." But when Othello says, "Look in upon me then," the curtain is withdrawn, and Gratiano ascends to the secondary stage. It is the practice of the modern theatres to get over the difficulty by making Gratiano go out with Montano, contrary to the original text; and to make him enter again when Othello says, "Look in upon me." But how then shall we account for the speech of Lodovico, when he subsequently enters,— "Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?" without the secondary stage? From that stage Othello answers, "That's he that was Othello; here I am." The subsequent events take place upon the stage proper; although it was probably contrived that Othello should kill himself on the secondary stage.

16 SCENE II.—"Like the base Indian."

The controversy as to reading *Indian* or *Judean*, and who was the *base Judean*, occupies six pages of the variorum editions. Theobald maintained that he was "Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him." Steevens brings forward an old story of a Jew, which he has read in some book, who threw a pearl into the Adriatic. Steevens will not have the *Indian*, because he thinks *base* is an improper epithet. Malone

rejects him, because the word *tribe* appears to have a peculiarly Hebrew signification. To show how far conjecture may be carried, we may mention that a correspondent wishes to impress upon us that the allusion was to Judas Iscariot. Boswell, in a very sensible note, shows that *tribe* meant in Shakspeare's day *kindred*; that *base* is used in the sense of ignorant; and, what is very important, that two poets after Shakspeare have described the *Indians* as casting away jewels of which they knew not the value. Habington, in his 'Castara,' has these lines:—

"So the *unskilful Indian* those bright gems
Which might add majesty to diadems
'Mong the waves scatters."

And Sir Edward Howard, in 'The Woman's Conquest,' has—

"Behold my queen—
Who with no more concern I'll cast away
Than *Indians* do a pearl, that ne'er did know
Its value."

A correspondent adds the following valuable illustration to those already given:—

In turning over the poems of Carew I lighted upon these two lines:—

"I'll deal with no such Indian fool as sells
Gold, pearls, and precious stones for beads and bells."

The reading "*Judean*" always puts into my head a passage in the 6th Satire of Juvenal—the points of resemblance being that there is a "*base Judean*," and a precious stone in both.

— "Adamas notissimus et Beroniceus
In digito factus pretiosior:—hunc dedit olim
Barbarus incestæ, dedit hunc Agrippa, sorori."

There is such a seeming similarity between the two, that I wonder some "*Judean*"-ite has not attempted to press the latter into his service somehow or other.

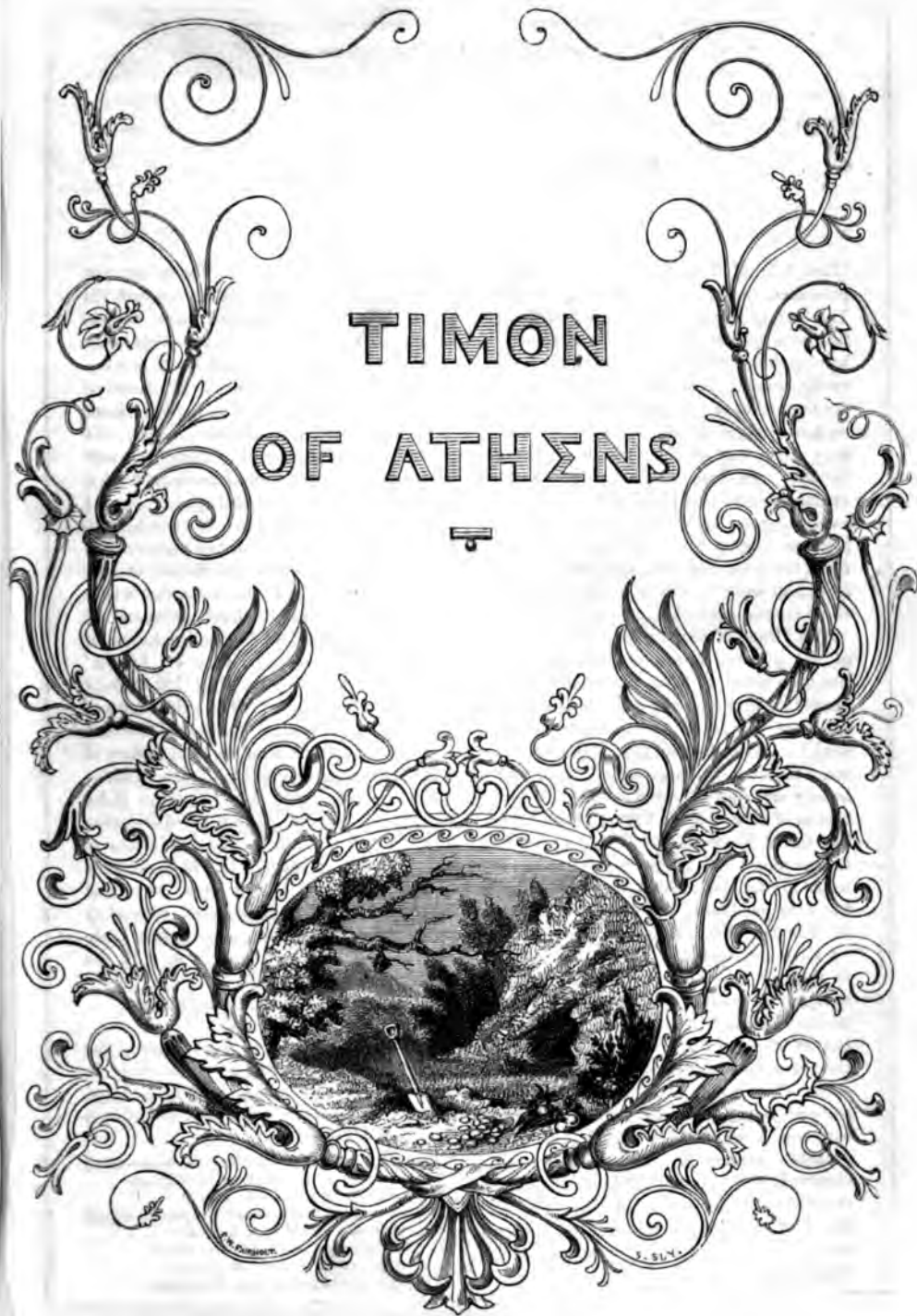
COSTUME.

THE general costume of Venice, both male and female, as well as the official habits of the doge and senators, at the close of the sixteenth century, have been described in the prefatory notice to 'The Merchant of Venice.' We have only to add that the figure engraved at p. 310 is from Vecellio's often quoted work, and represents the identical dress worn by prince Veniero, when he was raised to the dignity of general of the Venetian army, on the very oc-

casión which Shakspeare has selected for the like appointment of his "*valiant Moor*," namely, the Turkish war, A.D. 1570.

The Stradiots (Estradiots, or Stratigari), mentioned by Howell, were Greek troops, first employed by the Venetians, and afterwards by Charles VIII. of France. The figure of one of these picturesque auxiliaries is engraved at p. 286 from Boissard's 'Habitibus Variarum Orbis Gentium,' 1581.

TIMON
OF ATHENS



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE Life of Tymon of Athens' was first published in the folio collection of 1623. The text, in this first edition, has no division into acts and scenes. We have reason to believe that, with a few exceptions, it is accurately printed from the copy which was in the possession of Heminge and Condell; and we have judged it important to follow that copy with very slight variations. In the 'Studies' we have entered into a minute examination of this play, for the purpose of expressing our belief that it was founded by Shakspeare upon some older play, of which much has been retained; and that our poet's hand can only be traced with certainty in those scenes in which Timon appears.

The Timon of Shakspeare is not the Timon of the popular stories of Shakspeare's day. The 28th novel of 'The Palace of Pleasure' has for its title "Of the strange and *beastly* nature of Timon of Athens, enemy to mankind." According to this authority, "he was a man but by shape only"—he lived "a beastly and churlish life." Neither was the Timon of Plutarch the Timon of Shakspeare. The Greek biographer indeed, tells us, that he was angry with all men, and would trust no man, "for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends;" but that he was represented as "a viper and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth." The Timon of Plutarch, and of the popular stories of Shakspeare's time, was little different from the ordinary cynic. The Timon of Shakspeare is in many respects essentially different from any model with which we are acquainted, but it approaches nearer, as Mr. Skottowe first observed, to the Timon of Lucian than the commentators have pointed out. The character of Shakspeare's misanthrope presents one of the most striking creations of his originality.

The vices of Shakspeare's Timon are not the vices of a sensualist. It is true that his offices have been oppressed with riotous feeders,—that his vaults have wept with drunken spilt of wine,—that every room
"Hath blas'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy."
But he has nothing selfish in the enjoyment of his prodigality and his magnificence. He himself truly expresses the weakness as well as the beauty of his own character: "Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes!" Charles Lamb, in his contrast between 'Timon of Athens' and Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress' has scarcely done justice to Timon: "The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts; and, in the other, with conducting Hogarth's Rake through his several stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature." Hogarth's Rake is all sensuality and selfishness; Timon is essentially high-minded and generous: he truly says, in the first chill of his fortunes,—

"No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given."

In his splendid speech to Apemantus in the fourth Act, he distinctly proclaims, that in the weakness with which he had lavished his fortunes upon the unworthy, he had not pampered his own passions:—

"Hast thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows."

The all-absorbing defect of Timon — the root of those generous vices which wear the garb of virtue—is the entire want of discrimination (by which he is also characterised in Lucian's dialogue). Shakspeare has seized upon this point, and held firmly to it. He releases Ventidius from prison,—he bestows an estate upon his servant,—he lavishes jewels upon all the dependants who crowd his board. That universal philanthropy, of which the most selfish men sometimes talk, is in Timon an active principle; but let it be observed that he has no preferences—a most remarkable example of the profound sagacity of Shakspeare. Had he loved a single human being with that intensity which constitutes affection in the relation of the sexes, and friendship in the relation of man to man, he would have been exempt from

that unjudging lavishness which was necessary to satisfy his morbid craving for human sympathy.

With this key to Timon's character, it appears to us that we may properly understand the "general and exceptless rashness" of his misanthropy. The only relations in which he stood to mankind are utterly destroyed. In lavishing his wealth as if it were a common property, he had believed that the same common property would flow back to him in his hour of adversity. "O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves." His false confidence is at once, and irreparably, destroyed. If Timon had possessed one friend with whom he could have interchanged confidence upon equal terms, he would have been saved from his fall, and certainly from his misanthropy.



[Athenian Coin.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.
Act III. sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

LUCIUS, a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

LUCULLUS, a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

SEMPRONIUS, a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian general.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.*

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.*

FLAMINIUS, servant to Timon.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

LUCILIUS, servant to Timon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

SEBVIUS, servant to Timon.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4.

CAPHIS, servant to Timon's creditors.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

PHILOTUS, servant to Timon's creditors.

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

TITUS, servant to Timon's creditors.

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

LUCIUS, servant to Timon's creditors.

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

HORTENSIUS, servant to Timon's creditors.

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

Two Servants of Varro, a creditor of Timon.

Appear, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4.

A Servant of Isidore, a creditor of Timon.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

Cupid and Maskers.

Appear, Act I. sc. 2.

Three Strangers.

Appear, Act II. sc. 2.

Poet.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Painter.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Jeweller.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

Merchant.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

An old Athenian.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

A Page.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

A Fool.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

PHRYNIA, a mistress to Alcibiades,

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

TIMANDRA, a mistress to Alcibiades.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers,
Banditti, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—ATHENS, AND THE WOODS ADJOINING.



[View of Athens.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

POET. Good day, sir.

PAIN. I am glad you are well.

POET. I have not seen you long : How goes the world ?

PAIN. It wears, sir, as it grows.

POET. Ay, that 's well known :

But what particular rarity ? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches ? See,
Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

PAIN. I know them both ; th' other 's a jeweller.

MER. O, 't is a worthy lord !

JEW. Nay, that 's most fix'd.

MER. A most incomparable man ; breath'd ^a, as it were,

^a *Breath'd.* When Hamlet says,

“ It is the *breathing* time of day with me,”

he refers to the time of habitual exercise, by which his animal strength was fitted for “untirable and continuat” exertion. The analogy between this and the habitual exercise of “goodness” is obvious.

To an untirable and continue goodness :
He passes ^a.

JEW. I have a jewel here.

MER. O, pray, let's see 't: For the lord Timon, sir?

JEW. If he will touch the estimate: But for that—

POET. "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."^b

MER. 'T is a good form.

[Looking at the jewel.]

JEW. And rich: here is a water, look you.

PAIN. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

POET. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 't is nourished ^c: The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes ^d. What have you there?

PAIN. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

POET. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

PAIN. 'T is a good piece.

POET. So 't is; this comes off well and excellent.

PAIN. Indifferent.

POET. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing ^e! what a mental power

^a *He passes*—he excels—he goes beyond common virtues. In the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' we have, "Why this passes, Master Ford."

^b The Poet is here supposed to be reading his own performance.

^c The reading of the original is—

"Our poesie is as a *gowne* which *uses*
From whence 't is nourisht."

Pope changed this to—

"Our poesie is as a *gum* which *issues*."

The reading *oozes* is that of Dr. Johnson. Tieck maintains that the passage should stand as in the original: he says, "The act, the flattery, of this poet of occasions, which is useful to those who pay for it. The expression is hard, forced, and obscure, but yet to be understood." We cannot see how the construction of the sentence can support this interpretation, and we therefore retain the reading of Pope and Johnson.

^d This passage has been considered difficult, but if we receive *bound* in the sense of boundary, obstacle, the image is tolerably clear. The "gentle flame" of poesy which provokes itself, runs the quicker, even for obstruction, like the current which flies faster after it has chafed the obstacles to its equal flow.

^e Monck Mason believes that the passage should be written—

"How this Grace
Speaks *its* own standing:"—

saying the figure alluded to was a representation of one of the Graces. The commentators have not noticed what appears to us tolerably obvious, that the flattering painter had brought with him a portrait of Timon, in which the grace of the attitude spoke "his own standing,"—the habitual carriage of the original.

This eye shoots forth ! how big imagination
 Moves in this lip ! to the dumbness of the gesture
 One might interpret.

PAIN. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch : Is 't good ?

POET. I will say of it,

It tutors nature : artificial strife ^a

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

PAIN. How this lord 's follow'd !

POET The senators of Athens :—Happy men !

PAIN. Look, more !

POET. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man
 Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
 With amplest entertainment : My free drift
 Halts not particularly, but moves itself
 In a wide sea of wax ^b : no levell'd malice
 Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
 But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
 Leaving no tract behind.

PAIN. How shall I understand you ?

POET. I 'll unbolt ^c to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
 (As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
 Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
 Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
 To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself : even he drops down
 The knee before him, and returns in peace
 Most rich in Timon's nod.

PAIN. I saw them speak together.

POET. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill

^a *Artificial strife*—the contest of art with nature. So in the 'Venus and Adonis'—

"Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed:
 So did this horse excel."

^b An allusion to the ancient practice of writing upon waxen tablets with a style.

^c *Unbolt*—unfold—explain.

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states : amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

PAIN. "T is conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition ^a.

POET. Nay, sir, but hear me on :
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance ¹,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air ^b.

PAIN. Ay, marry, what of these ?
POET. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip ^c down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

PAIN. 'T is common :
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended ; the Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him ^d.

TIM. Imprison'd is he, say you ?
VEN. SERV. Ay, my good lord ; five talents is his debt ;

^a Condition is here used for art. The painter has here formed a picture in his mind according to the description of the Poet, and he would say that it was a subject for the skill of each to be exercised upon.

^b Drink the free air—live, breathe but through him.

^c Slip—in the original, sit.

^d The original stage direction is, " Trumpets sound, enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor."

His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up ; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

TIM. Noble Ventidius ! Well ;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have : I 'll pay the debt and free him.

VEN. SERV. Your lordship ever binds him.

TIM. Commend me to him : I will send his ransom ;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :—
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

VEN. SERV. All happiness to your honour.

[*Exit.*]

Enter an old Athenian.

OLD ATH. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

TIM. Freely, good father.

OLD ATH. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

TIM. I have so : What of him ?

OLD ATH. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

TIM. Attends he here, or no ?—Lucilius !

Enter LUCILIUS.

LUC. Here, at your lordship's service.

OLD ATH. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift ;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

TIM. Well ; what further ?

OLD ATH. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love : I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort ;
Myself have spoke in vain.

TIM. The man is honest.

OLD ATH. Therefore he will be, Timon :
His honesty rewards him in itself *,

* The following is Coleridge's explanation of this passage :—" The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. ' The man is honest ! '—' True ; and for

It must not bear my daughter.

TIM. Does she love him?

OLD ATH. She is young, and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us

What levity's in youth.

TIM. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

LUC. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

OLD ATH. If in her marriage my consent be missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose

Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,

And dispossess her all.

TIM. How shall she be endow'd,

If she be mated with an equal husband?

OLD ATH. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

TIM. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;

To build his fortune I would strain a little,

For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,

And make him weigh with her.

OLD ATH. Most noble lord,

Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

TIM. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

LUC. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,

Which is not ow'd to you! [Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.]

POET. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

TIM. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:

Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

PAIN. A piece of painting, which I do beseech

Your lordship to accept.

TIM. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;

For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,

He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are

Even such as they give out. I like your work;

And you shall find I like it; wait attendance

Till you hear further from me.

PAIN. The gods preserve you!

TIM. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand:

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel

Hath suffer'd under praise.

JEW. What, my lord? dispraise?

TIM. A mere satiety of commendations.

that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its own reward."

If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd
It would unclaw me quite.

JEW. My lord, 't is rated
As those which sell would give : But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters : believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

TIM. Well mock'd.

MER. No, my good lord ; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

TIM. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid ?

Enter APEMANTUS.

JEW. We will bear with your lordship.

MER. He 'll spare none.

TIM. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus !

APEM. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow ;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

TIM. Why dost thou call them knaves ? thou know'st them not.

APEM. Are they not Athenians ?

TIM. Yes.

APEM. Then I repent not.

JEW. You know me, Apemantus.

APEM. Thou know'st I do ; I called thee by thy name.

TIM. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

APEM. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

TIM. Whither art going ?

APEM. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

TIM. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

APEM. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

TIM. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus ?

APEM. The best, for the innocence.

TIM. Wrought he not well that painted it ?

APEM. He wrought better that made the painter ; and yet he 's but a filthy piece
of work.

PAIN. You are a dog.

APEM. Thy mother 's of my generation : What 's she, if I be a dog ?

TIM. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus ?

APEM. No ; I eat not lords.

TIM. An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger ladies.

APEM. O, they eat lords ; so they come by great bellies.

TIM. That 's a lascivious apprehension.

APEM. So thou apprehend'st it : Take it for thy labour.

TIM. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus ?

APEM. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

TIM. What dost thou think 't is worth ?

APEM. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet ?

POET. How now, philosopher ?

APEM. Thou liest.

POET. Art not one ?

APEM. Yes.

POET. Then I lie not.

APEM. Art not a poet ?

POET. Yes.

APEM. Then thou liest : look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

POET. That 's not feign'd, he is so.

APEM. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour : He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord !

TIM. What wouldst do then, Apemantus ?

APEM. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

TIM. What, thyself ?

APEM. Ay.

TIM. Wherefore ?

APEM. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant ?

MER. Ay, Apemantus.

APEM. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not.

MER. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

APEM. Traffic 's thy god, and thy god confound thee !

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

TIM. What trumpet 's that ?

SERV. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

TIM. Pray entertain them ; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me :—Go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you ; and when dinner 's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his company.

Most welcome, sir !

[*They salute.*]

APEM. So, so ; there !—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints !—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this court'sy ! The strain of man 's bred out

Into baboon and monkey*.

ALCIB. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungrily on your sight.

TIM.

Right welcome, sir.

* This is printed as prose in the original.

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in. *[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.]*

Enter Two Lords.

1 LORD. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

APEM. Time to be honest.

1 LORD. That time serves still.

APEM. The most accursed thou that still omitt'st it.

2 LORD. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

APEM. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 LORD. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEM. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 LORD. Why, Apemantus?

APEM. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 LORD. Hang thyself.

APEM. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 LORD. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

APEM. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. *[Exit.]*

1 LORD. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes

The very heart of kindness.

2 LORD. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays

Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,

But breeds the giver a return exceeding

All use of quittance.

1 LORD. The noblest mind he carries,

That ever govern'd man.

2 LORD. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 LORD. I'll keep you company. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.*

VEN. Most honour'd Timon,

It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,

* The original stage direction is curious:—"Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly, like himself."

And call him to long peace^a.
 He is gone happy, and has left me rich :
 Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,
 Doubled with thanks, and service, from whose help
 I deriv'd liberty.

TIM. O, by no means,
 Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love ;
 I gave it freely ever ; and there's none
 Can truly say he gives, if he receives :
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
 To imitate them : Faults that are rich, are fair.

VEN. A noble spirit. [*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*]

TIM. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at first
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown ;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
 Pray sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
 Than my fortunes to me.

[*They sit.*]

1 LORD. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

APEM. Ho, ho, confess'd it ! hang'd it, have you not ?

TIM. O, Apemantus !—you are welcome.

APEM. No, you shall not make me welcome :

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIM. Fye, thou'rt a churl ; you've got a humour there

Does not become a man, 't is much to blame :—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man's ever angry^b.

Go, let him have a table by himself ;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for 't, indeed.

APEM. Let me stay at thine apperil^a, Timon ;

I come to observe ; I give thee warning on 't.

TIM. I take no heed of thee ; thou art an Athenian ; therefore welcome : I
 myself would have no power : prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

APEM. I scorn thy meat ; 't would choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods ! what a number

Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not !

It grieves me to see so many dip their meat

^a This is one of the many instances in which we adhere to the metrical arrangement of the original, discarding the "regulation" of Steevens.

^b *Ever angry*. In the original, *very* ; Rowe changed *very* to *ever*, marking an antithesis with the Latin sentence. The introduction of a scrap of Latin is not at all in Shakspeare's manner, nor indeed is any part of the speech.

^c *Apperil*. The word repeatedly occurs in Ben Jonson, as in the 'Tale of a Tub':—

"As you will answer it at your *apperil*."

In one man's blood ; and all the madness is,
 He cheers them up too.
 I wonder men dare trust themselves with men :
 Methinks they should invite them without knives^a ;
 Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
 There's much example for 't ; the fellow, that
 Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
 The breath of him in a divided draught,
 Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.
 If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;
 Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes :
 Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

TIM. My lord, in heart ; and let the health go round.

2 LORD. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

APEM. Flow this way ! A brave fellow !—he keeps his tides well.

Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill, 'Timon^b :

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
 Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire :
 This, and my food, are equals ; there's no odds.
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
 I pray for no man, but myself :
 Grant I may never prove so fond,
 To trust man on his oath or bond ;
 Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
 Or a dog, that seems a sleeping ;
 Or a keeper with my freedom ;
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
 Amen. So fall to 't :
 Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich^c thy good heart, Apemantus !

TIM. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

ALCIB. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

TIM. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

ALCIB. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them ; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

APEM. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then ; that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 LORD. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use

^a Every guest in our author's time brought his own knife.

^b The word *Timon* has in modern editions been transposed into the previous line.

^c *Much good dich*. This word *dich* is considered by Johnson as a corruption of *do it*. In the sense in which it is here used it represents *may it do*. There is no other instance of its use, according to Nares.

our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

TIM. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

APEM. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 LORD. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,

And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

APEM. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 LORD. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

APEM. Much^a!

[*Tucket sounded.*]

TIM. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

TIM. Ladies? What are their wills?

SERV. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

TIM. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

CUP. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all

That of his bounties taste!—the five best senses

Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:

The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes^b.

TIM. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance.

Music, make their welcome.

[*Exit CUPID.*]

1 LORD. You see, my lord, how ample y' are belov'd.

^a *Much*—an ironical and contemptuous expression.

^b The reading of the original is—

“There taste, touch all, pleas'd from thy table rise.”

The emendation of the text is by Warburton, and it is not only ingenious, but satisfactory. Four of the five best senses rise from Timon's table; the mask of ladies comes to gratify the fifth.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

APEM. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not depraved, or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now,

Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done:

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.**

TIM. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind;

You have added worth unto 't, and lustre^b,

And entertain'd me with mine own device;

I am to thank you for it.

LADY. My lord, you take us even at the best.

APEM. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

TIM. Ladies, there is an idle banquet

Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

ALL LAD. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt CUPID and Ladies.]

TIM. Flavius!

FLAV. My lord.

TIM. The little casket bring me hither.

FLAV. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour;

[Aside.]

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind;

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[Exit, and returns with the casket.]

* This is the ancient stage direction.

^b *Lustre.* The ordinary reading is *lively lustre*, which epithet was derived from the second folio. We follow the original copy.

1 LORD. Where be our men?

SERV. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 LORD. Our horses.

TIM. O my friends,

I have one word to say to you ;—Look you, my good lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much,

As to advance this jewel ; accept it, and wear it.

Kind my lord.

1 LORD. I am so far already in your gifts,—

ALL. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

TIM. They are fairly welcome.

FLAV. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

TIM. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee :

I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

FLAV. I scarce know how.

[*Aside.*]

Enter another Servant.

2 SERV. May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you

Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

TIM. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 SERV. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him ; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

TIM. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be receiv'd,

Not without fair reward.

FLAV. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?

He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,

And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse ; or yield me this,

To show him what a beggar his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good ;

His promises fly so beyond his state,

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for every word ;

He is so kind, that he now pays interest for't ;

His lands put to their books. Well, 'would I were

Gently put out of office, before I were forc'd out !

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*

TIM. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits :
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 LORD. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 LORD. O, he is the very soul of bounty !

TIM. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on : it is yours, because you lik'd it !

2 LORD. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

TIM. You may take my word, my lord ; I know, no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect :
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you ^a.

ALL LORDS. O, none so welcome.

TIM. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give ;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich ;
It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

ALCIB. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 LORD. We are so virtuously bound,—

TIM. And so
Am I to you.

2 LORD. So infinitely endear'd—

TIM. All to you.—Lights, more lights.

1 LORD. The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon !

TIM. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt* ALCIB., Lords, &c.]

APEM. What a coil 's here !
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums !
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs :
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

TIM. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

APEM. No, I'll nothing : for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left

^a The modern reading is, " I'll call on you." We have no doubt that the *to you* was the idiomatic phrase.

to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly^a: What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

TIM. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. *[Exit.]*

APEM. So;—Thou 'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then.

I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[Exit.]

^a Be ruined by the securities you give.



[Ancient Triclinium.]



[Athens, from the *Pnyx*.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

SEN. And late, five thousand^a: to Varro, and to Isidore,
 He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
 Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
 Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
 If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
 And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
 If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
 Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,

^a This is ordinarily pointed thus:—

“And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
 He owes nine thousand.”

We follow the punctuation of the original. It appears to us that the Senator is recapitulating what Timon owes himself—“and late, five thousand”—“besides my former sum, which makes it five-and-twenty.” The mention of what Timon owes to Varro and Isidore is parenthetical.

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight^a,
 And able horses: No porter at his gate;
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by^b. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can sound^c his state in safety. Caphis, hoa!
 Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

CAPH. Here, sir: What is your pleasure?

SEN. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
 Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
 "Commend me to your master"—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah^d,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

CAPH. I go, sir.

SEN. Ay, go, sir,—take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt^e.

CAPH. I will, sir.

SEN. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Straight*—immediately.

^b The porter at a great man's gate was proverbially a repulsive person. The porter at Kenilworth, according to Laneham's description, was "tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance."

^c *Sound*. This is ordinarily printed *found*. The original is clearly *sound*; and the meaning appears to be, that no reason which fathoms Timon's state can find it safe.

^d *Sirrah* is not in the original copy. It was added by the editor of the second folio.

^e The original reads,—

"And have the dates in. Come."

Theobald made the correction, alleging that the dates were ~~in~~ when the bonds were given.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Timon's House.**Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.*

FLAV. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
 How things go from him; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue. Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
 Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

CAPH. Good even, Varro*: What,
 You come for money?
 VAR. SERV. Is't not your business too?
 CAPH. It is;—and yours too, Isidore?
 ISID. SERV. It is so.
 CAPH. 'Would we were all discharg'd!
 VAR. SERV. I fear it.
 CAPH. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

TIM. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
 My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?
 CAPH. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
 TIM. Dues? whence are you?
 CAPH. Of Athens here, my lord.
 TIM. Go to my steward.
 CAPH. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
 To the succession of new days this month:
 My master is awak'd by great occasion,
 To call upon his own: and humbly prays you,
 That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
 In giving him his right.
 TIM. Mine honest friend,
 I prithee but repair to me next morning.
 CAPH. Nay, good my lord,—
 TIM. Contain thyself, good friend.
 VAR. SERV. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
 ISID. SERV. From Isidore;

* *Good even, Varro.* It is remarkable that the servants in this scene take the names of their masters, like the Lord Duke and Sir Charles of 'High Life below Stairs.'

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

CAPH. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

VAR. SERV. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,

And past,—

ISID. SERV. Your steward puts me off, my lord ;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

TIM. Give me breath :—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you,

[*To FLAVIUS.*

How goes the world that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds*,

And the detention of long since-due debts,

Against my honour ?

FLAV. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business :

Your importunacy cease till after dinner ;

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

TIM. Do so, my friends :

See them well entertained

[*Exit TIMON.*

FLAV. Pray draw near.

[*Exit FLAVIUS.*

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

CAPH. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus ; let 's have some sport with 'em.

VAR. SERV. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

ISID. SERV. A plague upon him, dog !

VAR. SERV. How dost, fool ?

APEM. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

VAR. SERV. I speak not to thee.

APEM. No ; 't is to thyself.—Come away.

[*To the Fool.*

ISID. SERV. [*To VAR. SERV.*] There 's the fool hangs on your back already.

APEM. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

CAPH. Where 's the fool now ?

APEM. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues and usurers' men ! bawds between gold and want !

ALL SERV. What are we, Apemantus ?

APEM. Asses.

* *Date-broken bonds.* So Malone reads. In the original we have,

“ With clamorous demands of debt, broken bonds.”

We adopt the change upon a due consideration of a passage in the preceding scene, upon which Malone builds his reading—

“ his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his *fracted dates*
Have smit my credit.”

L SERV. Why?

EM. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

OL. How do you, gentlemen?

L SERV. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

OL. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.

EM. Good! Gramercy.

Enter Page.

OL. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

GE. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

EM. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

GE. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

EM. Canst not read?

GE. No.

EM. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

GE. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit Page.*]

EM. Even so thou out-run'n'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

OL. Will you leave me there?

EM. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

L SERV. Ay; 'would they served us!

EM. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

OL. Are you three usurers' men?

L SERV. Ay, fool.

OL. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

AR. SERV. I could render one.

EM. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which, notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

AR. SERV. What is a whoremaster, fool?

OL. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight, and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

AR. SERV. Thou art not altogether a fool.

FOOL. Nor thou altogether a wise man : as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

APEM. That answer might have become Apemantus.

ALL SERV. Aside, aside ; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

APEM. Come with me, fool, come.

FOOL. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman ; sometime the philosopher. [*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*]

FLAV. Pray you walk near ; I 'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt SERV.*]

TIM. You make me marvel : Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me ;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means ?

FLAV. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

TIM. Go to :
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back ;
And that unaptness made your minister*,
Thus to excuse yourself.

FLAV. O, my good lord !
At many times I brought in my accounts ;
Laid them before you ; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept :
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close : I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks ; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late !) yet now 's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

TIM. Let all my land be sold.

FLAV. 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited and gone ;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues : the future comes apace :
What shall defend the interim ? and at length
How goes our reckoning ?

TIM. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

FLAV. O, my good lord, the world is but a word !

* The meaning of this construction is,—perchance you made that unaptness your minister.

Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

TIM. You tell me true.

FLAV. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices^a have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock^b,
And set mine eyes at flow.

TIM. Prithee, no more.

FLAV. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost: one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

TIM. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, can I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

FLAV. Assurance bless your thoughts!

TIM. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,

^a *Offices.* These are not the apartments for servants, in our present acceptation of the term, but rooms of hospitality, in the sense in which the word is used by Shirley:—

“Let all the offices of entertainment
Be free and open.”

^b Pope, by way of making this passage intelligible, substituted “a lonely room” for a *wasteful cock*. Upon this hint Hanmer tell us that a *cock* is a *cock-loft*, which signifies a garret lying in waste. It appears to us that there is a slight typographical error in the passage. The “vaults have wept with drunken spilth of wine;” the steward has quitted the scene of extravagance to weep alone—

“I have retired me *from* a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.”

The *spilth* of the wasteful cock, and the flow of the weeping eye, are here put in opposition. We do not venture to change the text, although we believe that *from*, or, as it was sometimes written, *fro*, might be readily mistaken for *to*.

That I account them blessings ; for by these
 Shall I try friends : You shall perceive, how you
 Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends.
 Within there !—Flaminius ! Servilius !

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

SERV. My lord, my lord,—

TIM. I will despatch you severally.—You to lord Lucius, to lord Lucullus you ;
 I hunted with his honour to-day ;—you to Sempronius : Commend me to
 their loves ; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use
 them toward a supply of money : let the request be fifty talents*.

FLAM. As you have said, my lord.

FLAV. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus ? humph !

[*Aside.*

TIM. Go you, sir [*to another Serv.*], to the senators,
 (Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
 Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant
 A thousand talents to me.

FLAV. I have been bold,
 (For that I knew it the most general way.)
 To them to use your signet, and your name ;
 But they do shake their heads, and I am here
 No richer in return.

TIM. Is 't true ? can 't be ?

FLAV. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
 That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
 Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honourable,—
 But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
 Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
 May catch a wrench—would all were well—'t is pity—
 And so, intending other serious matters,
 After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
 With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
 They froze me into silence.

TIM. You gods, reward them !

Prithee, man, look cheerly ! These old fellows
 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
 Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows ;
 'T is lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;

* Steevens prints this speech metrically. It may be said that the metre thus "regulated" is not worse than we find in other passages of the play : that is true ; but those other passages occur in scenes which, taken as a whole, do not bear the marks of Shakspeare's hand. The scene between Timon and the steward has not one of those characteristics which we have pointed out in our 'Studies' as distinguishing the work of an inferior author from the work of our poet. In the harmony of the blank verse, the vigour of the thought, and the fluency of the expression, this scene is essentially Shakspeare's ; and it becomes vitiated, therefore, when a prose speech is converted into unmetrical verse.

And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.
Go to Ventidius.—[*to a Serv.*] 'Prithee [*to FLAV.*], be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had [*to FLAV.*], give 't these fellows
To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
FLAV. I would I could not think it: That thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]



[The Propylæa.]



[Athens. The Pnyx.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in Lucullus's House.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting.* *Enter a Servant to him.*

SERV. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

FLAM. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

SERV. Here 's my lord.

LUCUL. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively^a welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—

[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

FLAM. His health is well, sir.

LUCUL. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

^a *Respectively*—respectfully.

FLAM. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

LUCUL. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty* is his; I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

SERV. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

LUCUL. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

FLAM. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

LUCUL. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—*[To the Servant, who goes out.]*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

FLAM. Is 't possible, the world should so much differ:

And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,

To him that worships thee!

[Throwing the money away.]

LUCUL. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. *[Exit LUCULLUS.]*

FLAM. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,

Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

It turns in less than two nights? O, you gods,

I feel my master's passion! This slave unto his honour

Has my lord's meat in him;

Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,

When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon 't!

And, when he 's sick to death, let not that part of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power

To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[Exit.]

* *Honesty* is here used in the sense of liberality.

SCENE II.—*A public Place.**Enter LUCIUS, with Three Strangers.*

LUC. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 STRAN. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUC. Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 STRAN. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

LUC. How?

2 STRAN. I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUC. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man; there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

SER. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—
My honoured lord.—

[*To LUCIUS.*]

LUC. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

SER. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

LUC. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

SER. He has only sent his present occasion, now, my lord: requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

LUC. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

SER. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

LUC. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SER. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

LUC. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal

of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods I am not able to do 't, the more beast, I say :—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness ; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship ; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind :—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him ?

SER. Yes, sir, I shall.

LUC. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[Exit SER.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed ;

And he that 's once denied will hardly speed.

[Exit LUC.]

1 STRAN. Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

2 STRAN.

Ay, too well.

1 STRAN. Why this is the world's soul ;

And just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit^a : who can call him his friend

That dips in the same dish ? for, in my knowing,

Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse ;

Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money

Has paid his men their wages : He ne'er drinks,

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;

And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !)

He does deny him, in respect of his,

What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 STRAN. Religion groans at it.

1 STRAN.

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,

Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,

For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,

And honourable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,

I would have put my wealth into donation,

And the best half should have return'd to him,

So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,

Men must learn now with pity to dispense :

For policy sits above conscience.

[Exeunt.]

^a The word *sport* of the original was changed into *spirit* by Theobald.

SCENE III.—*A Room in Sempronius's House.**Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.*

SEM. Must he needs trouble me in 't? Humph! 'bove all others?
 He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these^a
 Owe their estates unto him.

SERV. My lord,
 They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;
 For they have all denied him!

SEM. How! have they denied him?
 Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him^b?
 And does he send to me? Three? Humph!—
 It shows but little love or judgment in him.
 Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
 Thrice^c give him over: Must I take th' cure upon me?
 H' has much disgrac'd me in 't, I'm angry at him,
 That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last? No.
 So it may prove an argument of laughter
 To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool^d.
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 H' had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join;
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [Exit.]

SERV. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what

^a The word *three*, which is not in the original, is usually inserted here, "to complete the measure."

^b Steevens is here quite pathetic on the subject of metre:—"With this *mutilated* and therefore rugged speech, no ear accustomed to harmony can be satisfied. But I can only point out metrical *dilapidations*, which I profess my inability to repair." It appears remarkable that it never occurred to Steevens, and others, that this ruggedness, which they put down to the account of mutilations and dilapidations, prevails through whole scenes, and that other scenes are perfectly harmonious. The rugged speeches are at the same time feeble speeches. The harmonious speeches are at the same time vigorous speeches. The instant that we encounter Shakspeare's thoughts, we find them associated with Shakspeare's music.

^c *Thrice*. The original reads *thrice*. Johnson proposed *thrice*, which appears to us warranted by the previous line:—

"And does he send to me? *Three*? Humph!"

^d The pronoun *I* was not found in the first folio, but was inserted in the second.

he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear*. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire: Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead,
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants to Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

VAR. SERV. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

TIT. The like to you, kind Varro.

HOR. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

LUC. SERV. Ay, and I think
One business doth command us all; for mine
Is money.

TIT. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

LUC. SERV. And sir
Philotus too!

PHI. Good day at once.

LUC. SERV. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

PHI. Labouring for nine.

LUC. SERV. So much?

PHI. Is not my lord seen yet?

LUC. SERV. Not yet.

PHI. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven.

LUC. SERV. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course

* The commentators, with the exception of Ritson, have assumed that the villainies of men are to set the devil clear. Ritson says, "The devil's folly in making man politic is to appear in this, that he will at the long-run be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thralldom." Tieck adopts Ritson's explanation.

Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
 I fear,
 'T is deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
 That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
 Find little.

PHI. I am of your fear for that.

TIT. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

HOR. Most true, he does.

TIT. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,

For which I wait for money.

HOR. It is against my heart.

LUC. SERV. Mark, how strange it shows,

Timon in this should pay more than he owes:

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

HOR. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,

And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 VAR. SERV. Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns: What's yours?

LUC. SERV. Five thousand mine.

1 VAR. SERV. 'T is much deep: and it should seem by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;

Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

TIT. One of lord Timon's men.

LUC. SERV. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

FLAM. No, indeed, he is not.

TIT. We attend his lordship; 'Pray, signify so much.

FLAM. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent.

[Exit FLAMINIUS.]

Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak, muffled.

LUC. SERV. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

TIT. Do you hear, sir?

1 VAR. SERV. By your leave, sir,—

FLAV. What do you ask of me, my friend?

TIT. We wait for certain money here, sir.

FLAV. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,

'T were sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
 And take down th' interest into their gluttonous maws.
 You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
 Let me pass quietly^a:
 Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
 I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

LUC. SERV. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

FLAV. If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as you;

For you serve knaves.

[*Exit.*]

1 VAR. SERV. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 VAR. SERV. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

TIT. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

SER. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't: for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wond'rously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he is much out of health, and keeps his chamber^b.

LUC. SERV. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:

And if it be so far beyond his health,

Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a clear way to the gods.

SERV. Good gods!

TIT. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

FLAM. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

TIM. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

LUC. SERV. Put in now, Titus.

TIT. My lord, here is my bill.

LUC. SERV. Here's mine.

HOR. SERV. And mine, my lord.

BOTH VAR. SERV. And ours, my lord.

PHI. All our bills.

^a This is a fine flowing passage of the original, which Steevens has "regulated" into a harsh stiffness.

^b This speech is printed here as prose, according to the old copy. Steevens has made verse of it, after a certain fashion.

TIM. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle*.

LUC. SERV. Alas! my lord,—

TIM. Cut my heart in sums.

TIT. Mine, fifty talents.

TIM. Tell out my blood.

LUC. SERV. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

TIM. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours?—and yours?

1 VAR. SERV. My lord,—

2 VAR. SERV. My lord,—

TIM. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [Exit.

HOB. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [Exeunt.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

TIM. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves: Creditors?—devils.

FLAV. My dear lord,—

TIM. What if it should be so?

FLAM. My lord,—

TIM. I'll have it so:—My steward!

FLAV. Here, my lord.

TIM. So, fitly. Go, bid all my friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all^b:

I'll once more feast the rascals.

FLAV. O, my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;

There is not so much left, to furnish out

A moderate table.

TIM. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all; let in the tide
Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*The Senate-House.*

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 SEN. My lord, you have my voice to it;

The fault's bloody;

'T is necessary he should die:

* The quibble which Timon here employs is used by Dekker in his 'Gull's Hornbook':—"They durst not *strike down* their customers with large *bills*:" the allusion is to *bills*, or *battle-axes*.

^b This is the reading of the second folio. The first copy has,—

"Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius *Ullorza*: all."

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 SEN. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

ALCIB. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 SEN. Now, captain.

ALCIB. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;

(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 SEN. You undergo too strict a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,

Is valour misbegot, and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born:

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe;

And make his wrongs his outsides,

To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,

What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

ALCIB. My lord,—

1 SEN. You cannot make gross sins look clear;

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

ALCIB. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,

If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
 And the ass, more captain than the lion;
 The fellow^a loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good:
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
 But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.
 To be in anger is impiety;
 But who is man that is not angry?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 SEN. You breathe in vain.

ALCIB. In vain? his service done
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 SEN. What 's that?

ALCIB. Why, I say^b, my lords, he has done fair service,
 And slain in fight many of your enemies:
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 SEN. He has made too much plenty with 'em.

He 's a sworn rioter: he has a sin
 That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
 If there were no foes, that were enough^c
 To overcome him: in that beastly fury
 He has been known to commit outrages,
 And cherish factions: 't is inferr'd to us,
 His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 SEN. He dies.

ALCIB. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him,
 (Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
 And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
 Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
 And, for I know, your reverend ages love security,
 I 'll pawn my victories, all my honour to you,
 Upon his good returns.
 If by this crime he owes the law his life,
 Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
 For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

^a *Fellow*. This is usually printed *felon*.

^b The folio of 1632 has *I say*; the first folio, *say*.

^c *Alone* is generally inserted here "to complete the measure."

1 SEN. We are for law ; he dies ; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

ALCIB. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you know me.

2 SEN. How ?

ALCIB. Call me to your remembrances.

3 SEN. What ?

ALCIB. I cannot think but your age has forgot me ;
It could not else be I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace :
My wounds ache at you.

1 SEN. Do you dare our anger ?
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

ALCIB. Banish me ?

Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 SEN. If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt Senators.

ALCIB. Now, the gods keep you old enough ; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you !

I'm worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts :—All those, for this ?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds ? Banishment ?
It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'T is honour with most lands to be at odds ;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

Music. Tables set out : Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 LORD. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 LORD. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 LORD. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered : I hope it

is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his se friends.

2 LORD. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 LORD. I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which: my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me be them, and I must needs appear.

2 LORD. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, my provision was out.

1 LORD. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 LORD. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 LORD. A thousand pieces.

2 LORD. A thousand pieces!

1 LORD. What of you?

3 LORD. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

TIM. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 LORD. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 LORD. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

TIM. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are in. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's as we shall to 't presently.

1 LORD. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I ret you an empty messenger.

TIM. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 LORD. My noble lord,—

TIM. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet broug*

2 LORD. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when lordship this other day sent to me I was so unfortunate a beggar.

TIM. Think not on 't, sir.

2 LORD. If you had sent but two hours before,—

TIM. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all tog

2 LORD. All covered dishes!

1 LORD. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 LORD. Doubt not that, if money, and the season, can yield it.

1 LORD. How do you? What's the news?

3 LORD. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 LORD. Alcibiades banished!

3 LORD. 'T is so, be sure of it.

1 LORD. How? how?

2 LORD. I pray you, upon what?

TIM. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 LORD. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 LORD. This is the old man still.

3 LORD. Will 't hold, will 't hold?

2 LORD. It does: but time will—and so—

3 LORD. I do conceive.

TIM. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered, are full of warm water.]

SOME SPEAK. What does his lordship mean?

SOME OTHER. I know not.

TIM. May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;

Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces *[Throwing water in their faces.]*

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity².

[Exit.]

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords, and Senators.

1 LORD. How now, my lords?

2 LORD. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 LORD. Pish! did you see my cap?

4 LORD. I have lost my gown.

3 LORD. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

3 LORD. Did you see my cap?

2 LORD. Here 't is.

4 LORD. Here lies my gown.

1 LORD. Let's make no stay.

2 LORD. Lord Timon's mad.

3 LORD. I feel 't upon my bones.

4 LORD. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*The Parthenon.*]



[*Walls of Athens; restored.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

TIM. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdles in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens *! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths

* This passage is pointed as follows in all modern editions:—

“Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens!”

We follow the punctuation of the original. When Timon says, “Let me look back upon thee,” he apostrophises the city generally—the seat of his splendour and his misery. To say nothing of the metrical beauty of the pause after *thee*, there is much greater force and propriety, as it appears to us, in the arrangement which we adopt.

Convert ^a, o' the instant, green Virginitv—
 Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
 With it beat out his brains! piety and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,
 And yet ^b confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
 Amen.

[Exit.]

^a *Convert* is here used in the sense of *turn*—turn yourself “green Virginitv.” So in Ben Jonson's ‘Cynthia's Revels:’—

“O which way shall I first *convert* myself?”

Gifford, in a note on this passage, mentions that the word occurs in this sense in the old translation of the Bible:—“Howbeit, after this Jeroboam *converted* not from his wicked ways.”

^b *Yet*. Hanmer would read *let*. But the prayer of Timon is that, although all the bonds of social life be thrown into confusion, a dissolution of society should not ensue, but anarchy live on, with perpetual misery.

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.**Enter FLAVIUS, with Two or Three Servants.*

1 SERV. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

FLAV. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,

I am as poor as you.

1 SERV. Such a house broke!

So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not

One friend to take his fortune by the arm,

And go along with him!

2 SERV. As we do turn our backs

From our companion thrown into his grave,

So his familiars to his buried fortunes

Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,

Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,

A dedicated beggar to the air,

With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,

Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

FLAV. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 SERV. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,

That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,

Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;

And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,

Hearing the surges threat: we must all part

Into this sea of air.

FLAV. Good fellows all,

The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.

Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,

Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,

As't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,

"We have seen better days." Let each take some; [*Giving them money.*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

O, the fierce^a wretchedness that glory brings us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt?

Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live

^a *Fierce*—violent, excessive. Ben Jonson has "*fierce credulity*."

But in a dream of friendship ?
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;
 Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood ^a,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
 Who then dares to be half so kind again ?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—bless'd to be most accurs'd,
 Rich, only to be wretched—thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !
 He 's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends :
 Nor has he with him to supply his life,
 Or that which can command it.
 I 'll follow, and inquire him out :
 I 'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
 Whilst I have gold I 'll be his steward still ^b.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The Woods.**Enter TIMON.*

TIM. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes ;
 The greater scorns the lesser : Not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature :
 Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord ;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour :
 It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
 The want that makes him lean ^c. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,

^a *Blood*—natural disposition.

^b What a remarkable contrast these twenty-two lines of the Steward's speech offer to the preceding part of the scene ! They contain four rhyming couplets, and four broken lines.

^c There is considerable obscurity in all this passage, both in the progress of the thought and the form of expression. It appears to us that it may be simplified by bearing in mind that one idea runs through the whole from the commencement, "*twinn'd brothers*," down to "*the want that makes him lean*." Touch the twinn'd brothers with several fortunes, that is, with different fortunes, and the greater scorns the lesser. The poet then interposes a reflection that man's nature, obnoxious

And say, "This man's a flatterer?" If one be,
 So are they all; for every grize^a of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
 Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
 No, gods, I am no idle votarist.
 Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this, will make
 Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
 Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
 Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads^b:
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench: this is it
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again:
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the April-day again^c. Come, damned earth,

[Digging.]

as it is to all miseries, cannot bear great fortune without contempt of kindred nature. The greater and the lesser brothers now change places:—

"Raise me this beggar, and *deny* 't that lord."

This word *deny* 't was changed by Warburton into *denude*. Coleridge says "*Deny* is here clearly equal to withhold; and the *it* (quite in the genius of vehement conversation, which a syntaxist explains by ellipses and *subauditures* in a Greek or Latin classic, yet triumphs over as ignorance in contemporary) refers to accidental and artificial rank or elevation, implied in the verb *raise*." The lord is now despised, the beggar now honoured; and the poet goes on to show that the difference of property is the sole cause of the difference of estimation. He puts this in the most contemptuous way, making the power of feeding and fattening constitute the great distinction between the brother, whose pasture lards his sides, and *him*, the other brother, whose want produces leanness. It is scarcely necessary to point out all the emendations that have been proposed in the concluding lines of this passage. Warburton would read,—

"It is the pasture lards the *wether's* sides."

^a *Grize*, greese, griece, gree, are all words expressing a step—a degree.

^b *Stout* means here, in health. There was a notion that the departure of the dying was rendered easier by removing the pillow from under their heads.

^c *The April-day* is not the fool's-day, as Johnson imagined; but simply the spring-time of life. hakapere himself has, in a sonnet:—

"Calls back the lovely April of her prime."

Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a drum?—Thou 'rt quick
 But yet I'll bury thee: Thou 'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some g*

Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

ALCIB. What art thou there? Speak!

TIM. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
 For showing me again the eyes of man!

ALCIB. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thyself a man?

TIM. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

ALCIB. I know thee well;
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

TIM. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
 I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
 Religious canons, civil laws, are cruel;
 Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look.

PHRY. Thy lips rot off!

TIM. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
 To thine own lips again.

ALCIB. How came the noble Timon to this change?

TIM. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
 But then renew I could not, like the moon;
 There were no suns to borrow of.

ALCIB. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

TIM. None, but to maintain my opinion.

ALCIB. What is it, Timon?

TIM. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If thou wilt not promise,
 gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound t
 for thou 'rt a man*!

ALCIB. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

TIM. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

ALCIB. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

* This speech which, following the original, we print as prose, has been "regulated" into
 in modern editions.

TIM. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

TIMAN. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

TIM. Art thou Timandra?

TIMAN. Yes.

TIM. Be a whore still! They love thee not that use thee.

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves

For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.

TIMAN. Hang thee, monster!

ALCIB. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

TIM. I prithee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

ALCIB. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

TIM. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

ALCIB. Why, fare thee well:

Here 's some gold for thee.

TIM. Keep 't, I cannot eat it.

ALCIB. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

TIM. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

ALCIB. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

TIM. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and thee after, when thou
hast conquered!

ALCIB. Why me, Timon?

TIM. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to conquer my country*.

Put up thy gold: Go on,—here 's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He 's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself 's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

* The same principle has been pursued in the passage before us as in that noticed in page 402.

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
 But set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;
 Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
 And mince it sans remorse* : Swear against objects ;
 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers :
 Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

ALCIB. Hast thou gold yet ? I 'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
 Not all thy counsel.

TIM. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee !

PHRY. & TIMAN. Give us some gold, good Timon : Hast thou more ?

TIM. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant : You are not oathable,—
 Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
 I 'll trust to your conditions : Be whores still ;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turncoats : Yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary : And thatch your poor thin roofs
 With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,
 No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore still ;
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
 A pox of wrinkles !

PHRY. & TIMAN. Well, more gold ;—What then ?—

Believe 't, that we 'll do anything for gold.

TIM. Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the flamen
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself : down with the nose,
 Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foresee,

* An allusion to the ' Tale of Œdipus,' according to Johnson.

Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruffians bald ;
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection.—There 's more gold :—
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all* !

PHRY. & TIMAN. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

TIM. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given you earnest.

ALCIB. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon ;

If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

TIM. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

ALCIB. I never did thee harm.

TIM. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

ALCIB. Call'st thou that harm ?

TIM. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
 And take thy beagles with thee.

ALCIB. We but offend him.—

Strike. [Drum beats. *Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

TIM. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

Should yet be hungry ;—Common mother, thou,

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,

Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,

Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,

Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,

The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,

With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;

Yield him, who all the^b human sons doth hate,

From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !

Ensear thy fertile and conception's womb,

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face

Hath to the marbled mansion all above

Never presented !—O, a root,—Dear thanks !

Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,

That from it all consideration slips !

[Digging.]

* So in Chapman's 'Homer's Iliad':—

"The throats of dogs shall grave
 His manly limbs."

^b *The*. This is ordinarily printed *thy*.

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

APEM. I was directed hither: Men report

Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

TIM. 'T is then, because thou dost not keep a dog

Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

APEM. This is in thee a nature but infected^a;

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung

From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?

Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;

Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot

That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,

By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive

By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,

Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,

And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus:

Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,

To knaves and all approachers: 'T is most just

That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,

Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

TIM. Were I like thee I 'd throw away myself.

APEM. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st

That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,

Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd^b trees,

That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,

And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,

To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—

Whose naked natures live in all the spite

Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,

To the conflicting elements expos'd,

Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;

O! thou shalt find—

TIM.

A fool of thee: Depart.

^a *Infected*. So the original; the word has been changed into *affected*, the modern signification of which is not exactly the phraseology of Shakspeare. Rowe made the change; and he also with greater propriety altered "from change of future," to "from change of fortune."

^b *Moss'd*. This was a change by Hanmer from *moist* of the original. Mr. Dyce holds that *moist* is a printer's error for *moist*. In 'As You Like It,' as he points out, we have the boughs of a tree "moss'd with age."

APEM. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

TIM. I hate thee worse.

APEM. Why ?

TIM. Thou flatter'st misery.

APEM. I flatter not ; but say thou art a caitiff.

TIM. Why dost thou seek me out ?

APEM. To vex thee.

TIM. Always a villain's office, or a fool's ;

Dost please thyself in 't ?

APEM. Ay.

TIM. What ! a knave too ?

APEM. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 't were well : but thou

Dost it enforcedly ; thou 'dst courtier be again,

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :

The one is filling still, never complete ;

The other, at high wish : Best state, contentless,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

TIM. Not by his breath that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive drugs of it

Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself

In general riot ; melted down thy youth

In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary ;

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment ;

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush

Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows ;—I, to bear this,

That never knew but better, is some burden :

Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time

Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men ?

They never flatter'd thee : What hast thou given ?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,

Must be thy subject ; who, in spite, put stuff

To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! begone!
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

APEM. Art thou proud yet?

TIM. Ay, that I am not thee.

APEM. I, that I was no prodigal.

TIM. I, that I am one now;

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
 That the whole life of Athens were in this!
 Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*]

APEM. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

TIM. First mend my company, take away thyself.

APEM. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

TIM. 'T is not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
 If not, I would it were.

APEM. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

TIM. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
 Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

APEM. Here is no use for gold.

TIM. The best and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

APEM. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

TIM. Under that 's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

APEM. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

TIM. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

APEM. Where wouldst thou send it?

TIM. To sauce thy dishes.

APEM. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity^a; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There 's a medlar for thee, eat it.

TIM. On what I hate I feed not.

APEM. Dost hate a medlar?

TIM. Ay, though it look like thee.

APEM. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

TIM. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

APEM. Myself.

^a *Curiosity*—niceness, delicacy.

TIM. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

APEM. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

TIM. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

APEM. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

TIM. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

APEM. Ay, Timon.

TIM. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

APEM. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

TIM. How! has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

APEM. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

TIM. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

APEM. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

TIM. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

APEM. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

TIM. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

APEM. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

TIM. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

APEM. I would my tongue could rot them off!

TIM. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

APEM. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

TIM. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee.

[Throws a stone at him.]

APEM. Beast!

TIM. Slave!

APEM. Toad!

TIM. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch^a of hearts!

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

APEM. 'Would 't were so;—

But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

TIM. Throng'd to?

APEM. Ay.

TIM. Thy back, I prithee.

APEM. Live, and love thy misery!

TIM. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[Exit APEMANTUS.]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

1 BAN. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 BAN. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

3 BAN. Let us make the assay upon him. If he care not for 't, he will supply us easily: If he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2 BAN. True; for he bears it not about him, 't is hid.

1 BAN. Is not this he?

^a Touch—touchstone.

BANDITTI. Where?

2 BAN. 'T is his description.

3 BAN. He; I know him.

BANDITTI. Save thee, Timon.

TIM. Now, thieves?

BANDITTI. Soldiers, not thieves.

TIM. Both too; and women's sons.

BANDITTI. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

TIM. Your greatest want is you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 BAN. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

TIM. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes:

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,

That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not

In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

In limited^a professions. Rascal thieves,

Here 's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together;

Do villainy, do, since you protest^b to do 't

Like workmen. I 'll example you with thievery:

The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:

The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief;

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

From general excrement: each thing 's a thief;

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power

Have uncheck'd theft^c. Love not yourselves: away;

Rob one another. There 's more gold: Cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves: To Athens go;

Break open shops; nothing can you steal,

^a *Limited*—legalized.

^b *Protest*. The ordinary reading is *profess*. There appears no necessity for the change, for either word may be used in the sense of, to declare openly.

^c That is, the laws, being powerful, have their theft unchecked.

But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen.

[TIMON retires to his cave.]

3 BAN. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 BAN. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 BAN. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 BAN. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable but a man may be true. [Exeunt Banditti.]

Enter FLAVIUS.

FLAV. O, you gods!

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O, monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends:
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
• He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

TIM. Away! what art thou?

FLAV. Have you forgot me, sir?

TIM. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

FLAV. An honest poor servant of yours.

TIM. Then I know thee not.

I ne'er had honest man about me; ay, all
I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.

FLAV. The gods are witness,

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

TIM. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer:—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,

But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping :
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping !

FLAV. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

TIM. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one ;—
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself : But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise ;
For by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness ; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

FLAV. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late ;
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast :
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living : and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

TIM. Look thee, 't is so !—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take :—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy :
But thus condition'd : Thou shalt build from men ;
Hate all, curse all : show charity to none :
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs

What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them to nothing* : Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so, farewell, and thrive.

FLAV. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

TIM. If thou hat'st curses,

Stay not ; fly, whilst thou art bless'd and free ;
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

* Steevens prints the line thus:—

“ Debts wither them. Be men like blasted woods.”

There is some difference, we think, between to wither, and to wither *to nothing* ; but Steevens says “ I have omitted the redundant words, not only for the sake of metre, but because they are worthless.”



[*Temple of Theseus.*]



[*Timon's Cave.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before Timon's Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter ; TIMON behind, unseen.

PAIN. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

POET. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

PAIN. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'T is said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

POET. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

PAIN. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish

with the highest. Therefore, 't is not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

POET. What have you now to present unto him?

PAIN. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

POET. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him^a.

PAIN. Good as the best.

Promising is the very air o' the time;
It opens the eyes of expectation:
Performance is ever the duller for his act;
And, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,
The deed of saying is quite out of use.
To promise is most courtly and fashionable;
Performance is a kind of will, or testament,
Which argues a great sickness in his judgment
That makes it.

TIM. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

POET. I am thinking

What I shall say I have provided for him:
It must be a personating of himself:
A satire against the softness of prosperity;
With a discovery of the infinite flatteries
That follow youth and opulency.

TIM. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

POET. Nay, let 's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

PAIN. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

TIM. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!

^a It is difficult to say whether this scene, which in the original is printed as verse, ought to retain that form. In all the modern editions it is given as prose. It is certainly impossible to render some of the speeches metrical; but yet lines occur in them which would appear to have as much claim to be considered metrical as many others in this play. For example—

“Poor straggling soldiers, with great quantity.”

“Therefore, 't is not amiss we tender our loves
To him in this supposed distress of his.”

We have no doubt that the speeches of the Poet and the Painter, beginning “Good as the best” are intended to be metrical, however rugged they may appear.

'T is thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam :
 Settlest admired reverence in a slave :
 To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye
 Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey !
 'Fit I meet them.

[Advancing.

POET. Hail, worthy Timon !

PAIN. Our late noble master.

TIM. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men ?

POET. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
 Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
 Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits !
 Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
 What ! to you !
 Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
 To their whole being ! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
 The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
 With any size of words.

TIM. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better :

You, that are honest, by being what you are,
 Make them best seen, and known.

PAIN. He, and myself,
 Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
 And sweetly felt it.

TIM. Ay, you are honest men.

PAIN. We are hither come to offer you our service.

TIM. Most honest men ! Why, how shall I requite you ?
 Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ? no.

BOTH. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

TIM. You are honest men : You have heard that I have gold ;
 I am sure you have : speak truth : you're honest men.

PAIN. So it is said, my noble lord : but therefore
 Came not my friend, nor I.

TIM. Good, honest men :—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
 Best in all Athens : thou art, indeed, the best ;
 Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

PAIN. So, so, my lord.

TIM. Even so, sir, as I say :—And, for thy fiction,
 Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
 That thou art even natural in thine art.—
 But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
 I must needs say you have a little fault :
 Marry, 't is not monstrous in you ; neither wish I
 You take much pains to mend.

[To the Poet.

BOTH. Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

TIM. You 'll take it ill.

BOTH. Most thankfully, my lord.

TIM. Will you, indeed?

BOTH. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIM. There 's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

BOTH. Do we, my lord?

TIM. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom : yet remain assur'd
That he 's a made-up villain.

PAIN. I know none such, my lord.

POET. Nor I.

TIM. Look you, I love you well ; I 'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies :
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I 'll give you gold enough.

BOTH. Name them, my lord ; let 's know them.

TIM. You that way, and you this,—but two in company^a :—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.

Come not near him,—If thou wouldst not reside

[To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence ! pack ! there 's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves :

You have work for me, there 's payment : Hence^b !

You are an alchymist, make gold of that :—

Out, rascal dogs !

[Exit, beating and driving them out.

^a Mason, in his usual literal and prosaic manner, proposed to read, "not two in company." The meaning is amplified in the subsequent lines—go apart, you that way, and you this; still there are two in company—yourself and the "made-up villain."

"Rid me these villains from your companies."

^b The ordinary reading is "you have *done* work for me." Malone says, "For the insertion of the word *done*, which it is manifest was omitted by the negligence of the compositor, I am answerable. Timon in this line addresses the Painter, whom he before called 'excellent workman;' in the next the Poet." It appears to us that this is a hasty correction. Timon has overheard both the Poet and the Painter declaring that they have nothing to present to him at that time but promises, and it is with bitter irony that he says "excellent workman." In the same sarcastic spirit he now says, "You have work for me—there 's payment."

SCENE II.—*The same.**Enter FLAVIUS, and Two Senators.*

FLAV. It is vain that you would speak with Timon ;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 SEN. Bring us to his cave :
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 SEN. At all times alike
Men are not still the same : 'T was time and griefs,
That fram'd him thus : time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him : Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

FLAV. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon ! Timon !
Look out, and speak to friends : The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

TIM. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !—Speak, and be hang'd :
For each true word a blister ! and each false
Be as a caut'rising to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

1 SEN. Worthy Timon,—

TIM. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 SEN. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

TIM. I thank them ; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 SEN. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 SEN. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross :
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon ;

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
 Together with a recompense more fruitful
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
 And write in thee the figures of their love,
 Ever to read them thine.

TIM. You witch me in it ;
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears :
 Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
 And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 SEN. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
 And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
 Live with authority :—so soon we shall drive back
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
 His country's peace.

2 SEN. And shakes his threat'ning sword
 Against the walls of Athens.

1 SEN. Therefore, Timon,—

TIM. Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir : Thus,—
 If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
 That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war ;
 Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,
 I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
 And let him take't at worst ; for their knives care not,
 While you have throats to answer : for myself,
 There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
 But I do prize it at my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosperous gods,
 As thieves to keepers.

FLAV. Stay not, all's in vain.

TIM. Why, I was writing of my epitaph ;
 It will be seen to-morrow : my long sickness
 Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still ;
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,

And last so long enough!

1 SEN. We speak in vain.

TIM. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 SEN. That 's well spoke.

TIM. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 SEN. These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2 SEN. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

TIM. Commend me to them ;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them :
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 SEN. I like this well, he will return again.

TIM. I have a tree, which grows here in my close³,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

FLAV. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

TIM. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover⁴; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit TIMON.]

1 SEN. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 SEN. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 SEN. It requires swift foot.

[Exeunt.]

³ *Whom*. The original reads *who*. Steevens corrected it to *which*; Malone, to *whom*: one maintaining that the turbulent surge was to cover the grave; the other, the body in the grave.

SCENE III.—*The Walls of Athens.**Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.*

1 SEN. Thou hast painfully discover'd ; are his files
As full as thy report ?

MESS. I have spoke the least ;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 SEN. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

MESS. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend :—

Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends :—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from Timon.

1 SEN. Here come our brothers.

3 SEN. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust : In, and prepare ;
Ours is the fall, I fear ; our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tombstone seen.**Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.*

SOLD. By all description this should be the place.
Who 's here ? speak, ho !—No answer ?—What is this ?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :
Some beast rear'd ^a this ; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure ; and this his grave.—What 's on this tomb
I cannot read ; the character I 'll take with wax :
Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[*Exit.*]SCENE V.—*Before the Walls of Athens.**Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES and Forces.*

ALCIB. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

[*A parley sounded.*]

^a *Rear'd.* The original has *read.* The whole speech is so unlike Shakspeare, that it is scarcely necessary to point out its weakness and incongruity.

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pury insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight^a.

1 SEN. Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 SEN. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 SEN. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your grief: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 SEN. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess^b,
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,

^a We have adverted, in the 'Studies,' to the remarkable contrast which this, and the former scene between Alcibiades and the Senate, present, in the structure of the verse, to the harmony of Shakspeare. The opening of this scene, and indeed nearly every part of it, superior though it be to the former scene, does not give us the metre of Shakspeare. We would try it by the test which Coleridge has proposed for the opening of the first part of 'Henry VI.:'—"Read aloud any two or three passages in blank verse, even from Shakspeare's earliest dramas, as, 'Love's Labour's Lost,' or 'Romeo and Juliet; and then read in the same way this speech, with especial attention to the metre:" If the test should fail, we shall not presume to add, with Coleridge, "if you do not feel the impossibility of the latter having been written by Shakspeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears, for so has another animal, but an ear you cannot have, *me judice*."

^b *Cunning* in this line is not used in an evil sense, but with its ancient meaning of knowledge, wisdom;—Excessive shame that they have wanted wisdom has broken their hearts.

Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth ;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 SEN. All have not offended ;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 SEN. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1 SEN. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

2 SEN. Throw thy glove
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

ALCIB. Then there 's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports ;
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more : and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be rendered ^a, to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.

BOTH. 'T is most nobly spoken.

ALCIB. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

SOLD. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :

^a *Rendered.* The original has *remedied*. We agree with Mr. Dyce that this is a misprint.

And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

ALCIB. [*Reads.*]

Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft :
Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left !
Here lie I, Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*Timon's Grave.*]



[*Rake's Levee.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ SCENE I.

"Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance."

IN considering the character of Timon in our 'Studies,' we have referred to Mr. Charles Lamb's parallel between Shakspeare and Hogarth. We here reprint the passage, particularly as it affords us an occasion of introducing a miniature copy of the scene in the 'Rake's Progress,' to which Mr. Lamb alludes.

"One of the earliest and noblest enjoyments I had when a boy was in the contemplation of those capital prints by Hogarth, 'The Harlot's and Rake's Progresses,' which, along with some others, hung upon the walls of a great hall in an old-fashioned house in — shire, and seemed the solitary tenants (with myself) of that antiquated and life-deserted apartment.

"Recollection of the manner in which those prints used to affect me has often made me wonder, when I have heard Hogarth described

as a mere comic painter, as one whose chief ambition was to *raise a laugh*. To deny that there are throughout the prints which I have mentioned circumstances introduced of a laughable tendency, would be to run counter to the common notions of mankind; but to suppose that in their *ruling character* they appeal chiefly to the risible faculty, and not first and foremost to the very heart of man, its best and most serious feelings, would be to mistake no less grossly their aim and purpose. A set of severer satires, (for they are not so much comedies, which they have been likened to, as they are strong and masculine satires,) less mingled with anything of mere fun, were never written upon paper, or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal, or the satiric touches in 'Timon of Athens.'

"I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered, 'Shakspeare:' being asked which he esteemed the next best, replied,

SCENE I.]

TIMON OF ATHENS.

'Hogarth.' His graphic representations are indeed books: they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Others' pictures we look at,—his prints we read.

"In pursuance of this parallel, I have sometimes entertained myself with comparing the 'Timon of Athens' of Shakspeare (which I have just mentioned) and Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress' together. The story, the moral, in both is nearly the same. The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts, and in the other with conducting the Rake through his several stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature. The 'Levee of the

Rake,' which forms the subject of the *plate* in the series, is almost a transcript of Timon's Levee in the opening scene of that play. We find a dedicating poet and other similar characters, in both. The concluding scene of the 'Rake's Progress' is perhaps superior to the last scenes of 'Timon.'"

This delightful writer has not observed in another of Hogarth's admirable transcripts of human life, 'The Marriage à-la-Mode,' painter has also exhibited an idea which is found in the 'Timon of Athens'—the faithful steward vainly endeavouring to present a picture of the approach of debt and dishonour to his neglected accounts:—

"O, my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts;
Laid them before you; you would throw them on



[*Marriage à-la-Mode.*]

ACT III.

* SCENE VI.

*"Burn house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity."*

PLUTARCH distinctly records the circumstance which converted the generous Timon into a misanthrope. We subjoin from North's translation the entire passage relating to Timon:—

"Antonius forsook the city (Alexandria) and company of his friends, and built him a house in the sea, by the Isle of Pharos, upon certain forced mounts which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there as a man that banished himself from all men's company: saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him that was afore offered unto Timon; and that *for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man.* This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato and Aristophanes' comedies: in the which they mocked him, calling him a viper, and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would greatly feast and make much of, and kissed him very gladly. Apemantus pondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others: Timon answered him, 'I do it,' said he, 'because I know that one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians.' This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his company, because he was much like to his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feasts

called Choe at Athens, (to wit, the feasts of the dead, where they made sprinklings and sacrifices for the dead,) and that they two then seated together by themselves, Apemantus said unto the other: 'O, here is a trim banquet, Timon.' Timon answered again, 'Yea,' said he, 'so thou wert not here.' It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market-place about despatch of some affairs) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly used to speak unto the people; and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place; at length he began to speak in this manner:—

'My lords of Athens, I have a little yard in my house, where there groweth a fig-tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and because I mean to make some building upon that place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the fig-tree be cut down, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves.' He died in the city of Thales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now it chanced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:—

'Here lies a wretched corpse, of wretched soul bereft,
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked
wretches left.'

It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which was commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:—

'Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate,
Pass by, and curse thy ill; but pass, and stay not here
thy gate.'



[Alcibiades.]

ACT V.

SCENE II.

"I have a tree, which grows here in my close."

WE have referred, in our Introductory Remarks, to the 28th novel of 'The Palace of Pleasure,' as an example of the popular notion of the character of Timon of Athens. The story of Timon's feast with Apemantus, as well as that of the fig-tree, is found also in Plutarch. (See Illustration of Act III.) We subjoin the 'Novel' from 'The Palace of Pleasure' without abridgment:—

"Of the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens, enemy to mankind, with his death, burial, and epitaph.

"All the beasts of the world do apply themselves to other beasts of their kind, Timon of Athens only excepted: of whose strange nature Plutarch is astonished, in the life of Marcus Antonius. Plato and Aristophanes do report his marvellous nature, because he was a man but by shape only; in qualities he was the capital enemy of mankind, which he confessed frankly utterly to abhor and hate. He dwelt alone in a little cabin in the fields not far from Athens, separated from all neighbours and company: he never went to the city, or to any other habitable place, except he was constrained: he could not abide any man's company and conversation: he was never seen to go to any man's house, nor yet would suffer them to come to him. At the

same time there was in Athens another of like quality, called Apemantus, of the very same nature, different from the natural kind of man, and lodged likewise in the middle of the fields. On a day they two being alone together at dinner, Apemantus said unto him, 'O, Timon, what a pleasant feast is this! and what a merry company are we, being no more but thou and I!' 'Nay, (quoth Timon,) it would be a merry banquet indeed, if there were none here but myself.'

"Wherein he showed how like a beast (indeed) he was: for he could not abide any other man, being not able to suffer the company of him, which was of like nature. And if by chance he happened to go to Athens, it was only to speak with Alcibiades, who then was an excellent captain there, whereat many did marvel; and therefore Apemantus demanded of him, why he spake to no man but to Alcibiades? 'I speak to him sometimes,' said Timon, 'because I know that by his occasion the Athenians shall receive great hurt and trouble.' Which words many times he told to Alcibiades himself. He had a garden adjoining to his house in the fields, wherein was a fig-tree, whereupon many desperate men ordinarily did hang themselves; in place whereof he purposed to set up a house, and therefore was forced to cut it down, for which cause he went to Athens, and, in the market-place, he called the people

about him, saying that he had news to tell them: when the people understood that he was about to make a discourse unto them, which was wont to speak to no man, they marvelled, and the citizens on every part of the city ran to hear him; to whom he said, that he purposed to cut down his fig-tree to build a house upon the place where it stood. 'Wherefore (quoth he) if there be any man among you all in this company that is disposed to hang himself, let him come betimes before it be cut down.' Having thus bestowed his charity among the people, he returned to his lodging, where he lived a certain time after without alteration of nature; and because that nature changed not in his life-time, he would not suffer that death should alter or vary the same: for like as he lived a beastly and churlish life, even so he re-

quired to have his funeral done after that manner. By his last will he ordained himself to be interred upon the sea-shore, that the waves and surges might beat and vex his dead carcase. Yea, and that if it were possible, his desire was to be buried in the depth of the sea; causing an epitaph to be made, wherein were described the qualities of his brutish life. Plutarch also reporteth another to be made by Callimachus, much like to that which Timon made himself, whose own soundeth to this effect in English verse:—

" ' My wretched catife days,
Expired now and past:
My carren corpes interred here,
Is fast in ground:
In waltring waves of swelling
Ling sea, by surges cast,
My name if thou desire,
The gods thee do confound.' "



[Temperance. From Raffadie.]

SCENERY AND COSTUME.

THE localities which are represented in this play are chiefly of such Athenian remains as belong to the historical period of Alcibiades.

It may be sufficient for the Costume of this play to refer our readers to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' The Elgin Marbles, in both cases, furnish the principal authorities. The

age of Pericles, rich in art, as well as luxurious and magnificent, was the period which immediately preceded that of Timon; and it would, of course, suggest the employment, in the representation of this drama, of great scenic splendour.



[Pericles

KING LEAR.





[Lear. After a study by Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE first edition of 'King Lear' was published in 1608; two other editions were published by Butter in the same year. It is remarkable that a play of which three editions were demanded in one year should not have been reprinted till it was collected in the folio of 1623. Whether 'Lear' was piratical, or whether a limited publication was allowed, it is clear, we think, that by some interference the continued publication was stopped.

The text of the folio, in one material respect, differs considerably from that of the quartos. Large passages which are found in the quartos are omitted in the folio: there are, indeed, some lines found in the folio which are not in the quartos, amounting to about fifty. These are scattered passages, not very remarkable when detached, but for the most part essential to the progress of the action or to the development of character. On the other hand, the lines found in the quartos which are not in the folio amount to as many as two hundred and twenty-five; and they comprise one entire scene and one or two of the most striking connected passages in the drama. It would be easy to account for these omissions, by the assumption that in the folio edition the original

play was cut down by the editors; for 'Lear,' without the omissions, is perhaps the longest of Shakspeare's plays, with the exception of 'Hamlet.' But this theory would require us to assume, also, that the additions to the folio were made by the editors. These comprise several such minute touches as none but the hand of the master could have super-added.

The story of 'Lear' belongs to the popular literature of Europe. It is a pretty episode in the fabulous chronicles of Britain; and whether invented by the monkish historians, or transplanted into our annals from some foreign source, is not very material. In the 'Gesta Romanorum,' the same story is told of Theodosius, "a wise emperor in the city of Rome."

Shelley, in his eloquent 'Defence of Poetry,' published in his 'Posthumous Essays,' &c., has stated the grounds for his belief that the 'Lear' of Shakspeare may sustain a comparison with the masterpieces of the Greek tragedy. "The modern practice of blending comedy with tragedy, though liable to great abuse in point of practice, is undoubtedly an extension of the dramatic circle; but the comedy should be, as in 'King Lear,' universal, ideal, and sublime. It is, perhaps, the intervention

of this principle which determines the balance in favour of 'King Lear' against the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' or the 'Agamemnon,' or, if you will, the trilogies with which they are connected; unless the intense power of the choral poetry, especially that of the latter, should be considered as restoring the equilibrium. 'King Lear,' if it can sustain that comparison, may be judged to be the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world." We can understand this now. But if any writer before the commencement of the present century, and indeed long after, had talked of the comedy of 'Lear' as being "universal, ideal, and sublime," and had chosen *that* as the excellence to balance against "the intense power of the choral poetry" of Æschylus and Sophocles, he would have been referred to the authority of Voltaire, who, in his letter to the Academy, describes such works of Shakspeare as forming "an obscure chaos, composed of murders and buffooneries, of heroism and meanness."

In certain schools of criticism, even yet, the notion that 'Lear' "may be judged to be the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world" would be treated as a mere visionary conceit; and we should still be reminded that Shakspeare was a "wild and irregular genius," producing these results because he could not help it. In France are still heard the feeble echoes of the contest between the disciples of the romantic and the classic schools.

Nahum Tate did not unfitly represent his age, when he said of 'Lear,' "It is a heap of

jewels, unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder that I soon perceived I had seized a treasure."

There is only one mode in which such a production as the 'Lear' of Shakspeare can be understood—by study, and by reverential reflection. The age which produced the miserable parody of 'Lear' that, till within a few years, had banished the 'Lear' of Shakspeare from the stage, was, as far as regards the knowledge of the highest efforts of intellect, a presumptuous, artificial, and therefore empty age. Tate was tolerated because Shakspeare was not read. We have arrived, in some degree, to a better judgment, because we have learnt to judge more humbly. We have learnt to compare the highest works of the highest masters of poetry, not by the pedantic principle of considering a modern great only to the extent in which he is an imitator of an ancient, but by endeavouring to comprehend the idea in which the modern and the ancient each worked. The Cordelia of Shakspeare and the Antigone of Sophocles have many points of similarity; but they each belong to a different system of art. It is for the highest minds only to carry their several systems to an approach to the perfection to which Shakspeare and Sophocles have carried them. It was for the feeblest of imitators, in a feeble age, to produce such parodies as those of Tate, under the pretence of substituting order for irregularity, but in utter ignorance of the principle of order which was too skilfully framed to be visible to the grossness of their taste.



[Sophocles.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, King of Britain.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 6.

Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

KING OF FRANCE.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

DUKE OF CORNWALL.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7.

DUKE OF ALBANY.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2.

Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

EARL OF KENT.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 7.

Act V. sc. 3.

EARL OF GLOSTER.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6.

Act V. sc. 2.

EDGAR, son to Gloster.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Act III. sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6.

Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

EDMUND, bastard son to Gloster.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Act III. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2.

Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

CURAN, a courtier.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

Old Man, tenant to Gloster.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1.

Physician.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

Fool.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 4.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.

OSWALD, steward to Goneril.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.

Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6.

An Officer, employed by Edmund.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 7.

A Herald.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

Servants to Cornwall.

Appear, Act III. sc. 7.

GONERIL, daughter to Lear.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 4.

Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

REGAN, daughter to Lear.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

Act III. sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

CORDELIA, daughter to Lear.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 7.

Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Mes-
sengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—BRITAIN.



[Scene IV.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—King Lear's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

KENT. I thought the king had more affected the duke of Albany than Cornwall.
GLO. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom^a, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for qualities^b are so weigh'd, that curiosity^c in neither can make choice of either's moiety^d.

^a Johnson says, "There is something of obscurity, or inaccuracy, in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet, when he enters, he examines his daughters to discover in what proportions he should divide it." Coleridge has shown that there is no inaccuracy; but that the king, having determined upon the division of his kingdom, institutes the trial of professions in strict accordance with his complicated character.

^b *Qualities.* In the quartos, *equalities*.

^c *Curiosity*—exact scrutiny.

^d *Moiety.* In the same way Hotspur calls his third share a moiety. In both these cases it is used for an assigned proportion. (See note on 'Henry IV., Part I.,' Act III., Scene 1.)

KENT. Is not this your son, my lord?

GLO. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to 't.

KENT. I cannot conceive you.

GLO. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

KENT. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

GLO. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily to^a the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

EDM. No, my lord.

GLO. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

EDM. My services to your lordship.

KENT. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

EDM. Sir, I shall study deserving.

GLO. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.
[Trumpets sound within.]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELLA, and Attendants.

LEAR. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

GLO. I shall, my liege. [Exeunt GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

LEAR. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: and 't is our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge^a.—Goneril,
Our eldest born, speak first.

^a To—the quartos, *into*.

^b The quartos, “*where merit doth most challenge it*.”

GON. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter,
 Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
 As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

COR. What shall Cordelia speak^a? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*

LEAR. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
 With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issues
 Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
 Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

REG. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
 I find she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short,—that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
 And find, I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.

COR. Then poor Cordelia!

[*Aside.*

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
 More ponderous^b than my tongue.

LEAR. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
 No less in space, validity^c, and pleasure,
 Than that conferr'd^d on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
 Although our last and least; to whose young love^e

^a *Speak.* The quartos read, "What shall Cordelia do?" This feebleness destroys the force of the answer, "Love, and be silent."

^b *Ponderous.* The quartos, *richer*.

^c *Validity*—value, worth.

^d *Conferr'd.* The quartos read *confirm'd*. In the same way, in the beginning of the scene, when Lear, according to the folio, says, "*Conferring* them on younger strengths,"—the quarto reads *confirming*.

^e We give the text as it stands in the folio, by which we lose the words which have passed into a household phrase, "Although the last not least." But in truth the modern text is not to be found in any edition of Shakspeare. The quartos read,—

"But now our joy,
 Although the last, *not least in our dear love*,
 What can you say to win a third, more opulent
 Than your sisters?"

It will be seen that the poet has revised his text, re-arranging the lines, and introducing a new member of the sentence, "to whose young love," &c. Johnson says, "The true reading is picked out of two copies:" but surely this mode of picking out is least likely to furnish us with the true reading.

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interest'd^a; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

COR. Nothing, my lord.

LEAR. Nothing?

COR. Nothing.

LEAR. Nothing will come of nothing^b: speak again.

COR. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave

My heart into my mouth; I love your majesty
According to my bond; no more, nor less.

LEAR. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest you^c may mar your fortunes.

COR. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
[To love my father all.^d]

LEAR. But goes thy heart with this^e?

COR. Ay, my good lord.

LEAR. So young, and so untender?

COR. So young, my lord, and true.

LEAR. Let it be so:—Thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes

^a *Interest'd*. This verb, from the French *intéresser*, is used also by Ben Jonson and Massinger.

^b The quartos read, "nothing can come of nothing." The ancient saying, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, is repeated in the fourth scene of this Act even more literally: "nothing can be made out of nothing."

^c *You*—the quartos, *it*.

^d The line in brackets is not found in the folio.

^e The quartos read, "But goes this with thy heart?" and Malone attributes the change in the folio to the editor of that edition, who, he says, did not understand this kind of phraseology. We have no doubt, speaking generally, that the minute changes of language in the folio are of the author, not of the editor.

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

KENT. Good my liege,—

LEAR. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!— [To CORDELIA.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
The name, and all the addition^a to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [Giving the crown.

KENT. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

LEAR. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

KENT. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade

The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty falls^b to folly. Reserve thy state^c;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.

LEAR. Kent, on thy life, no more.

KENT. My life I never held but as a pawn

^a Addition—the quartos, *additions*.

^b Falls—the quartos, *stoops*.

^c Reserve thy state—the quartos, *reverse thy doom*.

To wage against thine enemies; ne'er fear to lose it,
Thy safety being motive.

LEAR. Out of my sight!

KENT. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

LEAR. Now, by Apollo,—

KENT. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

LEAR. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

ALB., CORN. Dear sir, forbear.

KENT. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

LEAR. Hear me, recreant! On thine allegiance, hear me!—
That thou hast sought to make us break our vows,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentences and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from disasters^a of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! by Jupiter^b,
This shall not be revok'd.

KENT. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu:
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*To CORDELIA.*]

[*To REGAN and GON.*]

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

GLO. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR. My lord of Burgundy,

^a *Disasters*—the quartos, *diseases*.

^b *By Jupiter.* Johnson says, "Shakspeare makes his Lear too much of a mythologist; he had Hecate and Apollo before." Our poet was perfectly justified by the example of the chroniclers in making Lear invoke the heathen deities.

We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter : What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love ?

BUR. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

LEAR. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;
But now her price is fall'n : Sir, there she stands ;
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She 's there, and she is yours.

BUR. I know no answer.

LEAR. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her ?

BUR. Pardon me, royal sir,
Election makes not up in such conditions^a.

LEAR. Then leave her, sir ; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate ; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

[To FRANCE.

FRANCE. This is most strange !
That she, who even but now was your best object^b,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour ! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint^c : which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle

^a The quartos read, "on such conditions;" and M. Mason proposes to read—

" Election makes not, upon such conditions."

To *make up* is here to decide—to conclude;—the *choice* of Burgundy refuses to come to a decision, *in* such circumstances, or *on* such terms.

^b *Best* is omitted in the folio, but is found in the quartos.

^c M. Mason interprets this passage thus:—Her offence must be monstrous, or the former affection which you professed for her must fall into taint—become the subject of reproach.

Should never plant in me.

COR. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not ; since what I will intend,
I 'll do 't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour :
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

LEAR. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not t' have pleas'd me better.

FRANCE. Is it but this ? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do ?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady ? Love 's not love,
When it is mingled with regards^a that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her ?
She is herself a dowry.

BUR. Royal king^b,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

LEAR. Nothing : I have sworn : I am firm.

BUR. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

COR. Peace be with Burgundy !
Since that respects of fortune^c are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

FRANCE. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor ;
Most choice, forsaken ; and most lov'd, despis'd !
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon :
Be it lawful, I take up what 's cast away.
Gods, gods ! 't is strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—

^a *Regards*, the reading of the folio, means *considerations* ; the quartos read *respects*, which has the same meaning.

^b *Royal king*, in the folio ; the quartos, *Royal Lear*.

^c *Respects of fortune*—so the quartos ; the folio, *respect and fortunes*.

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind :
Thou losest here, a better where^a to find.

LEAR. Thou hast her, France : let her be thine, for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again :—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.

Come, noble Burgundy. [*Flourish. Exeunt LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.*]

FRANCE. Bid farewell to your sisters.

COR. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love^b well our father :
To your professed bosoms I commit him :
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

REG. Prescribe not us our duty^c.

GON. Let your study
Be, to content your lord ; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

COR. Time shall unfold what plighted^d cunning hides ;
Who covers faults at last with shame derides^e.
Well may you prosper !

FRANCE. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*]

GON. Sister, it is not little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us
both. I think our father will hence to-night.

REG. That 's most certain, and with you ; next month with us.

^a *Here and where* are used as nouns. We have a similar use of *where* in the 'Comedy of Errors,' Act II., Scene 1 :

"How if your husband start some other *where* ?"

See note on that passage.

^b *Love*—the quartos, *use*.

^c In the quartos this speech is given to Goneril, and the next to Regan. The folio has *duty*—the quartos, *duties*.

^d *Plighted*—the quartos read *pleated*. In modern editions we have *plaited*. To *plight*; and to *plait*, equally mean to *fold*. In Milton's 'History of England,' Boadicea wears "a *plighted* garment of divers colours." In the exquisite passage in 'Comus'—

"I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' *plighted* clouds"—

the epithet has the same meaning.

^e This line is ordinarily printed—

"Who cover faults, at last shame them derides."

But we have no doubt that the reading of the folio is right, and that *who* refers to *time*.

GON. You see how full of changes his age is ; the observation we have made of it hath been little : he always loved our sister most ; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

REG. 'T is the infirmity of his age : yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

GON. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash : then must we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

REG. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

GON. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us sit^a together : if our father carry authority with such disposition^b as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

REG. We shall further think of it.

GON. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

EDM. Thou, nature, art my goddess ; to thy law
My services are bound : Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom ; and permit
The curiosity^c of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother ? Why bastard ? Wherefore base ?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue ? Why brand they us
With base ? with baseness ? bastardy ? base, base ?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake ?—Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land :
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate : Fine word,—legitimate !
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base

^a *Sit*—the quarto, *hit*.

^b *Disposition*—the quartos, *dispositions*.

^c *Curiosity*. In the first scene this word is used in the sense of exact scrutiny ; in the passage before us the meaning approaches more nearly to *fastidiousness*.

Shall top the legitimate^a. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! prescrib'd^b his power!
Confin'd to exhibition^c! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now; what news?

EDM. So please your lordship, none. [*Putting up the letter.*]

GLO. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

EDM. I know no news, my lord.

GLO. What paper were you reading?

EDM. Nothing, my lord.

GLO. No? what needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

EDM. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read: and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

GLO. Give me the letter, sir.

EDM. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

GLO. Let's see, let's see.

EDM. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay^d or taste of my virtue.

GLO. [*Reads.*] "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar."

Humph—Conspiracy!

"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue."

My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

EDM. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

^a *Top the legitimate.* In the folio, we find, *to' th' legitimate*; in the quarto, *tooth' legitimate*. *Top* was suggested by Edwards in the 'Canons of Criticism.' *Toe* is Hamner's reading.

^b *Prescrib'd*—the quarto reads *subscrib'd*.

^c *Exhibition*—allowance.

^d *Essay—assay—say*—signified such proof or examination as was made by the assayer of coin, or the taster at royal tables. In the latter sense we have the word in Chapman's 'Homer'—

"Atrides with his knife took *say* upon the part before."

We have the word *say* in a subsequent scene (Act V., Scene 3)—

"And that thy tongue some *say* of breeding breathes."

GLO. You know the character to be your brother's?

EDM. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

GLO. It is his.

EDM. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

GLO. Has he never before^a sounded you in this business?

EDM. Never, my lord: But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined^b, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

GLO. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

EDM. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where^c, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence^d of danger.

GLO. Think you so?

EDM. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLO. He cannot be such a monster.

[EDM. Nor is not, sure.

GLO. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth! ^e] Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution^f.

EDM. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey^g the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

GLO. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of

^a *Has he, &c.*—the quartos, *hath he never heretofore.*

^b *Declined*—the quartos, *declining.*

^c *Where*—in the sense of *whereas.*

^d *Pretence*—purpose.

^e The passage between brackets is omitted in the folio.

^f *Steevens* represents *Gloster* to say, he would unstate himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish *Edgar*—that is, he would give up his rank and his fortune; *Mason*, he would give all he possessed to be certain of the truth.

^g *Convey*—manage.

nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence honesty!—'T is strange! [Exit.]

EDM. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers*, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*: so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardising.

Enter EDGAR.

PAT: he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi¹.

EDG. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

EDM. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

EDG. Do you busy yourself with that?

EDM. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; [as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

EDG. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

EDM. Come, come; ^b] when saw you my father last?

EDG. The night gone by.

EDM. Spake you with him?

EDG. Ay, two hours together.

EDM. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

EDG. None at all.

EDM. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

* *Treachers*. Treacher is the French *tricheur*, a trickster—a cheat. The word is used by Chaucer, by Spenser, and the dramatic contemporaries of Shakspeare.

^b The passages between brackets are omitted in the folio.

EDG. Some villain hath done me wrong.

EDM. That 's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there 's my key;—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

EDG. Armed, brother?

EDM. Brother, I advise you to the best^a. I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you away.

EDG. Shall I hear from you anon?

EDM. I do serve you in this business.—

[Exit EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me 's meet that I can fashion fit.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

GON. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

STEW. Ay, madam.

GON. By day and night he wrongs me^b; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I 'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—

^a We print the passages beginning "that 's my fear" according to the text of the folio. The dialogue in the quartos is much briefer—

"EDG. Some villain hath done me wrong.

BAST. That 's my fear, brother; I advise you to the best, go arm'd."

The advice here is simply *go arm'd*. In the text of the folio Edmund also advises his brother to retire with him to his lodging. Some modern editors take all they can find in the folio, and all in the quartos, and upon this principle keep the *go arm'd* of the quartos after *brother, I advise you to the best*, when, as the speech is altered in the folio, those words refer to other matters than *go arm'd*.

^b This is ordinarily pointed,

"By day and night! he wrongs me."

We doubt, however, whether *by day and night* was meant as an adjuration. We have indeed in 'Hamlet'—

"O day and night! but this is wondrous strange."

But we think with Steevens that, in the passage before us, *by day and night* means always,—every way,—constantly.

If you come slack of former services
You shall do well; the fault of it I 'll answer.

STEW. He 's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

GON. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I 'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it^a, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
[Not to be overrul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.^b
Remember what I have said.

STEW. Well, madam.

GON. And let his knights have colder looks among you; what grows of it no matter; advise your fellows so: [I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speak:]—I 'll write straight to my sister, to hold my course:—Prepare for dinner.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

KENT. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come thy master, whom thou lov'st^d,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

LEAR. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*]
How now, what art thou?

^a *Distaste*—the quartos, *dislike*.

^b The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio.

^c This speech has been arranged metrically by some modern editors; but so regulated it reads very harshly. In the distinction between prose and verse we have almost invariably followed the folio, which in this respect is most carefully printed. The quartos, on the contrary, not only confound the differences between prose and verse, but give us the verse in the most inexact and capricious manner, presenting every appearance of a *reported* text—a copy taken down as the dialogue was spoken,—in which case it would be very difficult for a reporter to detect the beginnings and ends of lines, and to mark what was intended to be metrical and what not.

^d This line is ordinarily printed thus,—

“ (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st.”

We follow the punctuation of the original, by which we understand, so it may come that thy master, &c.

KENT. A man, sir.

LEAR. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

KENT. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

LEAR. What art thou?

KENT. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

LEAR. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

KENT. Service.

LEAR. Who wouldst thou serve?

KENT. You.

LEAR. Dost thou know me, fellow?

KENT. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

LEAR. What's that?

KENT. Authority.

LEAR. What services canst thou do?

KENT. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in: and the best of me is diligence.

LEAR. How old art thou?

KENT. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything: I have years on my back forty-eight.

LEAR. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner.—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

STEW. So please you,—

[*Exit.*]

LEAR. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

KNIGHT. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

LEAR. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

KNIGHT. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

LEAR. He would not!

KNIGHT. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

LEAR. Ha! say'st thou so?

KNIGHT. I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken: for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

LEAR. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't. But where 's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

KNIGHT. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

LEAR. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: Who am I, sir?

STEW. My lady's father.

LEAR. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

STEW. I am none of these, my lord: I beseech your pardon.

LEAR. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? *[Striking him.]*

STEW. I 'll not be stricken, my lord.

KENT. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player. *[Tripping up his heels.]*

LEAR. I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st me, and I 'll love thee.

KENT. Come, sir, arise, away; I 'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so. *[Pushes the Steward out.]*

LEAR. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there 's earnest of thy service. *[Giving KENT money.]*

Enter Fool.

FOOL. Let me hire him, too;—Here 's my coxcomb^a. *[Giving KENT his cap.]*

LEAR. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

FOOL. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

KENT. Why, fool^a?

FOOL. Why? For taking one 's part that 's out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

LEAR. Why, my boy?

FOOL. If I gave them all my living^b, I 'd keep my coxcombs myself: There 's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

LEAR. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

^a So the quarto. The alteration of the folio to "why, my boy?" might lead us to infer that the speech was intended for *Lear*; and that, however it might have been written originally, the poet in his amended copy would not permit Kent, in his character of serving-man, so soon to begin bandying questions with Lear's favourite.

^b *Living*—estate—means of living.

FOOL. Truth 's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when the lady brach^a may stand by the fire and stink.

LEAR. A pestilent gall to me!

FOOL. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

LEAR. Do.

FOOL. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest^b,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

KENT. This is nothing, fool^c.

FOOL. Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

LEAR. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

FOOL. Prithee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [To KENT.]

LEAR. A bitter fool!

FOOL. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

LEAR. No, lad; teach me.

FOOL. [That lord that counsell'd thee to give away thy land,
Come place him here by me, do thou for him stand:
'The sweet and bitter fool will presently appear;
The one in motley here—the other found out there.

LEAR. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

FOOL. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

KENT. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

FOOL. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't³: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they 'll be snatching.^d—] Nuncle, give me an egg, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

LEAR. What two crowns shall they be?

^a *Lady brach*—the quartos "lady o' the brach." The modern editors read "Lady the brach." They have adopted this reading because Hotspur says,—

"I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish."

According to Blount, in his 'Ancient Tenures,' a female harrier is a brach.

^b *Owest*—ownest.

^c In the quartos this speech is given to *Lear*; but it appears to us that the folio with great propriety assigns it to *Kent*, in reply to the fool's address to him, "Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech."

^d The passages in brackets are not in the folio.

FOOL. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

“Fools had ne'er less grace in a year:
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.” [Singing.]

LEAR. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

FOOL. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers^a; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and putt'st down thine own breeches,

“Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fool among.” [Singing.]

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

LEAR. An you lie, sirrah, we 'll have you whipp'd.

FOOL. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they 'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou 'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

LEAR. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks^b, you are too much of late i' the frown.

FOOL. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for hef frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum,
He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That 's a sheal'd peascod.

[Pointing to LEAR.]

GON. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

^a *Thy mothers*—the quartos, thy mother.

^b *Methinks* is omitted in the folio.

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which, if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

FOOL. For you know, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling^a.

LEAR. Are you our daughter?

GON. I would you would make use of your good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are^b.

FOOL. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug!
I love thee.

LEAR. Does any here know me? This is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied. Ha! waking? 't is not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am^c?—

^a Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a note upon this line, says that Shakspeare's fools were copies of originals, who "had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind." He adds, "I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakspeare often finishes this Fool's speeches." But the words before us are not incoherent words. The expression "so out went the candle," &c., may have been proverbial to signify the desertion of a man by his mercenary friends, when he is become a "sheal'd peascod." But Shakspeare found the almost identical image applied to the story of 'Lear,' as related by Spenser:

"But true it is, that, *when the oil is spent,*
The light goes out and wick is throw away;
So when he had resign'd his regiment,
His daughter 'gan despise his drooping day."

^b This speech is ordinarily printed in prose, as in the quartos. In them it begins with "Come, sir;" which being rejected, it is rendered strictly metrical, as in the folio.

^c This speech is again generally printed as prose, after the quartos. Several words have been rejected in the folio to render it metrical; and a more important change is that after Lear's question—

"Who is it that can tell me who I am?"

The Fool answers—"Lear's shadow." This most emphatic passage is destroyed in the quartos, and in some modern editions, by Lear replying to his own question. The passage in brackets which follows is not found in the folio. We point Lear's speech in that passage according to Tyrwhitt's suggestion. Lear is continuing to speak, without reference to the Fool's interposition; and the Fool in the same way continues the thread of his comment.—

"Which they will make an obedient father"

refers to shadow.

FOOL. Lear's shadow.—

[LEAR. I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters—

FOOL. Which they will make an obedient father.]

LEAR. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GON. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her that else will take the things she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

LEAR. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

GON. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

LEAR. Woe, that too late repents,—[O, sir, are you come?]^a
Is it your will? [To ALB.] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

ALB. Pray, sir, be patient.

LEAR. Detested kite! thou liest:

[To GONERIL.

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know:
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,

^a The words in brackets are not in the folio.

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
 Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
 And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

[Striking his head.]

ALB. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
 Of what hath mov'd you.

LEAR. It may be so, my lord,—

Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
 Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
 To make this creature fruitful^a!
 Into her womb convey sterility!
 Dry up in her the organs of increase;
 And from her derogate body never spring
 A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child.—Away, away!

[Exit.]

ALB. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

GON. Never afflict yourself to know more of it^b;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 As dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

LEAR. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
 Within a fortnight?

ALB. What 's the matter, sir?

LEAR. I 'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am asham'd
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
 That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
 The untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I 'll pluck ye out;
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,

[To GONERIL.]

^a We print these four lines according to the metrical arrangement of the folio. In the quartos they are given as prose. We cannot conceive of anything more destructive to the terrific beauty of the passage than the "regulation" by which it is distorted into the following lines, the usual text:—

"It may be so, my lord,—Hear, nature, hear;
 Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
 Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!"

^b *More of it*—in the quartos, *the cause*.

To temper clay.—Ha! Let it be so:—

I have another daughter^a,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;

When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She 'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,

That I 'll resume the shape which thou dost think

I have cast off for ever^b.

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.*]

GON. Do you mark that?

ALB. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you,—

GON. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!

You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*]

FOOL. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry; take the fool with thee.

A fox when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*]

GON. This man hath had good counsel:—A hundred knights!

'T is politic, and safe, to let him keep

At point a hundred knights! Yes, that on every dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

ALB. Well, you may fear too far.

GON. Safer than trust too far^c.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:

What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister;

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness—How now, Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

STEW. Ay, madam.

GON. Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;

And thereto add such reasons of your own,

^a We print this passage as in the folio. It is ordinarily given—

“Ha! is it come to this?”

Let it be so; yet have I left a daughter.”

The passage in the quarto stands thus—[“Yea, is it come to this? yet have I left a daughter.”] Johnson states, “the reading is here gleaned up, part from the first, part from the second edition”—a mode of editing which appears to us little better than childish.

^b In the quartos, *Thou shalt, I warrant thee*, follows.

Too far—Steevens rejects these words, after his tasteless fashion of emendation.

As may compact it more. Get you gone ;
 And hasten your return. [*Exit Steward.*] No, no, my lord,
 This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
 Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
 You are much more attask'd* for want of wisdom,
 Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

ALB. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell ;
 Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.

GON. Nay, then,—

ALB. Well, well ; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

LEAR. Go you before to Gloster with these letters : acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter : If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

KENT. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

FOOL. If a man's brains were in his heels, were 't not in danger of kibes ?

LEAR. Ay, boy.

FOOL. Then, I prithee, be merry ; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

LEAR. Ha, ha, ha !

FOOL. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly ; for though she 's as like this as a crab 's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

LEAR. What canst tell, boy ?

FOOL. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face ?

LEAR. No.

FOOL. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose ; that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.

LEAR. I did her wrong :—

FOOL. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

LEAR. No.

FOOL. Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

LEAR. Why ?

FOOL. Why, to put his head in ; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

LEAR. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father !—Be my horses ready ?

FOOL. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no mo than seven is a pretty reason.

LEAR. Because they are not eight ?

FOOL. Yes, indeed : Thou wouldst make a good fool.

* *Attask'd* is the reading of the first quarto. The folio, *at task*.

LEAR. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

FOOL. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I 'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

LEAR. How 's that?

FOOL. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

LEAR. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

GENT. Ready, my lord.

LEAR. Come, boy.

FOOL. She that 's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[Exeunt.]





[“ I heard myself proclaimed.”]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

EDM. Save thee, Curan.

CUR. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice **that** the duke of Cornwall, and Regan, his duchess, will be here with him **this** night.

EDM. How comes that?

CUR. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

EDM. Not I. 'Pray you, what are they?

CUR. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

EDM. Not a word.

CUR. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

EDM. The duke be here to-night! The better, best!
 This weaves itself perforce into my business!
 My father hath set guard to take my brother;
 And I have one thing, of a queazy^a question,
 Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
 Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
 Intelligence is given where you are hid;
 You have now the good advantage of the night:—
 Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
 He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
 And Regan with him: Have you nothing said
 Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
 Advise yourself.

EDG. I am sure on 't, not a word.

EDM. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
 In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
 Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.
 Yield: come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
 Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
 Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
 Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
 Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
 Stop, stop! No help?

[*Exit EDGAR.*
Wounds his arm.]

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

GLO. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?

EDM. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
 Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
 To stand his^b auspicious mistress:—

GLO. But where is he?

EDM. Look, sir, I bleed.

GLO. Where is the villain, Edmund?

EDM. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

GLO. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit Serv.*—By no means,—what?

EDM. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
 'Gainst parricides did all the thunder^c bend;
 Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond

^a *Queazy*—this is explained as delicate, uncertain. *Ticklish* perhaps gives the meaning more clearly.

^b *His*, in the quartos, is omitted in the folio.

^c *The thunder*—in the first quarto, *their thunders*.

The child was bound to the father :—Sir, in fine,
 Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
 To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
 With his prepared sword, he charges home
 My unprovided body, launch'd ^a mine arm ;
 And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
 Or whether ghasted by the noise I made,
 Full suddenly he fled.

GLO. Let him fly far ;
 Not in this land shall he remain uncaught :
 And found—Despatch.—The noble duke my master,
 My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night :
 By his authority I will proclaim it,
 That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
 Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;
 He that conceals him, death.

EDM. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight ^b to do it, with curst speech
 I threaten'd to discover him : He replied,
 "Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
 Make thy words faith'd ? No : what I should deny,
 (As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce
 My very character ^c,) I 'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs ^d
 To make thee seek it."

GLO. O strange ^e and fasten'd villain !
 Would he deny his letter, said he ?—[I never got him.^f] [*Trumpets within.*]
 Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not wher' ^g he comes :

^a *Launch'd*—the folio has *latch'd*—the quartos, *launched*, meaning *lanc'd*. So Spenser—' *Fairy Queen*, Book i., c. 4—

"For since my breast was *launched* with lovely dart
 Of dear Sansfoy, I never joyed hour."

And Dryden—' *Virgil*, Geor. iii.,—

"Receipts abound ; but searching all thy store
 The best is still at hand, to *launch* the sore."

^b *Pight*—settled—pitched.

^c *Character*—hand-writing.

^d *Spurs*—so the quartos ; the folio, *spirits*.

^e *Strange*—in the folio ; the quartos, *strong*.

^f The words in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^g *Wher'*—wherefore.

All ports I 'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;
 The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him ; and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I 'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

CORN. How now, my noble friend ? since I came hither,
 (Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news^a.

REG. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
 Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord ?

GLO. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd ; it 's crack'd !

REG. What, did my father's godson seek your life !

He whom my father nam'd ? your Edgar ?

GLO. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid !

REG. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
 That tended upon my father ?

GLO. I know not, madam : 't is too bad, too bad.—

EDM. Yes, madam, he was of that consort^b.

REG. No marvel then though he were ill affected ;
 'T is they have put him on the old man's death,
 To have th' expense and waste^c of his revenues.
 I have this present evening from my sister
 Been well inform'd of them ; and with such cautions,
 That if they come to sojourn at my house
 I 'll not be there.

CORN. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
 Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
 A child-like office.

EDM. It was my duty, sir.

GLO. He did bewray^d his practice ; and receiv'd
 This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

CORN. Is he pursued ?

GLO. Ay, my good lord.

CORN. If he be taken, he shall never more
 Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,
 How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
 Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
 So much commend itself, you shall be ours ;

^a *Strange news*—so the quartos ; the folio, *strangeness*.

^b *Of that consort*—these words are not found in the quartos, and therefore are often omitted.

^c *Expense and waste*—in the folio ; one of the quartos, *waste and spoil*, which is adopted by the modern editors. *Expense* is expenditure, a step before waste.

^d *Bewray*—reveal.

Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
You we first seize on.

EDM. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

GLO. For him I thank your grace.

CORN. You know not why we came to visit you,—

REG. Thus out of season ; threading dark-ey'd night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice :—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home ; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom ; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses ^a,
Which craves the instant use.

GLO. I serve you, madam :
Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

STEW. Good dawning to thee, friend : Art of this house ?

KENT. Ay.

STEW. Where may we set our horses ?

KENT. I' the mire.

STEW. Prithee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

KENT. I love thee not.

STEW. Why, then I care not for thee.

KENT. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

STEW. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

KENT. Fellow, I know thee.

STEW. What dost thou know me for ?

KENT. A knave ; a rascal ; an eater of broken meats ; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave ; a lily-liver'd, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue ; one-trunk-inheriting slave ; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch : one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition ^b.

^a *Businesses*—the quartos, *business*.

The description of an individual in a legal document is called his *addition*. The attempts of the commentators to explain the *additions* which Kent bestows upon the Steward are very un-

STEW. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!

KENT. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me! Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I 'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger. Draw.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

STEW. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

KENT. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I 'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

STEW. Help, ho! murder! help!

KENT. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue; stand, you neat slave; strike.

[*Beating him.*]

STEW. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

EDM. How now? What's the matter? Part^a.

KENT. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I 'll flesh you; come on, young master.

GLO. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

CORN. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies that strikes again: What is the matter?

REG. The messengers from our sister and the king.

CORN. What is your difference? speak.

STEW. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KENT. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

CORN. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

KENT. A tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours^b at the trade.

CORN. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

STEW. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his gray beard,—

KENT. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

CORN. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

KENT. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

satisfactory. Some are obvious enough; others were probably intelligible to Shakspeare's contemporaries; but several, in all likelihood, belong to those figures of speech which we now call slang. It must be recollected that Kent has assumed the character of a serving-man.

^a *Part* is not in the quartos. Mr. Dyce considers it to be a stage direction for Kent and the Steward to separate.

^b *Hours*—so the quartos; the folio, *years*.

CORN. Why art thou angry?

KENT. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse^a t' unloose: smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege^b, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks^c
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot^d.

CORN. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

GLO. How fell you out?
Say that.

KENT. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

CORN. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault^d?

KENT. His countenance likes me not.

CORN. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

KENT. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

CORN. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

KENT. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,

^a *Intrinse*—closely tied.

^b *Renege*—so the quartos; the folio, *revenge*. To *renege* is to deny.

^c *Halcyon beaks*—the halcyon is the kingfisher; and there was a popular opinion that the bird, if hung up, would indicate by the turning of its beak the point from which the wind blew. So in Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta'—

"But how now stands the wind?

Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?"

^d *What is his fault?*—the quartos, *what's his offence?*

Under the allowance of your great^a aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

CORN. What mean'st by this?

KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir,
I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave:
which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to
entreat me to it.

CORN. What was the offence you gave him?

STEW. I never gave him any^a.

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact^b, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind: being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

KENT. None of these rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

CORN. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

KENT. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respects, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

CORN. Fetch forth the stocks:
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

REG. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

KENT. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

REG. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*]

CORN. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

GLO. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
[His fault is much, and the good king his master]

^a *Great*—the quartos, *grand*. The change was not made without reason. Although Kent meant to go out of his dialect, the word *grand* sounded ironically, and was calculated to offend more than was needful.

^b *I never gave him any*—so all the old copies. The modern editions read, *never any*.

^c *Compact*—the quartos, *conjunct*. *Compact* is here used in the sense of confederate.

Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemn'd st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with :^a] the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

CORN. I'll answer that.

REG. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
[For following her affairs.—Put in his legs,—^b] [KENT is put in the stocks.
Come, my lord; away. [Exeunt all except GLOSTER and KENT^c.

GLO. I am sorry for thee, friend; 't is the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

KENT. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

GLO. The duke's to blame in this; 't will be ill taken. [Exit.

KENT. Good king, that must approve the common saw;
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun^d!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery:—I know 't is from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies^e:—All weary and o'erwatch'd,

^a The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio. It is clear that the omission was not accidental or capricious, for in that edition the subsequent passage is altered to—

“The king his master needs must take it ill.”

^b This line is also omitted in the folio.

^c We correct the stage direction as Mr. Dyce suggests.

^d The common *saw* alluded to is found in Heywood's ‘Dialogues and Proverbs’:—

“In your running from him to me,
Ye run out of God's blessing into the warm sun.”

When Hamlet says, “I am too much i' the sun,” he refers to the same proverb, which occurs in several books of Shakspeare's time. (See note on ‘Hamlet,’ Act I., Scene 2.)

^e When Kent says—

“Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,”

there was formerly inserted in the margin *looking up to the moon*. It is now pretty well agreed that the beacon is the sun; and that Kent wishes for its rising that he may read the letter. But the early editors considered that upon Kent's invocation the moon appeared; and when he says ‘*t is from Cordelia*, they add a direction—*opening the letter*. Some of the remaining portions of his speech they consider as parts of the letter, and give a direction accordingly. We agree with

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!

[*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III.—*A part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

EDG. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting^a villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans^b, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity^c.—Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

LEAR. 'T is strange, that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

GENT. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them

Malone that, although Kent has a letter from Cordelia, and knows that she has been informed of his "obscured course," he is unable to read it in the dim dawning.

^a *Pelting*—petty—of little worth. (See note on 'Richard II.,' Act II., Scene 1.)

^b *Bans*—curses.

Of this remove.

KENT. Hail to thee, noble master!

LEAR. Ha!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

KENT. No, my lord.

FOOL. Ha, ha; he wears cruel garters! Horses are tied by the heads; dogs and bears by the neck; monkeys by the loins; and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks^a.

LEAR. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

KENT. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

LEAR. No.

KENT. Yes.

LEAR. No, I say.

KENT. I say, yea.

[LEAR. No, no; they would not.

KENT. Yes, they have.^b]

LEAR. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

KENT. By Juno, I swear, ay.

LEAR. They durst not do 't;

They could not, would not do 't; 't is worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

KENT. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on those contents
They summon'd up their meiny^c, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late

^a *Nether-stocks*—stockings.

^b The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^c *Meiny*—retinue—attendants—hence the adjective menial. In the old translation of the Bible we find "And Abraham saddled his ass, and took two of his meyny with him, and Isaac his son." In our present translation we have *young men* in the place of meyny.

Display'd so saucily against your highness,) Having more man than wit about me, drew^a; He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries: Your son and daughter found this trespass worth The shame which here it suffers.

FOOL. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way. Fathers that wear rags do make their children blind; But fathers that bear bags shall see their children kind. Fortune, that arrant whore, ne'er turns the key to the poor.— But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours^b for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

LEAR. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart! *Hysterica passio*!—down, thou climbing sorrow, Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

KENT. With the earl, sir, here within.

LEAR. Follow me not; stay here.

[*Exit.*]

GENT. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

KENT. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a number^c?

FOOL. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes upward^d, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

KENT. Where learn'd you this, fool?

FOOL. Not i' the stocks, fool.

^a *Drew*. The personal pronoun *I* is understood before *drew*.

^b *Dolours*. There is a quibble here between *dolours* and *dollars*.

^c *Number*—the quartos, *train*.

^d *Upward*—the quartos, *up the hill*.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

LEAR. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

GLO. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

LEAR. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

GLO. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

LEAR. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

GLO. Ay, my good lord.

LEAR. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands, tends, service^a:
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery! the fiery duke!—Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore [Looking on KENT.
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry sleep to death^b.

GLO. I'd have all well betwixt you.

[Exit.

LEAR. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but down.

FOOL. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels^c, when she put 'em i' the
paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, "Down,
wantons, down:" 'T was her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse,
butter'd his hay.

^a *Commands, tends, service.* The quartos, *commands her service.*

^b *Till it cry sleep to death.* We point this passage as in the original copies. It is given in modern editions "till it cry—*Sleep to death*"—as if the drum said, sleep to death. Tieck suggested the true explanation—till the noise of the drum has been the death of sleep—has destroyed sleep—has forced them to awaken.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

LEAR. Good morrow to you both.

CORN. Hail to your grace! [KENT is set at liberty.

REG. I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so; if thou shouldst not be glad,

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,

Sepulch'ring an adultress. O, are you free?

[To KENT.

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,

Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,

With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

REG. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope

You less know how to value her desert,

Than she to scant her duty*.

LEAR. Say, how is that?

REG. I cannot think my sister in the least

Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,

She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,

'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome end,

As clears her from all blame.

LEAR. My curses on her!

REG. O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge

Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led

By some discretion, that discerns your state

Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,

That to our sister you do make return:

Say, you have wrong'd her.

LEAR. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house^b?

"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old!

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg^c,

[Kneeling.

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

* The construction here is involved, but the meaning is evident. You less know how to value her desert, than she knows to scant her duty.

^b *The house.* Theobald changed this fine expression to *the use*. Capell, who, in spite of his obscurities, often displays a fund of good sense which has been too much neglected, says, "This is one of the lines that mark Shakspeare . . . *the house* is an expression worthy his genius; fathers are not the heads only of a house or a family, but its representatives; they are *the house*; what affects them affects the rest of its body."

^c The stage direction, *kneeling*, is in accordance with the stage-practice. But we have formerly omitted it, doubting whether Lear is addressing these words to Regan. If he were only rehearsing what he would say to Goneril if he should ask her forgiveness, the *kneeling* might still be the appropriate action.

REG. Good sir, no more ; these are unsightly tricks :
Return you to my sister.

LEAR. Never, Regan :
She hath abated me of half my train ;
Look'd black upon me ; strook me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart :—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness !

CORN. Fye, sir, fye !

LEAR. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blister^a.

REG. O the blest gods ! So will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.

LEAR. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse ;
Thy tender-hefted^b nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn : 'T is not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes^c,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in : thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

REG. Good sir, to the purpose. [Trumpets within.]

LEAR. Who put my man i' the stocks ?

CORN. What trumpet's that ?

Enter Steward.

REG. I know 't, my sister's : this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come ?

LEAR. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows :—
Out, varlet, from my sight !

CORN. What means your grace ?

^a The quartos have "blast her pride." The folio, "*blister*"—omitting "her pride." All Lear's imprecations are on her personal qualities—her youth, her eyes, her beauty.

^b *Tender-hefted*. The quartos read *tender-hefted*. Steevens says, *hefted* seems to mean the same as *heaved*. We doubt this. *Hest*—*haft*—is that which is *haved*—*held* ; and thus, thy *tender-hefted* nature may be thy nature which may be held by tenderness.

^c *Sizes*—allowances. A *sizar* in a college is one to whom certain *sizes* or portions are allowed.

LEAR. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on 't.—Who comes here? O, heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves^a are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

[*To GONERIL.*

GON. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

LEAR. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

CORN. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

LEAR. You! did you?

REG. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

LEAR. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.

[*Looking on the Steward.*

GON. At your choice, sir.

LEAR. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, or embossed carbuncle,

^a *You yourselves.* The quartos omit *you*.

In my corrupted blood. But I 'll not chide thee;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
 Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
 I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

REG. Not altogether so;
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so—
 But she knows what she does.

LEAR. Is this well spoken?

REG. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
 Is it not well? What should you need of more?
 Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity? 'T is hard; almost impossible.

GON. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
 From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

REG. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
 We could control them: If you will come to me,
 (For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
 To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
 Will I give place, or notice.

LEAR. I gave you all—

REG. And in good time you gave it.

LEAR. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
 But kept a reservation to be follow'd
 With such a number: What, must I come to you
 With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

REG. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

LEAR. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd!
 When others are more wicked, not being the worst
 Stands in some rank of praise:—I 'll go with thee;
 Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
 And thou art twice her love.

[To GONERIL.]

GON. Hear me, my lord;
 What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
 To follow in a house, where twice so many
 Have a command to tend you?

REG. What need one?

LEAR. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
 Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
 You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !
 You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely : touch me with noble anger !
 And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks !—No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things—
 What they are yet I know not ; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think I 'll weep ;
 No, I 'll not weep :—
 I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws^a,
 Or ere I 'll weep :—O, fool, I shall go mad !

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.]

CORN. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm. [*Storm heard at a distance.*]

REG. This house is little ; the old man and his people
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

GON. 'T is his own blame ; hath put himself^b from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly.

REG. For his particular, I 'll receive him gladly,
 But not one follower.

GON. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my lord of Gloster ?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

CORN. Follow'd the old man forth :—he is return'd.

GLO. The king is in high rage.

CORN. Whither is he going ?

GLO. He calls to horse ; but will I know not whither.

CORN. 'T is best to give him way ; he leads himself.

GON. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLO. Alack, the night comes on, and the high^c winds

^a *Flaw*. Douce conjectures that *flaw* might signify a *fragment* in Shakspeare's time, as well as a crack.

^b *Hath put himself*. The personal pronoun *he* is understood.

^c *High*—the quartos, *bleak*.

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There 's scarce a bush.

REG. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

CORN. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]



[“ Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here.”]



[Scene I.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath.*

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

KENT. Who 's there, besides foul weather?

GENT. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

KENT. I know you. Where 's the king?

GENT. Contending with the fretful elements;

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main^a,

That things might change, or cease: [tears his white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

^a *The main* is here used for the main land.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.*]

KENT. But who is with him?

GENT. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-strook injuries.

KENT. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note^b,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs^c and packings^d of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;
[But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.*]

GENT. I will talk further with you.

KENT. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this storm!

* The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^b Note—the quartos, *art.* Note is knowledge.

^c Snuffs—dislikes.

^d Packings—intrigues.

* The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

I will go seek the king.

GENT. Give me your hand: Have you no more to say?

KENT. Few words, but to effect more than all yet;

That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain

That way; I'll this:) he that first lights on him,

Holla the other.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR and Fool.

LEAR. Blow, winds^a, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout

Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,

Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,

Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!

Crack nature's moulds, all germens^b spill at once,

That make ingrateful man!

FOOL. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing; here 's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

LEAR. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,

You owe me no subscription; then let fall

Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—

But yet I call you servile ministers,

That will with two pernicious daughters join^c

Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head

So old and white as this. O! O! 't is foul!

FOOL. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse;—

So beggars marry many.

^a *Winds*—the quartos, *wind*.

^b *Germens*—seeds of matter. So in 'Macbeth':—

"the sum

Of nature's *germens* tumble all together."

^c The quartos,—

"That have with two pernicious daughters join'd."

The man that makes his toe
 What he his heart should make,
 Shall of a corn cry woe,
 And turn his sleep to wake.
 —for there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

LEAR. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
 I will say nothing.

KENT. Who's there?

FOOL. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece: that's a wise man, and a fool.

KENT. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
 Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
 Gallow^a the very wanderers of the dark,
 And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
 The affliction, nor the fear.

LEAR. Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pudder^b o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
 Thou perjur'd, and thou simular^c of virtue
 That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That under covert and convenient seeming
 Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents, and cry
 These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
 More sinn'd against than sinning.

KENT. Alack, bare-headed!
 Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
 Repose you there: while I to this hard house
 (More harder than the stones whereof 't is rais'd:
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Denied me to come in) return and force
 Their scant'd courtesy.

LEAR. My wits begin to turn.—

^a *Gallow*—scare.

^b *Pudder*—this is always modernised into *pothor*; the same word, doubtless, but somewhat vulgarised by the change.

^c *Simular*—counterfeit. The quartos read *simular man*; but *simular* is used as a noun by writers before Shakspeare.

Come on, my boy : How dost, my boy? Art cold?
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
 The art of our necessities is strange,
 And can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
 That 's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL. [*Singing.*] He that has and a little tiny wit,—
 With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
 Must make content with his fortunes fit,
 Though the rain it raineth every day*.

LEAR. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exit LEAR and KENT.*]

FOOL. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—

I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go.

When priests are more in word than matter;
 When brewers mar their malt with water;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
 No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
 When every case in law is right;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
 When slanderers do not live in tongues;
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
 And bawds and whores do churches build;—
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.
 Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet*.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

GLO. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

EDM. Most savage and unnatural!

* This snatch of a song is an adaptation of the concluding song in 'Twelfth Night':—

"When that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day."

The quartos omit *and* in the first line, and have *for* instead of *though* in the fourth.

GLO. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'t is dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will look^a him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

EDM. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

KENT. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

LEAR. Let me alone.

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Wilt break my heart?

KENT. I 'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

LEAR. Thou think'st 't is much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring^b sea,
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free
The body 's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;

^a Look—the quartos, seek.

^b Roaring—two of the quartos read *raging*.

SCENE IV.]

KING LEAR.

No more of that,—

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

On things would hurt me more.—But I 'll go in:

In, boy; go first.—*[To the Fool.]* You houseless poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.—

[Fool goes]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,

That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,

How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,

Your loop'd^a and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;

That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,

And show the heavens more just.

EDG. *[Within.]* Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[The Fool runs out from the h

FOOL. Come not in here, nuncle, here 's a spirit.

Help me, help me!

KENT. Give me thy hand.—Who 's there?

FOOL. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name 's poor Tom.

KENT. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

EDG. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—Through the sharp hawthorn blow winds.—Humph! go to thy bed and warm thee^b.

LEAR. Didst thou give all to thy daughters^c?

And art thou come to this?

EDG. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led thr fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagm that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew^d; set rats by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-l over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless five wits! Tom 's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from w winds, star-blasting, and taking^d! Do poor Tom some charity, whom foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and t again, and there. *[Storm conti*

LEAR. Have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give them all?

^a Loop'd—is the reading of the quartos,—the folio has *lopp'd*.

^b The quartos give this speech thus: "Away, the foul fiend follows me, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind, go to thy cold bed and warm thee."

^c The quartos read,—

"Hast thou given all to thy *two* daughters?"

^d Taking—malignant influence.

FOOL. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEAR. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

KENT. He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

EDG. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

FOOL. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

EDG. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word's justice^a; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom 's a-cold.

LEAR. What hast thou been?

EDG. A serving-man^b, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I dearly; dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Sesey^c; let him trot by.

[Storm still continues.]

LEAR. Thou wert better in a grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here 's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.—

[Tearing off his clothes.]

^a *Word's justice.* The quartos read, *word justly*.

^b *A serving man.* This is not a menial, but a *servant* in the sense in which it is used in the

^c *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*—

“Too low a mistress for so high a servant.”

^c *Sesey.* The quartos read *cease*. It is probably the same word as *sessa*, which is used by Christopher Sly in the ‘Taming of the Shrew.’ We give the whole of this passage, which is probably meant to be unintelligible, according to the reading of the folio. The quartos have, after *cold wind*, “hay no on ny, dolphin my boy, my boy, cease, let him trot by.” Capell has a theory that Edgar feigns himself to be one who is talking of his horses; but we are inclined to think, if there be any meaning, some of the words are meant as an imitation of the sound of the rushing wind, and that “let him trot by” has the same reference.

FOOL. Prithee, nuncle, be contented ; 't is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

EDG. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet : he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ; he gives the web and the pin^a, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip ; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old ^b ;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold ;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee^c !

KENT. How fares your grace ?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

LEAR. What 's he ?

KENT. Who 's there ? What is 't you seek ?

GLO. What are you there ? Your names ?

EDG. Poor Tom ; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water^c ; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets ; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog ; drinks the green mantle of the standing-pool ; who is whipped from tything to tything^d, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned ; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body,

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear :

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year^d.

Beware my follower :—Peace, Smolkin ; peace, thou fiend !

GLO. What, hath your grace no better company ?

EDG. The prince of darkness is a gentleman ;

Modo he 's call'd, and Mahu^e.

GLO. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

EDG. Poor Tom 's a-cold.

GLO. Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughters' hard commands ;

Though their injunction be to bar my doors,

And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you ;

^a *The web and the pin.* Florio, in his 'New World of Words' (1611), interprets the Italian *Cataratta* "A dimness of sight occasioned by humours hardened in the eyes, called a cataract, or a pin and a web."

^b *The old*—the wold. Spelman writes, Burton upon *Olds*.—*Swithold*, the reading of all the old editions, is an abbreviation of *Saint Withold*, which is the modern reading.

^c *The wall-newt, and the water*—that is, the wall-newt and the water-newt. It is the same form of construction as "a wise man and a merry."

^d These lines are printed as a triplet in the folio ; but the old metrical romance of Sir Bevis supplied the distich—

"Rats and mice, and such small deer,
Was his meat that seven year."

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

LEAR. First let me talk with this philosopher :—

What is the cause of thunder ?

KENT. Good my lord, take his offer ;
Go into the house.

LEAR. I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban :—
What is your study ?

EDG. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

LEAR. Let me ask you one word in private.

KENT. Importune him once more to go, my lord ;
His wits begin to unsettle.

GLO. Canst thou blame him ?
His daughters seek his death :—Ah ! that good Kent !—
He said it would be thus :—Poor banish'd man !—
Thou say'st the king grows mad ; I 'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself : I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood : he sought my life,
But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer : true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night 's this !
I do beseech your grace,—

[Storm continues.]

LEAR. O, cry you mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company.

EDG. Tom 's a-cold.

GLO. In, fellow, there, into the hovel : keep thee warm.

LEAR. Come, let 's in all.

KENT. This way, my lord.

LEAR. With him ;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

KENT. Good my lord, soothe him ; let him take the fellow.

GLO. Take him you on.

KENT. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

LEAR. Come, good Athenian.

GLO. No words, no words :

Hush.

EDG. Childe Rowland to the dark tower came ;

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man*.

[Exeunt.]

* Capell has an ingenious note to show that Childe Rowland was the Knight Orlando; that the lines are part of an old ballad, of which one line has been accidentally omitted; and that we should read—

“ Childe Rowland to the dark tower come,
The giant roar'd, and out he ran ;
His word was still—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.”

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.**Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.*

CORN. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

EDM. How, my lord, I may be censured that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

CORN. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

EDM. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

CORN. Go with me to the duchess.

EDM. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

CORN. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

EDM. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.CORN. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in Out-building adjoining the Castle.**Enter GLOSTER and KENT.*

GLO. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

KENT. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit GLOSTER.*]*Enter LEAR, EDGAR, and Fool^a.*

EDG. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

FOOL. Prithee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

LEAR. A king, a king!

FOOL. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

LEAR. To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hissing^b in upon them:—^a We print the direction for the entrances of the characters as in the folio. In some modern editions they are all brought in when the scene opens.^b *Hissing*—this is ordinarily printed *whizzing*; in the folio it is *hissing*; in one of the quartos, *hizzing*.

[EDG. The foul fiend bites my back.

FOOL. He 's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

LEAR. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;— [To EDGAR.

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.]—Now, ye she foxes!—

EDG. Look where she stands and glares!—Wantonest thou eyes at trial, madam^a?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me^b:—¹²

FOOL. Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

EDG. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

KENT. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

LEAR. I 'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

[To EDGAR.

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

[To the Fool.

Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,

Sit you too.

[To KENT.

EDG. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

LEAR. Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

FOOL. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

LEAR. She cannot deny it.

FOOL. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

LEAR. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?^c]

EDG. Bless thy five wits!

^a The original quartos have, "Look where he stands and glares, wantest thou eyes," &c. Theobald altered *he* to *she*, and Seward happily suggested *wantonest* for *wantest*. The text of the quartos is so exceedingly corrupt, that, in those passages which do not occur in the folio, some licence of emendation seems warranted.

^b *Come over the bourn, Bessy*, was a song entered in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1564.

^c This wonderful scene, beginning with the speech of Edgar—"The foul fiend bites my back," and ending here, is not given in the folio.

KENT. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

EDG. My tears begin to take his part so much,

They^a mar my counterfeiting.

[*Aside.*

LEAR. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

EDG. Tom will throw his head at them:—

Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach^b or lym^c;

Or bobtail tike^d, or trundle-tail^e;

Tom will make him weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sese. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market-towns:

—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

LEAR. Then let them anatomise Regan; see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian; but let them be changed.

[*To EDGAR.*

KENT. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

LEAR. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains:

So, so: We 'll go to supper i' the morning.

FOOL. And I 'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

GLO. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

KENT. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

GLO. Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master;

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;

^a *They*—the quartos, *they* 'll.

^b *Brach*—a female harrier. (See note on Act I., Scene 4.)

^c *Lym*—limmer—leamer—a hunting dog, so called from the leme or leach in which he was held till he was let slip.

^d *Tike*, according to Steevens, was the Runic word for a worthless dog. (See note on 'Henry V.,' Act II., Scene 1.)

^e *Trundle-tail*. In the comedy of 'A Woman killed with Kindness' (1617), we have, "your dogs are trundle-tails and curs."

And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

[KENT. Oppressed nature sleeps:—

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.

[To the Fool.]

GLO.

Come, come away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the KING.]

EDG. [When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises: and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, lurk.*]

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

CORN. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army
of France is landed:—Seek out the traitor Gloster^b.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

REG. Hang him instantly.

GON. Pluck out his eyes.

CORN. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company;
the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for
your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate
preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and in-
telligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where 's the king?

STEW. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:

* The lines in brackets are not in the folio. In that edition the scene ends with the lines
spoken by Gloster—

“Give thee quick conduct, come, come away!”

^b Traitor—the quartos, villain.

Some five or six-and-thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependents,
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

CORN. Get horses for your mistress.

GON. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister. [*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*]

CORN. Edmund, farewell,—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us : [*Exeunt other Servants.*]
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who 's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

REG. Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

CORN. Bind fast his corky arms.

GLO. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

CORN. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

REG. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

GLO. Unmerciful lady as you are, I 'm none.

CORN. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find —
[*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

GLO. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

REG. So white, and such a traitor!

GLO. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

CORN. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

REG. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

CORN. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

REG. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

GLO. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

CORN. Cunning.

REG. And false.

CORN. Where hast thou sent the king?

GLO. To Dover.

REG. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

CORN. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

GLO. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

REG. Wherefore to Dover?

GLO. Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick^a boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,

And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,

He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key;"

All cruels else subscrib'd:—But I shall see

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

CORN. See 't shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—

Upon these eyes of thine I 'll set my foot^b.

GLO. He that will think to live till he be old

Give me some help: O cruel! O ye gods!

REG. One side will mock another; the other too.

CORN. If you see vengeance,—

SERV. Hold your hand, my lord;

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold.

REG. How now, you dog?

SERV. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I 'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

CORN. My villain!

[*Draws, and runs at him.*]

SERV. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.*]

REG. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Servant.*] A peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*]

SERV. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O!

[*Dies.*]

CORN. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now¹³?

GLO. All dark and comfortless.—Where 's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,

To quit this horrid act.

REG. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he

^a *Stick*, in the folio. The quartos, *rash*. To *rash* is to strike with violence.

^b We omit the usual stage direction at this place, as well as a subsequent stage direction, for reasons given in Illustration 13.

That made the overture of thy treasons to us ;
Who is too good to pity thee.

GLO. O my follies !

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

REG. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord ? How look you ?

CORN. I have receiv'd a hurt :—Follow me, lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain ;—throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace :

Untimely comes this hurt : Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN ;—Servants unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*

[1 SERV. I 'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2 SERV. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the whole course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 SERV. Let 's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would ; his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.

2 SERV. Go thou ; I 'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him !*]

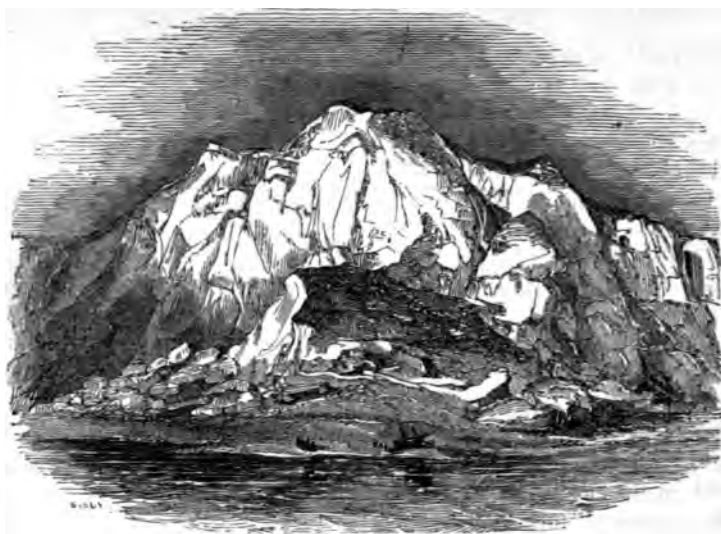
[*Exeunt severally.*

* The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio ; in which edition the scene concludes with the line of Cornwall's speech—

“ Untimely comes this hurt : Give me your arm.”



[“ This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry.”]



[Dover Cliff.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An open Country.*

Enter EDGAR.

EDG. Yet better thus, and known to be condemn'd,
Than still condemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

OLD MAN. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
these fourscore years.

GLO. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,

Thee they may hurt.

OLD MAN. ^aYou cannot see your way.

GLO. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;

I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 't is seen
Our means secure us^b; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

OLD MAN. How now? Who's there?

EDG. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is 't can say, "I am at the worst?"

I am worse than e'er I was.

OLD MAN. 'T is poor mad Tom.

EDG. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

OLD MAN. Fellow, where goest?

GLO. Is it a beggar-man?

OLD MAN. Madman and beggar too.

GLO. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since:
As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

EDG. How should this be?

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Ang'r'ing itself and others. [*Aside.*—Bless thee, master!

GLO. Is that the naked fellow?

OLD MAN. Ay, my lord.

GLO. Get thee away: If, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

OLD MAN. Alack, sir, he's mad.

GLO. 'T is the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

OLD MAN. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,

^a The quarto here introduces, "Alack, sir!"

^b *Our means secure us*—so all the old editions. Pope changed it to "*our mean secures us*." *Mean* is moderate condition, of which *means* might have been used as the plural. Jennens thinks that by *means* may perhaps be understood mean things. We believe that *means* is here used only in the common sense of resources, powers, capacities. The means, such as we possess, are our securities, and further, our mere defects prove advantages.

Come on 't what will.

[*Exit.*]

GLO. Sirrah, naked fellow.

EDG. Poor Tom 's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further.

[*Aside.*]

GLO. Come hither, fellow.

EDG. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

GLO. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

EDG. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless thee, good man's son^a, from the foul fiend! [Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididence*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!^b]

GLO. Here, take this purse, you whom the heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,

Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,

That slaves your ordinance, that will not see

Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

EDG. Ay, master.

GLO. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:

Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And I 'll repair the misery thou dost bear

With something rich about me: from that place

I shall no leading need.

EDG. Give me thy arm;

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.

GON. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband

Not met us on the way:—Now, where 's your master?

STEW. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:

I told him of the army that was landed;

He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;

His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;

^a The quartos—*bless the good man.*

^b The passage in brackets is not in the folio.

And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
 What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
 What like, offensive.

GON. Then shall you go no further. [To EDMUND.

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
 That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
 Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way,
 May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
 I must change names^a at home, and give the distaff
 Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
 Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
 If you dare venture in your own behalf,
 A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; [Giving a favour.
 Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
 Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

EDM. Yours in the ranks of death.

GON. My most dear Gloster! [Exit EDMUND.

O, the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due;

My fool usurps my body^b.

STEW. Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit Steward.

Enter ALBANY.

GON. I have been worth the whistle^c.

ALB. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
 Blows in your face.—[I fear your disposition:
 That nature, which contemns its origin,
 Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
 She that herself will sliver and disbranch
 From her material sap, perforce must wither,
 And come to deadly use.

GON. No more; the text is foolish.

ALB. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
 Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
 Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
 Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.

^a Names—the quartos, *arms*.

^b So the folio. One of the quartos, *a fool usurps my bed*; another, *my foot usurps my head*.

^c In one of Heywood's 'Dialogues,' we have the proverbial expression—"It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling."

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
 'T will come:
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
 Like monsters of the deep.*]

GON. Milk-liver'd man!
 That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering; [that not know'st,
 Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
 France spreads his banners in our noiseless land:
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st
 "Alack! why does he so?"]

ALB. See thyself, devil!
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid as in woman.

GON. O vain fool!
 [ALB. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
 Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

GON. Marry, your manhood now!—]

Enter a Messenger.

ALB. What news?

MESS. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall 's dead:
 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloster.

ALB. Gloster's eyes!
 MESS. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
 Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
 To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
 But not without that harmful stroke which since
 Hath pluck'd him after.

ALB. This shows you are above,
 You justicers, that these our nether crimes

* The passage in brackets is not in the folio; and the subsequent passages in brackets are also omitted in that edition.

So speedily can venge!—but, O, poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

MESS. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;

'T is from your sister.

GON. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;

But being widow, and my Gloster with her,

May all the building in my fancy pluck

Upon my hateful life: Another way,

The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*]

ALB. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

MESS. Come with my lady hither.

ALB. He is not here.

MESS. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

ALB. Knows he the wickedness?

MESS. Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might have the freer course.

ALB. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;

Tell me what more thou know'st.

[*Exeunt.*]

[* SCENE III.—*The French Camp, near Dover.*]

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

KENT. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

GENT. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required, and necessary.

KENT. Who hath he left behind him general?

GENT. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur Le Far.

KENT. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

GENT. Ay, sir, she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down

Her delicate cheek; it seem'd she was a queen

Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,

Sought to be king o'er her.

KENT. O, then it mov'd her.

GENT. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears

* The whole of this scene is wanting in the folio.

Were like a better day^a: Those happy smilets^b,
 That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
 What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
 As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
 Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
 Could so become it.

KENT. Made she no verbal question?

GENT. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of "father"
 Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
 Cried "Sisters; sisters!—shame of ladies! sisters!
 Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?
 Let pity not be believed!"—There she shook
 The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
 And clamour moisten'd:—then away she started
 To deal with grief alone.

KENT. It is the stars,
 The stars above us, govern our conditions;
 Else one self mate and mate could not beget
 Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

GENT. No.

KENT. Was this before the king return'd?

GENT. No, since.

KENT. Well, sir: The poor distress'd Lear is i' the town:
 Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
 What we are come about, and by no means
 Will yield to see his daughter.

GENT. Why, good sir?

KENT. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
 That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
 To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
 To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
 His mind so venomously, that burning shame
 Detains him from Cordelia.

GENT. Alack, poor gentleman!

KENT. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

GENT. 'T is so; they are afoot.

KENT. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master, Lear,
 And leave you to attend him: some dear cause^c
 Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;

^a *Better day*. This is the modern reading; the original is *better way*. Tieck translates the passage, *were like a spring day*. In the French translation of Letourneur, we have, "Vous avez vu le soleil au milieu de la pluie: son sourire et ses pleurs offraient l'image d'un jour plus doux encore."

^b *Smilets*. This beautiful diminutive is found in the original; and we know not why it should not hold its place in the text.

^c *Dear cause*—important business. So in 'Romeo and Juliet'—"dear employment."

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

COR. Alack, 't is he; why he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

[*Exit an Officer.*]

PHYS. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

COR. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress *!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. News, madam:
The British powers are marching hitherward.

COR. 'T is known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O, dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him!

[*Exeunt.*]

* *Distress*—so the quartos; the folio has *desires*.

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.**Enter REGAN and Steward.*

REG. But are my brother's powers set forth?

STEW. Ay, madam.

REG. Himself in person there?

STEW. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

REG. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

STEW. No, madam.

REG. What might import my sister's letter to him?

STEW. I know not, lady.

REG. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us; Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

STEW. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

REG. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

STEW. I may not, madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

REG. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by words? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

STEW. Madam, I had rather——

REG. I know your lady does not love her husband;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know you are of her bosom.

STEW. I, madam?

REG. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;

And more convenient is he for my hand

Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this;

And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

STEW. 'Would I could meet him, madam ! I would show

What party I do follow.

REG. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a Peasant.

GLO. When shall we come to the top of that same hill ?

EDG. You do climb up it now : look how we labour.

GLO. Methinks the ground is even.

EDG. Horrible steep :

Hark, do you hear the sea ?

GLO. No, truly.

EDG. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

GLO. So may it be, indeed :

Methinks thy voice is alter'd ; and thou speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

EDG. You are much deceiv'd ; in nothing am I chang'd,

But in my garments.

GLO. Methinks you are better spoken.

EDG. Come on, sir, here 's the place !—stand still.—How fearful

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low¹⁴ !

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles ; Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade¹⁵ !

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock^{*} ; her cock a buoy

Almost too small for sight : the murmuring surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high :—I 'll look no more ;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

GLO. Set me where you stand.

EDG. Give me your hand : you are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

GLO. Let go my hand.

* *The cock-boat.* The "anchoring bark" has a small boat in tow, and, as the bark was diminished to a cock, the cock was a buoy "almost too small for sight."

Here, friend, is another purse ; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking : Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

EDG. Now fare you well, good sir.

[*Seems to go*]

GLO.

With all my heart.

EDG. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

GLO.

O, you mighty gods !

This world I do renounce ; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off :
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him !—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

EDG.

Gone, sir^a. Farewell—

[*GLOSTER leaps, and falls alone*]

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft : Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead ?
Ho, you sir ! friend !—Hear you, sir ?—speak !
Thus might he pass indeed :—Yet he revives :
What are you, sir ?

GLO.

Away, and let me die.

EDG. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer¹⁰, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg : but thou dost breathe ;
Hast heavy substance ; bleed'st not ; speak'st ; art sound.
Ten masts at each^b make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell ;
Thy life 's a miracle : Speak yet again.

GLO. But have I fallen, or no ?

EDG. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn^c :

^a *Gone, sir.* This is ordinarily printed, *Gone, sir?* as if Edgar asked Gloster if he had gone whereas Gloster had previously told him, "go thou further off;" and, when Gloster again speaks to him, he says, *Gone, sir.*

^b *At each.* So all the old editions. *Ten masts at each* may signify each placed at the end the other. Some think, however, that there is a slight typographical error, and that we should read *ten masts at reach*. We can find no example of a similar use of *at each*; and yet the phrase conveys the meaning.

^c *Bourn.* In a previous passage, "Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me," bourn signifies a river and so in the 'Faery Queen,' (Book II., Canto vi., Stanza 10)—

"My little boat can safely pass this perilous bourn."

In Milton's 'Comus' we have—

Look up a-height ;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard : do but look up.

GLO. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death ? 'T was yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

EDG. Give me your arm :

Up :—so ;—How is 't ? Feel you your legs ? You stand.

GLO. Too well, too well.

EDG. This is above all strangeness :

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you ?

GLO. A poor unfortunate beggar.

EDG. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons : he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridg'd * sea ;
It was some fiend : Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

GLO. I do remember now : henceforth I 'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man ; often 't would say,
" The fiend, the fiend : " he led me to that place.

EDG. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here ?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate

His master thus.

LEAR. No, they cannot touch me for coining * ; I am the king himself.

EDG. O thou side-piercing sight !

LEAR. Nature 's above art in that respect.—There 's your press-money. That

" And every bosky bourn from side to side."

Here, as Warton well explains the word, bourn is a winding, deep, and narrow valley, with a rivulet at the bottom. Such a spot is a bourn because it is a boundary—a natural division ; and this is the sense in which a river is called a bourn. The " chalky bourn " in the passage before us is, in the same way, the chalky boundary of England towards France.

* *Enridy'd*. This is the reading of the quartos. The folio, *enridged*. *Enridged* is the more poetical word, and Shakspeare has the idea in his ' Venus and Adonis,'—

" Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose *ridges* with the meeting clouds contend."

* *For coining*. So the quartos. The folio, *crying*. If we follow the course of Lear's thoughts we shall see that he fancies himself a king at the head of his army. It is his prerogative to coin money—" they cannot touch me for coining." New levies are brought to him—" There 's your press-money."

fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper^a: draw me a clothier's yard^b.—
Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.
—There 's my gauntlet; I 'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills^c.
—O, well flown bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

EDG. Sweet marjoram.

LEAR. Pass.

GLO. I know that voice.

LEAR. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and
told me I had the white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.
To say ay, and no, to everything I said.—Ay and no too was no good divi-
nity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me
chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found
'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they
told me I was everything; 't is a lie; I am not ague-proof.

GLO. The trick of that voice I do well remember:

Is 't not the king?

LEAR. Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?—

Adultery?—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:

The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly

Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son

Was kinder to his father, than my daughters

Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yon' simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't

With a more riotous appetite^d.

^a The *crow-keeper* was the rustic who kept crows from corn—one unpractised in the proper use of the bow. Ascham, in his 'Toxophilus,' thus describes one who "handles his bow like a crow-keeper." "Another cowereth down, and layeth out his buttocks as though he should shoot at crows."

^b *Draw me a clothier's yard*—draw like a famous English archer,—the archer of Chevy Chase:—

"An arrow of a cloth-yard long

Up to the head drew he."

^c *The brown bills*—bills for billmen—the infantry. Marlowe uses the phrase in the same way in his 'Edward II.:—

"Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,

Brown bills and targetiers."

^d These words, beginning, *behold yon simpering dame*, are printed as prose in the folio. The previous lines of Lear's speech are metrically arranged. In the quarto the whole speech is given as prose.

Down from the waist they are centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends'; there 's hell, there 's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—Fye, fye, fye! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet; good apothecary, sweeten^a my imagination: there 's money for thee.

GLO. O let me kiss that hand!

LEAR. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

GLO. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world

Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

LEAR. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I 'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

GLO. Were all thy letters suns, I could not see^b.

EDG. I would not take this from report;—it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

LEAR. Read.

GLO. What, with the case of eyes?

LEAR. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

GLO. I see it feelingly.

LEAR. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes.

Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief.

Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

GLO. Ay, sir.

LEAR. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog 's obeyed in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate^c sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say none; I 'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

^a The quartos, *to sweeten*.

^b So the folio: the quartos—

“Were all *the* letters suns, I could not see *one*.”

^c *Plate*—the old copies read *place*. The correction, which is ingenious and valuable, was made by Pope.

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now :

Pull off my boots :—harder, harder ; so.

EDG. O, matter and impertinency mix'd !

Reason in madness.

LEAR. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloster ;

Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl, and cry :—I will preach to thee :—mark.

GLO. Alack, alack the day !

LEAR. When we are born, we cry, that we are come

To this great stage of fools ;—This a good block ^a !—

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt : I 'll put it in proof ;

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill ^b.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

GENT. O, here he is ; lay hand upon him.—Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

LEAR. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;

You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,

I am cut to the brains.

GENT. You shall have anything.

LEAR. No seconds ? all myself ?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,

To use his eyes for garden water-pots,

[Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

GENT. Good sir,—^c]

LEAR. I will die bravely, like a smug^d bridegroom ; What ?

I will be jovial ; come, come ; I am a king,

My masters, know you that ?

GENT. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

LEAR. Then there 's life in 't. Come, an you get it, you shall get it by running.

Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[Exit running ; Attendants follow.]

GENT. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch ;

Past speaking of in a king !—Thou hast a daughter,

^a *This a good block!* Steevens conjectures that, when Lear says, "I will preach to thee," and begins his sermon, "When we are born, we cry," he takes his hat in his hand, and, turning it round, dislikes the fashion or shape of it, which was then called *the block*. He then starts off, by association with the hat, to the delicate stratagem of shoeing a troop of horse with felt. Lord Herbert, in his 'Life of Henry VIII.,' describes a joust at which Henry was present in France, where horses shod with felt were brought into a marble hall.

^b *Kill* was the ancient word of onset in the English army.

^c The words in brackets are not in the folio.

^d *Smug*. This epithet is not found in the quartos.

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

EDG. Hail, gentle sir.

GENT. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

EDG. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

GENT. Most sure, and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

EDG. But, by your favour,
How near 's the other army?

GENT. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

EDG. I thank you, sir; that's all.

GENT. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

EDG. I thank you, sir.

[Exit Gent.]

GLO. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

EDG. Well pray you, father.

GLO. Now, good sir, what are you?

EDG. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows^a;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

GLO. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

STEW. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

GLO. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it.

[EDGAR opposes.]

STEW. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

EDG. Chill not let go, zur, without vurther 'casion.

STEW. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

EDG. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha'

^a To fortune's blows—the quarto, *by*.

been zwagger'd out of my life, 't would not ha' been zo long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor' ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow * be the harder: Ch'll be plain with you.

STEW. Out, dunghill!

EDG. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins.

[*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

STEW. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;

And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,

To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out

Upon the English^b party: O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

EDG. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress

As badness would desire.

GLO. What, is he dead?

EDG. Sit you down, father; rest you.—

Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of

May be my friends.—He is dead; I am only sorry

He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:

Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:

To know our enemies' minds, we 'd rip their hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant^c,

"GONERIL."

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;

And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,

Thee I 'll rake up, the post unsanctified

Of murtherous lechers; and, in the mature time,

With this ungracious paper strike the sight

Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 't is well,

That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.*]

GLO. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,

* *Ballow*—the quartos, *bat*. Grose, in his 'Provincial Glossary,' gives *ballow* as the north-country word for *pole*. Edgar is speaking the Somersetshire dialect.

^b *English*—so the folio; the quartos, *British*.

^c We print this subscription as in the folio. It is ordinarily given thus:—

"Your wife (so I would say), and your
affectionate servant."

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

EDG. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a Bed, asleep;
Physician, Gentlemen, and others, attending.*

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

COR. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

KENT. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
No more, nor clipp'd, but so.

COR. Be better suited*:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I prithee put them off.

KENT. Pardon, dear madam:
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

COR. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the king? [To the Physician.

PHYS. Madam, sleeps still.

COR. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father!

PHYS. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

COR. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

GENT. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

PHYS. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

[COR. Very well.

* *Suited*—clothed.

PHYS. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.^{a]}

COR. O, my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

KENT. Kind and dear princess!

COR. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd^b pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the jarring^c winds?
[To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder;
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross-lightning; to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm?^{d]} Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

PHYS. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

COR. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

LEAR. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

COR. Sir, do you know me?

LEAR. You are a spirit, I know: When did you die?

COR. Still, still, far wide!

PHYS. He 's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

LEAR. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair daylight?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands:—let 's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

COR. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir^e, you must not kneel.

LEAR. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,

^a The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^b *Had challeng'd*, in the quartos. The folio, *did challenge*.

^c *Oppos'd against the jarring*—the quartos, *expos'd against the warring*.

^d The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^e *No, sir*—these words are not in the folio.

Fourscore and upward; not an hour more nor less^a:
 And, to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
 Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
 Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is: and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.

COR. And so I am, I am.

LEAR. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
 If you have poison for me I will drink it.
 I know you do not love me; for your sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
 You have some cause, they have not.

COR. No cause, no cause.

LEAR. Am I in France?

KENT. In your own kingdom, sir.

LEAR. Do not abuse me.

PHYS. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
 You see, is kill'd^b in him: [and yet it is danger
 To make him even o'er the time he has lost.^c]
 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
 Till further settling.

COR. Will 't please your highness walk?

LEAR. You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and Attendants.]

^a Every reader of Shakspeare, who has become familiar with this most exquisite scene through the modern editions, has read it thus:—

“ Pray, do not mock me:
 I am a very foolish, fond old man,
 Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.”

That most Shaksperian touch of nature—

“ Fourscore and upward; not an hour more nor less”—

has been mutilated by the editors. The breaking a limb off an ancient statue would, to our minds, not be a greater sacrilege. They found the words “not an hour more nor less” only in the folio, and they therefore rejected them. Malone says, “The folio *absurdly* adds, ‘not an hour more nor less,’ i. e., not an hour more nor less than an indeterminate number, for such is fourscore, and upwards.” Why, who is speaking? One who speaks logically and collectedly? No! one who immediately after says, “I fear I am not in my perfect mind.” It was the half-consciousness of the “foolish fond old man” which Shakspeare meant to express by the mixture of a determinate and an indeterminate idea—a depth of poetical truth which Steevens and Ritson call “the interpolation of some foolish player.”

^b *Kill'd*—the quartos, *cured*.

^c The words in brackets are omitted in the folio.

[GENT. Holds it true, sir,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

KENT.

Most certain, sir.

GENT. Who is conductor of his people?

KENT.

As 't is said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

GENT.

They say, Edgar,

His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent

In Germany.

KENT.

Report is changeable.

'T is time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom

Approach apace.

GENT. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.

Fare you well, sir.

[Exit.

KENT. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle 's fought.

[Exit.*]

* The scene in the folio concludes with Lear's speech—*I am old and foolish.*



[Country near Dover.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

EDM. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold ;
Or whether, since, he is advis'd by aught
To change the course : He 's full of alteration,
And self-reproving :—bring his constant pleasure.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

REG. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

EDM. 'T is to be doubted, madam.

REG. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you :
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister ?

EDM. In honour'd love.

REG. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place ?

EDM. [That thought abuses you.

REG. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.*]

* The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio ; as well as the subsequent passages in the same scene so marked, as spoken by Goneril, Albany, and Edmund.

EDM. No, by mine honour, madam.

REG. I never shall endure her : Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

EDM. Fear me not :—
She, and the duke her husband.

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

[GON. I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

[*Aside.*]

ALB. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I heard,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant : for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king ; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

EDM. Sir, you speak nobly.]

REG. Why is this reason'd ?

GON. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question^a here.

ALB. Let 's then determine with the ancient of war
On our proceeding^b.

[EDM. I shall attend you presently at your tent.]

REG. Sister, you 'll go with us ?

GON. No.

REG. 'T is most convenient ; pray you go with us.

GON. O, ho, I know the riddle : [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

EDG. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

ALB. I 'll overtake you.—Speak. [*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN,
GONERIL, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

EDG. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there : if you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you !

^a *The question*—the quartos, to question.

^b *Proceeding*—the quartos, proceedings.

ALB. Stay till I have read the letter.

EDG. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,

And I 'll appear again.

[Exit.

ALB. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

EDM. The enemy 's in view, draw up your powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

By diligent discovery :—but your haste

Is now urg'd on you.

ALB. We will greet the time.

[Exit.

EDM. To both these sisters have I sworn my love ;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung

Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?

Both ? one ? or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd,

If both remain alive : To take the widow,

Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril ;

And hardly shall I carry out my side

Her husband being alive. Now then, we 'll use

His countenance for the battle ; which being done,

Let her who would be rid of him devise

His speedy taking off. As for the mercy

Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,

The battle done, and they within our power,

Shall never see his pardon : for my state

Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces ; and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

EDG. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree

For your good host ; pray that the right may thrive :

If ever I return to you again,

I 'll bring you comfort.

GLO. Grace go with you, sir !

[Exit EDGAR.

Alarums ; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

EDG. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away ;

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en :

Give me thy hand, come on.

GLO. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

EDG. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:

Ripeness is all: Come on.

GLO. And that 's true too.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

EDM. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

COR. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, I am cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

LEAR. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I 'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we 'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we 'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins: who 's in, who 's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we 'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

EDM. Take them away.

LEAR. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good years^a shall devour them, flesh and fell^b,
Ere they shall make us weep: we 'll see them starve first.
Come.

[*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

EDM. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]; go, follow them to prison;

^a *Good years*—so the folio; the quartos, "the good shall devour them." The ordinary reading is *gowjeers*.

^b *Fell*—skin.

One step I have advanc'd thee: if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question;—either say, thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

OFF. I 'll do 't, my lord.

EDM. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.

[OFF. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work I will do it.*]

[Exit Officer.]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and Attendants.

ALB. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
I do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

EDM. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention [and appointed guard];
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. [At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.]

ALB. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

REG. That 's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;

* These lines are omitted in the folio; and so also the subsequent words and lines in Edmund's speech, each of which is marked in brackets.

Bore the commission of my place and person ;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

GON. Not so hot :
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition ^a.

REG. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

GON. That were the most if he should husband you.

REG. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

GON. Holla, holla !
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

REG. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony ;
Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine :
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

GON. Mean you to enjoy him ?

ALB. The let-alone lies not in your good-will.

EDM. Nor in thine, lord.

ALB. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

REG. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine. [To EDMUND.]

ALB. Stay yet ; hear reason :—Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason ; and, in thy arrest,

This gilded serpent [*Pointing to GONERIL*] :—for your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife ;

'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banns.
If you will marry make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.

GON. An interlude !

ALB. Thou art arm'd, Gloster :—Let the trumpet sound :

If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge ; [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll make ^b it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

REG. Sick, O, sick !

GON. If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine ^c. [*Aside.*]

EDM. There's my exchange : [*Throwing down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies :

^a Addition—the quartos, *advancement*.

^b Make—the quartos, *prove*.

^c Medicine—the quartos, *poison*.

Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

ALB. A herald, ho!

[EDM. A herald, ho, a herald^a!

ALB.] Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

REG. My sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

ALB. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*

[*Off. Sound, trumpet!*]

[*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of quality or degree, within the list of the army, will maintain
upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him
appear by the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

[EDM. Sound!]

[*1 Trumpet.*

HER. Again.

[*2 Trumpet.*

HER. Again.

[*3 Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

ALB. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

HER. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

EDG. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

ALB. Which is that adversary?

EDG. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

EDM. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

EDG. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is my privilege,
The privilege of mine honours,

^a This speech is not found in the folio, nor the two subsequent exclamations of "Sound, trumpet!" and "Sound!"

My oath, and my profession^a; I protest,—
 Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
 Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
 Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
 False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
 Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
 And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
 To the descent and dust below thy feet,
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
 Thou liest.

EDM. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
 But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
 And that thy tongue some say^b of breeding breathes,
 What safe and nicely I might well delay,
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
 Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*]

ALB. Save him, save him!

GON. This is practice^c, Gloster:
 By the law of war^d, thou wast not bound to answer
 An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

ALB. Shut your mouth, dame,
 Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
 Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
 No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it. [*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

GON. Say, if I do: the laws are mine, not thine:

Who can^e arraign me for 't?

[*Exit GONERIL.*]

ALB. Most monstrous! O!
 Know 'st thou this paper?

^a We print as in the folio. The quartos read,—

"Behold, it is the privilege of my tongue,
 My oath and profession."

The modern reading is,—

"Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
 My oath and my profession."

^b Say—assay. (See note on Act I., Scene 2.)

^c Practice—the quartos, *mere practice*.

^d War—the quartos, *arms*.

^e Can—the quartos, *shall*.

EDM. Ask me not what I know^a.

ALB. Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her. [*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

EDM. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,

And more, much more : the time will bring it out ;

'T is past, and so am I : But what art thou

That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble

I do forgive thee.

EDG. Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to plague^b us :

The dark and vicious place where thee he got

Cost him his eyes.

EDM. Thou hast spoken right ; 't is true ;

The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

ALB. Methought thy very gait did prophesy

A royal nobleness :—I must embrace thee ;

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I

Did hate thee, or thy father !

EDG. Worthy prince, I know 't.

ALB. Where have you hid yourself ?

How have you known the miseries of your father ?

EDG. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale ;—

And when 't is told, O, that my heart would burst !—

The bloody proclamation to escape

That follow'd me so near (O our lives' sweetness !

That we the pain of death would hourly die^c,

Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift

Into a mad-man's rags ; to assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their precious stones new lost ; became his guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;

Never (O fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,

Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd ;

^a We place the exit of Goneril as in the folio. The exclamation of Albany—"Most monstrous!" is the natural result of her unyielding haughtiness. The question of Albany—"Know'st thou this paper?" is, in the folio, answered by Edmund—"Ask me not what I know." In the quartos, however, which have been followed by the modern editors, this reply is given to Goneril. But why should Albany address this question to Goneril, when he has previously said to her—"No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it?"

^b *Plague*—the quartos, *scourge*.

^c We print this line as in the folio. The quarto, which is the ordinary reading, has—

"That with the pain of death we'd hourly die."

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him our pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
 (Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

EDM. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
 And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
 You look as you had something more to say.

ALB. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

[EDG. This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow; but another,
 To amplify too much, would make much more,
 And top extremity.
 Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
 Who, having seen me in my worse estate,
 Shunn'd my abhor'd society; but then, finding
 Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he 'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
 And there I left him tranc'd.]

ALB. But who was this?
 EDG. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
 Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
 Improper for a slave.^a]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

GENT. Help! help! O help!

EDG. What kind of help?

ALB. Speak, man.

EDG. What means this bloody knife?

GENT. 'T is hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O she 's dead.

ALB. Who dead? speak, man^b.

^a The lines in brackets, beginning—"This would have seem'd a period," are omitted in the folio.

^b We give the passage as in the folio. The quarto reads—

"It came even from the heart of—

ALB.

Who, man? speak!"

GENT. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

EDM. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

EDG. Here comes Kent.

ALB. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment of the heavens that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.

O, is this he*?

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

KENT. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

ALB. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king; and where 's Cordelia?—
See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.*]

KENT. Alack, why thus?

EDM. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

ALB. Even so.—Cover their faces.

EDM. I pant for life: Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

ALB. Run, run, O run—

EDG. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

EDM. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

ALB. Haste thee, for thy life.

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

EDM. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

ALB. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile. [EDMUND is borne off.]

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms: EDGAR, Officer, and others.

LEAR. Howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;

* The quartos; O! it is he.

Had I your tongues and eyes I 'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack :—She 's gone for ever !—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She 's dead as earth :—Lend me a looking-glass ;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

KENT. Is this the promis'd end * ?

EDG. Or image of that horror ?

ALB. Fall, and cease !

LEAR. This feather stirs ; she lives ! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

KENT. O my good master !

[*Kneeling.*]

LEAR. Prithee, away.

EDG. 'T is noble Kent, your friend.

LEAR. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all !
I might have sav'd her ; now she 's gone for ever !
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha !
What is 't thou say'st ?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman :—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

OFF. 'T is true, my lords, he did.

LEAR. Did I not, fellow ?
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip : I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you ?
Mine eyes are not o' the best :—I 'll tell you straight.

KENT. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

LEAR. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent ?

KENT. The same ;
Your servant Kent : Where is your servant Caius ?

LEAR. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that ;
He 'll strike, and quickly too : He 's dead and rotten.

KENT. No, my good lord ; I am the very man ;—

LEAR. I 'll see that straight.

KENT. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

LEAR. You are welcome hither.

KENT. Nor no man else ; all 's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fore-done^b themselves,

* *The promis'd end*—the end of the world foretold in the Scriptures. The "image of that horror" is the same as "the great doom's image" of Macbeth.

^b *Fore-done*—the quartos, *fore-doom'd*. We have previously had *for-did* used in the same sense of destroy.

And desperately are dead.

LEAR. Ay, so I think.

ALB. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

EDG. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

OFF. Edmund is dead, my lord.

ALB. That 's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights; [*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

LEAR. And my poor fool is hang'd^a! No, no, no life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt come no more.

Never, never, never, never!—

Pray you undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there!—

[*He dies.*

EDG. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

KENT. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

EDG. Look up, my lord.

KENT. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him

That would upon the rack of this rough^b world

Stretch him out longer.

EDG. He is gone, indeed.

^a *And my poor fool is hang'd.* Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose taste in one branch of art entitles him to the greatest consideration when he offers an opinion upon another branch, believes that Lear applies the expression *literally* to his Fool, and not to Cordelia. Malone, with great gravity, says, in controverting this opinion, "Lear has just seen his daughter hanged, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preserve her life, though time enough to punish the perpetrator of the act; but we have no authority whatsoever for supposing his Fool hanged also." Malone has also shown that the expression was used by Shakspeare in other places as a word of tenderness. It might, indeed, be here employed something like the "excellent wretch" of Othello; but we cannot avoid thinking that Shakspeare, in this place, meant to express a peculiar tenderness, derived from Lear's confused recollection of his regard for his poor follower, the Fool, whom we have lost after the third Act. In the depth of his distress, during the storm, Lear says, "Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart that 's sorry yet for thee." And now, when the last and deepest calamity has fallen upon him, his expressions shape themselves out of the indistinctness with which he views the present and the past, and Cordelia is his "poor fool."

^b *Rough.* So corrected by Pope, from *tough* of the originals.

KENT. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long :
He but usurp'd his life.

ALB. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain [To KENT and EDGAR.
Rule in this realm, and the god's state sustain.

KENT. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go ;
My master calls me,—I must not say, no.

ALB. The weight of this sad time we must obey ;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most : we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long. [Exeunt with a dead march^a.

^a This is the original stage direction.



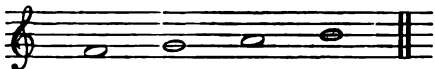
[Dover Castle, in the time of Elizabeth.]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ SCENE II.—“*O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.*”

DR. BURNET, the historian of music, has a note upon this passage, which is certainly ingenious:—“The commentators, not being musicians, have regarded this passage perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakspeare, however, shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmisation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural, that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say, *mi contra fa est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus*, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semitone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters, F, G, A, B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the *times being out of joint*, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa, sol, la, mi.*”



We cannot avoid expressing an opinion that Dr. Burney has somewhat overstated this matter. It is not, we think, that Edmund compares the dislocation of events to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa, sol, la, mi*, but that in his affectation of humming the gamut as Edgar enters, he employs unnatural and offensive sounds. The poet, we readily believe, had a purpose in this; but we do not quite see that the discordant arrangement of the gamut has

any reference to the words which Edmund has just uttered, in the way of comparison. He pretends to be thinking aloud, and the simulated thoughts which he expresses are connected with ideas of what is unnatural and dissonant. In the same way the musical notes which he utters are also unnatural and dissonant. They are a pretended accompaniment to his thoughts, but they are not an interpretation of them.

² SCENE IV.

“*Here's my coxcomb.*”

The Fool of Lear, with reference to the purposes of the drama, has been thus described by Coleridge:—“The Fool is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh,—no forced condescension of Shakspeare's genius to the taste of his audience. Accordingly, the poet prepares for his introduction, which he never does with any of his common clowns and fools, by bringing him into living connexion with the pathos of the play. He is as wonderful a creation as Caliban.” But the prominent part which the Fool takes in the most passionate scenes of Lear—“his wild babblings and inspired idiocy”—were not in the slightest degree opposed to the knowledge of Shakspeare's audience. The domestic fools with which they were familiar, were, for the most part, like the fool which Sir Thomas More describes in his ‘Utopia’: “He so studied with words and sayings, brought forth so out of time and place, to make sport and more laughter, that he himself was oftener laughed at than his jests were. Yet the foolish fellow brought out now and then such indifferent and reasonable stuff, that he made the proverb true which saith, ‘He that shooteth oft at the last shall hit the mark.’” But it must not be imagined that such fools as those who

were admitted to familiarity with the irascible Henry VIII., the haughty Wolsey, and the philosophic and learned More, were vulgar and licentious jesters, or incapable of affection and dislike. They were grateful, no doubt, to those who treated them with kindness,—they were bitter and revengeful, “all licensed” as they were, to those who repulsed and teased them. Antony Stafford, in his ‘Guide of Honour,’ says, he “had known a great and competently wise man, who would much respect any man who was good to his fool.” When Sir Thomas More resigned the Chancellorship, he gave his fool, Pattison, to the Lord Mayor of London, “upon this condition, that he should every year wait upon him that should have that office.” It is difficult to believe that poor Pattison, transferred year after year to a new master, was as happy with the Lord Mayor of London as with the heavenly-tempered Chancellor, who, speaking of fools in general, says, “It is a great reproach to do any of them hurt or injury.”^a Who knows but Pattison would have clung to his master in his misfortunes, like the Fool of Lear,—

—— “who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.”

When Wolsey was disgraced, he cherished his fool, Patch, as one of the few comforts that were left to him; and at last sent him to his capricious master as the most valuable present he could bestow. We can easily imagine that,

^a ‘Utopia,’ Book ii. ch. viii.

in the separation, Wolsey’s fool “much pin’d away,” as Lear’s did “since my young lady’s going into France.” Will Sommers, Henry VIII.’s jester, on the other hand, according to tradition, hated Cardinal Wolsey. He was the “sweet and bitter fool.”

³ SCENE IV.—“If I had a monopoly out, they would have part on ‘t.”

This satire upon “lords and great men” was a bold thing in the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the reign of Elizabeth almost every article of necessity—iron, skins, leather, wool, yarn, coal, beer, glass, paper, saltpetre, potash—was consigned by the prerogative of the crown to the monopoly of some patentee. Mr. Hackwell, a member of the House of Commons, expressed his surprise that bread was not of the number. By the 21st of James the First this most injurious prerogative of the crown was got rid of, and all commissions and letters patent for the sole buying, selling, making, working, or using of anything, are declared contrary to the laws of the realm. Patents for new inventions to be granted for a limited time were excepted by this statute. It is curious that this passage of the text is not found in the folio edition of 1623, at which time the struggle for the abolition of monopolies, and the resistance on the part of the monopolists, were no doubt carried to extremes that would have rendered such a direct allusion offensive to the court, which had an interest in supporting the corruption.



[Henry VIII. and Will Sommers.]



[Sarum Plain.]

ACT II.

4 SCENE II.

*"Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot."*

DRAYTON, in his 'Poly-Olbion,' has the following reference to the Camelot of the old romances:—

*"Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd?
Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the table round,
Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
From whence all knightly deeds and brave achievements
sprung."*

Capell has a mistaken theory that Camelot is a name for Winchester, one of the places where Arthur held his Round Table. But the context of Drayton's poem shows us that Camelot is in Somersetshire; and the original illustrator of Drayton thus describes it:—"By South-Cadbury is that Camelot; a hill of a mile compass at the top, four trenches circling it, and betwixt every of them an earthen wall, the contents of it, within, about twenty acres, full of ruins and relics of old buildings. . . . Antique report makes this one of Arthur's places of his Round Table, as the muse here sings." Hammer tells us that in the moors near Camelot large quantities of geese are bred; but it may

be doubted whether the line "I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot," has reference to this fact. Warburton supposes that some proverbial speech in the old romances of Arthur has supplied the allusion, of which, we think, there is little doubt.

5 SCENE III.

*"The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars," &c.*

Harrison, in his description of England, published with 'Holinshed's Chronicle,' gives, upon the whole, the most minute and satisfactory account of the state of society in England in Shakspeare's early years. Shakspeare probably wrote from his own observation when he described the

— "beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary."

But there are some very remarkable similarities in Harrison's description; and the whole passage shows us, as the author of 'The Pictorial History of England' has truly said, that "the merry England of the days of Elizabeth was,

in some respects, rather a terrible country to live in :—

“Such as are idle beggars, through their own default, are of two sorts, and continue their estates either by casual or mere voluntary means: those that are such by casual means, are in the beginning justly to be referred either to the first or second sort of poor afore mentioned (the poor by impotency, and the poor by casualty); but, degenerating into the thriftless sort, they do what they can to continue their misery, and, with such impediments as they have, to stray and wander about, as creatures abhorring all labour and every honest exercise. Certes, I call these casual means, not in respect of the original of their poverty, but of the continuance of the same, from whence they will not be delivered, such is their own ungracious lewdness and froward disposition. The voluntary means proceed from outward causes, as by making of corrosives, and applying the same to the most fleshy parts of their bodies; and also laying of ratsbane, spearwort, crowfoot, and such like, into their whole members, thereby to raise pitiful and odious sores, and move the hearts of the goers by such places where they lie to yearn at their misery, and thereupon bestow large alms upon them. How artificially they beg, what forcible speech, and how they select and choose out words of vehemency, whereby they do in a manner conjure or adjure the goer by to pity their cases, I pass over to remember, as judging the name of God and Christ to be more conversant in the mouths of none; and yet the presence of the Heavenly Majesty further off from no men than from this ungracious company.

“Unto this nest is another sort to be referred, more sturdy than the rest, which, having sound and perfect limbs, do yet, notwithstanding, sometimes counterfeit the possession of all sorts of diseases. Divers times, in their apparel also, they will be like serving men or labourers: oftentimes they can play the mariners, and seek for ships which they never lost. But, in fine, they are all thieves and caterpillars in the commonwealth, and by the word of God not permitted to eat, sith they do but lick the sweat from the true labourers' brows, and bereave the godly poor of that which is due unto them, to maintain their excess, consuming the charity of well-disposed people bestowed upon them, after a most wicked and detestable manner.

“It is not yet full threescore years since this trade began; but how it hath prospered since that time it is easy to judge, for they are now supposed, of one sex and another, to amount unto above 10,000 persons, as I have heard reported. Moreover, in counterfeiting the Egyptian rogues, they have devised a language among themselves, which they name canting, but others pedlar's French, a speech compact thirty years since of English and a great number of odd words of their own devising, without all order or reason; and yet, such is it as none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck—a just reward no doubt for his deserts, and a common end to all of that profession. A gentleman also of late hath taken great pains to search out the secret practices of this ungracious rabble; and among other things, he setteth down and describeth three-and-twenty sorts of them, whose names it shall not be amiss to remember, whereby each one may take occasion to read and know, as also by his industry, what wicked people they are, and what villainy remaineth in them.

“The several disorders and degrees amongst our idle vagabonds :—

- | | |
|---------------------------|--|
| 1. Rufflers. | 9. Abrams. |
| 2. Uprightmen. | 10. Freshwater Mariners, or Whipjacks. |
| 3. Hookers, or Anglers. | 11. Dummerers. |
| 4. Rogues. | 12. Drunken Tinkers. |
| 5. Wild Rogues. | 13. Swaddlers, or Pedlers. |
| 6. Priggers, or Prancers. | 14. Jackmen, or Patricoes. |
| 7. Palliards. | |
| 8. Fraters. | |

Of womenkind :—

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Demanders for glimmer, or fire. | 5. Walking Mortes. |
| 2. Baudy-baskets. | 6. Dores. |
| 3. Mortes. | 7. Delles. |
| 4. Autem Mortes. | 8. Kinching Mortes. |
| | 9. Kinching Coven.” |

The “Bedlam beggars” of Shakspeare were sometimes real lunatics, and sometimes vagabonds affecting their pitiable condition. Mr. D'Israeli, in his ‘Curiosities of Literature,’ has collected some interesting particulars regarding this singular race of mendicants. The real Bedlam beggars were probably out-pensioners of the hospital, never dangerous, and seldom mischievous. Their costume is described by Randle Holme in his ‘Academy of Armoury;’ and Decker, in his ‘English Villainies,’ has noticed the impostors personating the proper Bedlams, who were known by the name of Abraham-men. In one of Aubrey's manuscript

papers* we have the following minute description:—"Till the breaking out of the civil wars, Tom o' Bedlams did travel about the country; they had been poor distracted men, that had been put into Bedlam, where, recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a begging; i. e., they had on their left arm an armilla, an iron ring for the arm, about four inches long, as printed in some works. They could not get it off; they wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or bawdry, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and they put the drink given to them into this horn, whereto they put a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any one of them." The great horn of an ox, into which the Tom o' Bedlams put their drink, explains a passage in one of Edgar's speeches,—"Poor Tom, thy horn is dry." (Act III., Sc. 6.)

After the description of the Bedlam beggars, Edgar exclaims, "Poor Turlugod!" We give an interesting note on this subject from Douce. "Warburton would read Turlupin, and Hanmer Turluru; but there is a better reason for rejecting both these terms than for preferring either; viz., that Turlugood is the corrupted word in our language. The Turlupins were a fanatical sect that over-ran France, Italy, and Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They were at first known by the names of Beghards or Beghins, and brethren and sisters of the free spirit. Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction. The common people alone called them Turlupins; a name which, though it has excited much doubt and controversy, seems obviously to be connected with the wolvisch howlings which these people in all probability would make when influenced by their religious ravings. Their subsequent appellation of the fraternity of poor men might have been the cause why the wandering rogues called Bedlam beggars, and one of whom Edgar personates, assumed or obtained the title of Turlupins or Turlugoods, especially if their mode of asking alms was accompanied by the gesticulations of madmen. Turlupino and Turluru are old Italian terms for a fool or madman; and the Flemings had a proverb, '*as unfortunate as Turlupin and his children.*'"

* MS. Lansdowne, 236.

* SCENE IV.

"*Cry to it, nunde, as the cockney did to the eels.*"

In the ancient ballad of 'The Tournament of Tottenham,' printed by Percy in his 'Reliques,' we have these lines:—

"At that fest they wer servyd with a ryche aray,
Every fyve and fyve had a cokenay."

Percy, in his Glossary, says, "Cokenay seems to be a diminutive for cook; from the Latin coquinator, or coquinarus. The meaning seems to be, that every five and five had a cook or scullion to attend them." Tyrwhitt (Note on 'Canterbury Tales,' verse 4206) cites, in confirmation of this opinion, a line from 'Pierce Plowman's Visions':—

"And yet I say by my soule, I have no salt bacon,
Ne no cokeney by Christe coloppes to make."

If Percy and Tyrwhitt were unquestionably right, we should have no difficulty in explaining that the *cockney* in Shakspeare who put the eels "i' the paste alive" was a cook; and this indeed seems the natural interpretation of the term from the context. But Douce maintains that the cokenay of 'Pierce Plowman' and the 'Tournament of Tottenham' was a little cock. The cockney, then, of Lear's fool may be the Londoner, who bore that name of contempt before the time of Shakspeare. In 'Twelfth Night' the clown says, "I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney;" and Chaucer, in his 'Reve's Tale,' appears to employ it with a similar meaning:—

"And when this jape is told another day,
I shall be halden a daffe or a cokenay."

Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' gives us two explanations of the term:—

"1. One coaks'd or cocker'd, made a wanton or nestle-cock of, delicately bred and brought up, so that, when grown men or women, they can endure no hardship, nor comport with pains-taking.

"2. One utterly ignorant of husbandry and huswifery, such as is practised in the country, so that they may be persuaded anything about rural commodities; and the original thereof, and the tale of the citizen's son, who knew not the language of the cock, but called it neighing, is commonly known."

The tale of the cock neighing is gravely given by Minshieu in his 'Guide into the Tongues;' and is repeated in succeeding dictionaries. Whatever be the origin, there can be no doubt that London was anciently known by the name

of Cockney. Fuller says, "It is more than four hundred years old; for, when Hugh Bigot added artificial fortifications to the natural strength of his castle at Bungay, in Suffolk, he gave out this rhyme, therein vaunting it for impregnable:—

' Were I in my castle of Bungey,
Upon the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the King of Cockney '—

meaning thereby King Henry the Second, then peaceably possessed of London, whilst some other places did resist him; though afterwards he so humbled this Hugh, that he was fain with large sums of money and pledges for his loyalty, to redeem this his castle from being razed to the ground." Tyrwhitt ingeniously suggests that the author of these rhymes, "in calling

London Cockeney, might possibly allude to that imaginary country of idleness and luxury which was anciently known by the name of Cokaigne, or Cocagne; a name which Hicks has shown to be derived from Coquina. He has there published an excellent description of the country of Cokaigne, in old English verse, but probably translated from the French. At least, the French have had the same fable among them, for Boileau plainly alludes to it:—

' Paris est pour un riche un pais de Cocagne.'

The festival of Cocagna at Naples, described by Keyser, appears to have the same foundation. It probably commenced under the Norman government."

ACT III.

' SCENE II.—"When priests are more in word
than matter," &c.

THIS prophecy is not found in the quartos, and it was therefore somewhat hastily concluded that it was an interpolation of the players. It is founded upon a prophecy in Chaucer, which is thus quoted in Puttenham's 'Art of Poetry,' 1589:—

" When faith fails in priestes saws,
And lords' bests are holden for laws,
And robbery is tane for purchase,
And lechery for solace,
Then shall the realm of Albion
Be brought to great confusion."

Warburton had a theory that the lines spoken by the Fool contain two separate prophecies;—that the first four lines are a satirical description of the present manners as future, and the subsequent six lines a description of future manners, which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening. He then recommends a separation of the concluding two couplets to mark this distinction. Capell thinks also that they were separate prophecies, not spoken at the same time, but on different nights of the play's performance. All this appears to us to pass by the real object of the passage, which, by the jumble of ideas—the confusion between manners that existed, and manners that might exist in an improved state of society—were calculated to bring such predictions into ridicule. The conclusion,—

" Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be used with feet,"—

leaves no doubt of this. Nor was the introduction of such a mock prophecy mere idle buffoonery. There can be no question, from the statutes that were directed against these stimulants to popular credulity, that they were considered of importance in Shakspeare's day. Bacon's essay 'Of Prophecies' shows that the philosopher gravely denounced what our poet pleasantly ridiculed. Bacon did not scruple to explain a prophecy of this nature in a way that might disarm public apprehension. "The trivial prophecy which I heard when I was a child, and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years, was,

" When hempe is sponne,
England's done; "

whereby it was generally conceived that, after the princes had reigned which had the principal letters of that word hempe (which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth), England should come to utter confusion; which, thanks be to God, is verified only in the change of the name; for that the king's style is now no more of England but of Britain." Bacon adds, "My judgment is that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for winter talk by the fireside: though, when I say despised, I mean it as for belief, for otherwise, the spreading or publishing of them is in no sort to be despised,

for they have done much mischief; and I see many severe laws made to suppress them."

* SCENE IV.

"*That hath laid knives under his pillow,*" &c.

The feigned madness of Edgar assumes, throughout, that he represented a demoniac. His first expression is, "Away! the foul fiend follows me;" and in this and the subsequent scenes the same idea is constantly repeated. "Who gives anything to poor Tom, whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame?"—"This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet;"—"Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou foul fiend;" "The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale." Shakspeare has, with wonderful judgment, put language in the mouth of Edgar that was in some degree familiar to his audience. In the year 1603, Dr. Samuel Harsnet, afterwards Archbishop of York, published a very extraordinary book, entitled 'A Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures, to withdraw the hearts of Her Majesty's subjects from their allegiance, under the pretence of casting out devils, practised by Edmunds, *alias* Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish priests, his wicked associates.' Warburton, thus describes the circumstance to which this work refers:—"While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the Jesuits were here busy at work to promote it by making converts. One method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman Catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Antony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason), Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, three chambermaids in that family, came into the priests' hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished." When Edgar says that the foul fiend "hath laid knives under his pillow, and halts in his pew," Shakspeare repeats one of the circumstances of the imposture described by Harsnet:—"This examinant further saith, that one Alexander, an apothecary, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a

new halter and two blades of knives, did leave the same upon the gallery floor in her master's house. A great search was made in the house to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither, till Ma. Mainy, in his next fit, said it was reported that the devil laid them in the gallery, that some of those that were possessed might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades." In Harsnet we find that "Fratiretto, Fliberdigibbet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round or morrice. . . . These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves do confess." The names of three of these fiends are used by Mad Tom, and so is that of a fourth, Smalkin, also mentioned by Harsnet. When he says—

"The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu"—

he uses names which are also found in Harsnet, where Modo was called the prince of all other devils. (See Illustration 5.)

* SCENE IV.—"*Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee.*"

We have been favoured with the following note, which illustrates this passage, and that in 'Macbeth'—

"Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries,"

by the late Mr. T. Rodd,—one of the booksellers who has been an honour to his calling, and a benefactor of literature. Our readers will be gratified by the very happy explanation of a matter which has hitherto been perplexed and uncertain:—

The word *aroint* occurs twice in Shakspeare, and is not found in the work of any other old English author, nor is it contained in any ancient dictionary. It has been supposed that it is printed by mistake for *avaunt*, and some commentators propose to read *a rowan-tree*, that tree being held as a charm against the power of witches, against whom the word is used. Whoever is conversant with the details of seeing a work through the printing-press will be satisfied that the word is *aroint*, and that it was well understood at the time. Whenever a word occurs in writing which is not understood by the compositor, he is in the habit of printing in its place some word nearest in appearance, no matter whether it makes sense of the passage or not. Now, as this word is printed the same in all the four folios, it is fair to presume that it was not altogether fallen into disuse,

even in 1685, the date of the latest of these editions. Richardson, in his 'Dictionary,' derives it from Ronger, and says that it means, *be thou gnawed*; but the word as used in Shakspeare will not bear this interpretation.

Under this uncertainty, the following new etymology of the word is proposed.

It is conjectured that it is a compound of *ar*, or *acr*, and *hynt*: the first a very ancient word, common to the Greek and Gothic languages in the sense of *to go*; the second derived from the Gothic, and still in common use under the same form and with the same meaning, *hind*, *behind*, &c., in English, and *hint*, or *hynt*, in German.

In support of this derivation of the word, it must be borne in mind that it is used as a charm against witches, and appears to have had a powerful effect, since one of the witches in 'Macbeth,' against whom it is used, acknowledges, by her threats of vengeance, its efficacy; and this use of it is probably derived from the remarkable words used by Christ on two occasions, Mark viii. 33, Luke iv. 8, *Get thee behind me, Satan*; apparently a common phrase among the Jews. In the German version of the Testament by Luther, Luke iv. 8, is rendered *hynt ar me thu Sathanas*. It is not unlikely that this text may have been adopted into the forms for exorcising persons supposed to be possessed, and thus it came into common use.

Dr. Johnson imagined he had found the word used in an old print copied by Hearne from an ancient illumination representing the harrowing of hell. The devil is represented as blowing a horn, from which proceeds the word *arongt*. This may be intended merely to express by letters the sounds from the horn: if it really be a word, it is probably *arougt*, *go out*,—the print representing the delivery of the damned from hell by Christ,—and will thus strengthen our conjecture. The word *aroint* appears to be still used in Cheshire, in the same sense as by Shakspeare. In Wilbraham's 'Glossary of Cheshire Words,' we find *rynt* used by the milkmaid when the cow will not stand still—"rynt thee"—the cow evidently being supposed to be bewitched. In this instance the *a* is either dropped, or is expressed by giving the *r* its full rough sound, by compressing the tongue against the palate when sounding it.

Another Shakspearian word, *baccare*, appears to be a compound apparently derived in part from the same root. The commentators derive it from the Italian, but without giving the

parent word; and on searching the dictionary of that language no such word has been found. The word was in common use before the time of Shakspeare; it occurs in Heywood's 'Proverbs,' and also in the old interlude of 'Ralf Roister Doister,' by Udall, under the form of a proverbial expression, "*Baccare, quoth Mortimer to his sow.*" It is long ere imported words get into such common use as to become adopted by the common people into their proverbial and familiar phrases; and it is much to be doubted whether, at the time when Heywood wrote, any Italian words had been introduced, except such as related to commerce. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the word is pure Saxon,—*back-are*, *go back*,—in which sense it is used by Heywood, Udall, and Shakspeare.

The word *baccare* has been previously noticed, with this explanation, in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' Act II., Sc. 1.

¹⁰ SCENE IV.—"*Whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned.*"

Shakspeare, with that unvarying kindness which he exhibits towards wretched and oppressed humanity, in however low a shape, makes us here feel the cruelty of the laws which in his days were enforced, however vainly, for the suppression of mendicancy. By the statutes of the 39th Elizabeth (1597), and the 1st of James I. (1604), the severe penalties of former Acts were somewhat modified; but the rogue, vagabond, or sturdy beggar, was still by these statutes to be "stripped naked, from the middle upwards, and to be whipped until his body was bloody, and to be sent from parish to parish, the next straight way to the place of his birth." Harrison has described the previous state of the law with his characteristic force and simplicity, but with small leaning to the merciful side: "The punishment that is ordained for this kind of people is very sharp, and yet it cannot refrain them from their gadding: wherefore the end must needs be martial law to be exercised upon them, as upon thieves, robbers, despisers of all laws, and enemies to the common-wealth and welfare of the land. What notable robberies, pilferies, murders, rapes, and stealings of young children, burning, breaking, and disfiguring their limbs to make them pitiful in the sight of the people, I need not to rehearse: but for their idle rogueing about the country, the law ordaineth this manner of correction. The rogue being apprehended, committed to prison,

and tried in the next assizes, (whether they be of gaol delivery or sessions of the peace,) if he happen to be convicted for a vagabond either by inquest of office or the testimony of two honest and credible witnesses upon their oaths, he is then immediately adjudged to be grievously whipped, and burned through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about, as a manifestation of his wicked life, and due punishment received for the same. And this judgment is to be executed upon him, except some honest person worth five pounds in the queen's books in goods, or twenty shillings in lands, or some rich householder to be allowed by the justices, will be bound in recognizance to retain him in his service for one whole year. If he be taken the second time, and proved to have forsaken his said service, he shall then be whipped again, bored likewise through the other ear, and set to service; from whence if he depart before a year be expired, and happen afterwards to be attached again, he is condemned to suffer pains of death as a felon (except before excepted), without benefit of clergy or sanctuary, as by the statute doth appear."

" SCENE IV.

"*The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's called, and Mahu.*"

In a previous Illustration we have shown that Modo and Mahu, as the names of fiends, occur in Harsnet's 'Declaration of Popish Impostures.' There can be no doubt, we think, that Shakspeare derived these names, as well as others which Edgar uses, from this book, which, from its nature, must have attracted considerable popular attention. But it is difficult to say where the Jesuits, whose impostures Harsnet describes, found the strange names which they bestow upon their pretended fiends. Latimer, however, mentions Flibbertigibbet in his 'Sermons.'

" SCENE VI.

"*Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.*"

This is the first line of a "songe betweene the Queene's Majestie and Englande," or a dialogue in verse, consisting of twenty-two stanzas of six lines each, the interlocutors being England per-

sonified, and the Queen Elizabeth. The original is part of an exceedingly rare, if not unique, collection, in black letter, in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, reprinted in the 'Harleian Miscellany,' vol. x., p. 260.

In a volume of MS. music in the British Museum is a three-part song (*a canon*), supposed to have been written in the time of Henry VIII., beginning as the above, and which seems to be a version—or, possibly, the source—of it. The music is in the old notation, each part separate, and *not* "in score," as erroneously stated in the index to the volume.

" SCENE VII.—"*Where is thy lustre now?*"

Of the scene of tearing out Gloster's eyes, Coleridge thus speaks:—"I will not disguise my conviction that, in this one point, the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the outermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic." He subsequently says, "What can I say of this scene? There is my reluctance to think Shakspeare wrong, and yet——." As the scene stands in all modern editions, it is impossible not to agree with Coleridge. The editors, by their stage directions have led us to think that this horrid act was manifested to the sight of the audience. They say "Gloster is held down in his chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it." Again, "Tears out Gloster's other eye, and throws it on the ground." Nothing of these directions occurs in the original editions, and we have therefore rejected them from the text. But if it can be shown that the act was to be imagined and not seen by the spectators, some part of the loathing which we feel must be diminished. In an Illustration of 'Othello,' Act V., we have shown the uses of the "secondary stage," by which contrivance "two scenes might be played which could be wholly comprehended, although *not* everything in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen." We have also referred, in that Illustration, to Tieck's argument, that the horrid action of tearing out Gloster's eyes did not take place on the stage proper, giving a portion of the note of that eminent German critic.

ACT IV.

"SCENE VI.

*"How fearful**And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!" &c.*

DR. JOHNSON has the following criticism on this celebrated passage:—"This description has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleasantry, that—'He who can read it without being giddy has a very good head, or a very bad one.' The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himself assailed by one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror."

In this criticism we detect much of the peculiar character of Johnson's mind, as well as of the poetical taste of the age in which he lived. Wordsworth, in his preface to the second edition of his poems, has shown clearly upon what false foundations that criticism is built which would prefer high-sounding words, conveying only indeterminate ideas, and call these the only proper language of poetry, in opposition to the simple and distinct language, "however naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre," which by such criticism is denominated prosaic. Johnson was thoroughly consistent in his dislike of the "observation of particulars," and the "attention to distinct objects." In Boswell's 'Life' we have a more detailed account of his poetical creed, with reference to this very description of Dover cliff:—"Johnson said that the description of the temple, in 'The Mourning Bride,' was the finest poetical passage he had ever read: he recollected none in Shakspeare equal to it,—

("How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof;
By its own weight made steadfast and unmovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart!")

"'But,' said Garrick, all alarmed for the god of his idolatry, 'we know not the extent and variety of his powers. We are to suppose there are such passages in his works: Shakspeare must not suffer from the badness of our memories.' Johnson, diverted by this enthusiastic jealousy, went on with great ardour—'No, sir; Congreve has *nature*' (smiling on the tragic eagerness of Garrick); but, composing himself, he added, 'Sir, this is not comparing Congreve on the whole with Shakspeare on the whole, but only maintaining that Congreve has one finer passage than any that can be found in Shakspeare. . . . What I mean is, that you can show me no passage where there is simply a description of material objects, without any intermixture of moral notions, which produces such an effect.' Mr. Murphy mentioned Shakspeare's description of the night before the battle of Agincourt; but it was observed it had men in it. Mr. Davies suggested the speech of Juliet, in which she figures herself awaking in the tomb of her ancestors. Some one mentioned the description of Dover cliff. Johnson—'No, sir; it should be all precipice—all vacuum. The crows impede your fall. The diminished appearance of the boats, and other circumstances, are all very good description, but do not impress the mind at once with the horrible idea of immense height. The impression is divided; you pass on, by computation, from one stage of the tremendous space to another. Had the girl in 'The Mourning Bride' said she could not cast her shoe to the top of one of the pillars in the temple, it would not have aided the idea, but weakened it.'"

Taken as pieces of pure description, there is only one way of testing the different value of the passages in Shakspeare and Congreve—that is, by considering what ideas the mind receives from the different modes adopted to convey ideas. But the criticism of Johnson, even if it could have established that the passage of Congreve, taken apart, was "finer" than that of Shakspeare, utterly overlooks the *dramatic* propriety of each passage. The "girl," in the 'Mourning Bride' is soliloquising—uttering a piece of versification, harmonious enough, indeed, but without any dramatic purpose. The mode in which Edgar describes the cliff is for the special information of the blind Gloucester—one who could not look from a precipice. The

crows and crouches, the samphire-gatherer, the fisherman, the bark, the surge that is seen but not heard—each of these, incidental to the place, is selected as a standard by which Gloster can measure the altitude of the cliff. Transpose the description into the generalities of Congreve's description of the cathedral, and the dramatic propriety at least is utterly destroyed. The height of the cliff is then only presented as an image to Gloster's mind upon the vague assertion of his conductor. Let the description begin, for example, something after the fashion of Congreve,—

"How fearful is the edge of this high cliff!"

and continue with a proper assortment of chalky crags and gulfs below. Of what worth then would be Edgar's concluding lines—

"I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong?"

The mind of Gloster might have thus received some "idea of immense height," but not an idea that he could appreciate "by computation." The very defects which Johnson imputes to Shakspeare's description constitute its dramatic merit. We have no hesitation in saying further, that they constitute its surpassing poetical beauty, apart from its dramatic propriety.



[Samphire.]

15 SCENE VI.

"Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!"

There can be little doubt that Shakspeare was locally acquainted with the neighbourhood of Dover. The cliffs in his time, as adjacent portions of the coast are now, were celebrated for the production of samphire. Drayton, in his 'Poly-Olbion,' has these lines:—

"Some, his ill-season'd mouth that wisely understood,
Rob Dover's neighbouring cleeves of sampyre, to excite
His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite."

The last line shows us the uses of samphire. It was and is prepared as a pickle; and it was in such demand that it was mentioned by Heywood, in a song enumerating the cries of London,—

"I ha' rock-samphier, rock-samphier."

16 SCENE VI.

"Hadst thou been ought but gossamer."

There is a beautiful description of the gossamer in 'Romeo and Juliet,'—

"A lover may bestride the gossamer,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity."

It is needless to inquire whether Shakspeare was aware that the filmy threads were the production of spiders. Spenser mentions them as "scorched dew." Without entering into any detail of the controversy between naturalists as to the causes of the phenomenon, in connection with the spider, we may quote Gilbert White's remarks, attached to his interesting description of a shower of gossamers:—

"The remark that I shall make on these cobweb-like appearances, called gossamer, is, that, strange and superstitious as the notions about them were formerly, nobody in these days doubts but that they are the real production of small spiders, which swarm in the fields in fine weather in autumn, and have a power of shooting out webs from their tails, so as to render themselves buoyant and lighter than air. . . . Every day in fine weather, in autumn chiefly, do I see those spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft: they will go off from your finger if you will take them into your hand. Last summer one alighted on my book, as I was reading in the parlour, and, running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most

wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring, and I am sure that I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers seem

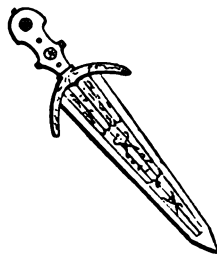
to have, while mounting, some locomotive power, without the use of wings, and to move in the air faster than the air itself."—*History of Selborne.*

COSTUME.

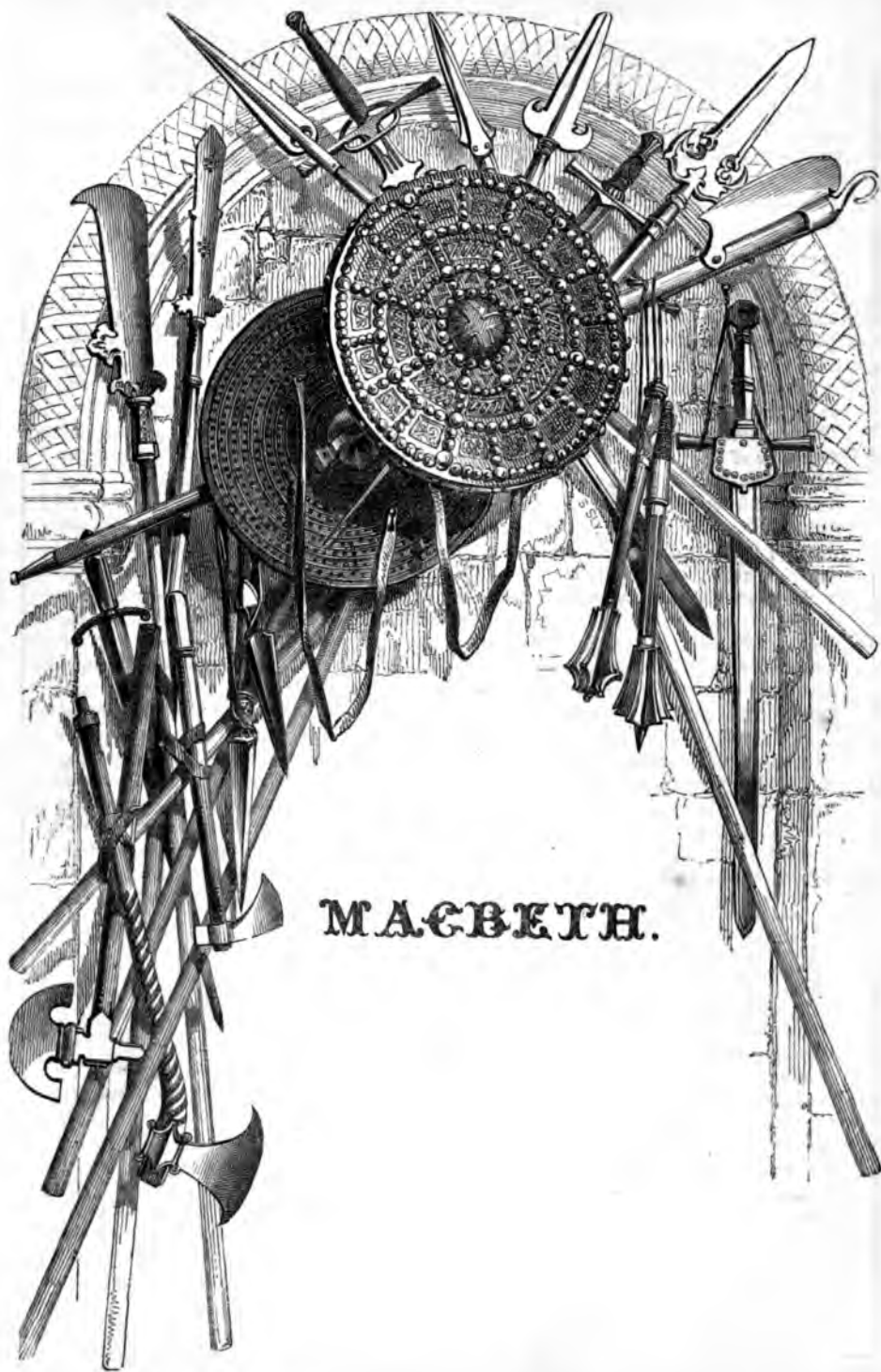
THE sagacious Mrs. Lenox informs us that "Shakspeare has deviated widely from *History* in the catastrophe of his play;" whereat she is somewhat indignant, for "had Shakspeare followed the *historian* he would not have violated the rules of poetical justice." The antiquarians are as sensitive as the moralists upon this point. Had Shakspeare attended to the chronology of the days of king Bladud, and preserved a due regard to the manners of Britain, at the period when Romulus and Remus built Rome, "upon the eleventh of the Calends of May," he would not have given us what Douce calls "a plentiful crop of blunders." He would have made no allusions, according to Douce's literal view of the matter, to Turks, or Bedlam beggars, or Childe Roland, or the theatrical moralities, or to Nero. We confess, however, that this inexactitude of the poet does not shock us quite so much as it does the professional detectors of anachronisms,—those who look upon such allusions as "blunders" that may disturb the empire of accuracy and dulness, and consider poetry as properly a sort of ornamented Ap-

pendix to a Cyclopædia. We have no desire to regard the symbols by which ideas may be most readily communicated, as the exponents of the things themselves to which they refer. We are willing that a poet, describing events of a purely fabulous character, represented by the narrators of them as belonging to an age to which we cannot attach one precise notion of costume (we use the word in its large sense), should employ images that belong to a more recent period—and even to his own time. It is for the same reason that we do not object to see Lear painted with a diadem on his head, and his knights in armour. We should not much quarrel with any theatrical costume of the tragedy, excepting, perhaps, Garrick's laced coat, and Quin's powdered periwig. We would leave these things to the imaginations of our readers (whatever stage-managers may do with their audiences), lest we should fall into some such mistake as that celebrated in the 'Art of Sinking in Poetry';—

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Piet his grandmère won."



[“ My good biting faulchion.”]



MACBETH.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE Tragedie of Macbeth' was first published in the folio collection of 1623. Its place in that edition is between 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Hamlet.' And yet, in modern reprints of the text of Shakspeare, 'Macbeth' is placed the first amongst the Histories. This is to convey a wrong notion of the character of this great drama. Shakspeare's Chronicle-histories are essentially conducted upon a different principle. The interest of 'Macbeth' is not an historical interest. It matters not whether the action is true, or has been related as true: it belongs to the realms of poetry altogether. We might as well call 'Lear' or 'Hamlet' historical plays, because the outlines of the story of each are to be found in old records of the past. Our text is, with very few exceptions, a restoration of the text of the original folio.

In Coleridge's early sonnet 'to the Author of the Robbers,' his imagination is enchained to the most terrible scene of that play; disregarding, as it were, all the accessaries by which its horrors are mitigated and rendered endurable:—

"Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry—
Lest in some after-moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout
Diminish'd shrunk from the more withering scene!"

It was in a somewhat similar manner that Shakspeare's representation of the murder of Duncan affected the imagination of Mrs. Siddons:—"It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that on which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that

little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But, to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night (a night I can never forget), till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting it out; and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes."^a If the drama of 'Macbeth' were to produce the same effect upon the mind of an imaginative reader as that described by Mrs. Siddons, it would not be the great work of art which it really is. If our poet had resolved, using the words of his own 'Othello,' to

"abandon all remorse,
On horror's head horrors accumulate,"

the midnight terrors, such as Mrs. Siddons has described, would have indeed been a tribute to *power*,—but not to the power which has produced 'Macbeth.' The paroxysm of fear, the panic-struck fancy, the prostrated senses, so beautifully described by this impassioned actress, were the result of the intensity with which she had fixed her mind upon that part of the play which she was herself to act. In the endeavour to get the words into her head her own fine genius was naturally kindled to behold a complete vision of the wonderful scene. Again, and

^a Memoranda by Mrs. Siddons, inserted in her 'Life' by Mr. Campbell.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

again, were the words repeated, on that night which she could never forget,—in the silence of that night when all about her were sleeping. And then she heard the owl shriek, amidst the hurried steps in the fatal chamber,—and she saw the bloody hands of the assassin,—and, personifying the murderer, she rushed to dip her own hands in the gore of Duncan. It is perfectly evident that this intensity of conception has carried the horrors far beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion, and has produced all the terrors of a real murder. No reader of the play, and no spectator, can regard this play as Mrs. Siddons regarded it. On that night she, probably for the first time, had a strong though imperfect vision of the character of Lady Macbeth, such as she afterwards delineated it; and, in that case, what to all of us must, under any circumstances, be a work of art, however glorious, was to her almost a reality. It was the isolation of the scene demanded by her own attempt to conceive the character of Lady Macbeth, which made it so terrible to Mrs. Siddons. The reader has to regard it as a part of a great whole, which combines and harmonises with all around it; for which he is adequately prepared by what has gone before; and which,—

even if we look at it as a picture which presents only that one portion of the whole, has still its own repose, its own harmonious colouring, its own chiaroscuro,—is to be seen under a natural light. There was a natural light upon it when Mrs. Siddons saw it as she has described.

The leading characteristic of this great tragedy is, without doubt, that which constitutes the essential difference between the work of the highest genius and a work of mediocrity. Without *power*—by which I here especially mean the ability to produce strong excitement by the display of scenes of horror—no poet of the highest order ever made; but this alone does not make a poet. If he is called upon to present scenes, they must, even in their most sublime forms, be associated with the beautiful pre-eminence of his art in this particular alone prevent them affecting the imagination beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion. To keep within these limits, and to preserve all the energy which results from the power of dealing with the terrible from the beautiful, belongs to few poets; and the world has seen: to Shakspeare it belongs surpassingly.



[Inverness.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p>DUNCAN, <i>King of Scotland.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.</p> <p>MALCOLM, <i>son to Duncan.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.</p> <p>DONALBAIN, <i>son to Duncan.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3.</p> <p>MACBETH, <i>general of the King's army.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 7.</p> <p>BANQUO, <i>general of the King's army.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.</p> <p>MACDUFF, <i>a nobleman of Scotland.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.</p> <p>LENOX, <i>a nobleman of Scotland.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.</p> <p>ROSSE, <i>a nobleman of Scotland.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 7.</p> <p>MENTETH, <i>a nobleman of Scotland.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.</p> <p>ANGUS, <i>a nobleman of Scotland.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.</p> <p>CATHNESS, <i>a nobleman of Scotland.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.</p> <p>FLEANCE, <i>son to Banquo.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.</p> <p>SIWARD, <i>Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.</p>	<p>Young SIWARD, <i>son to the Earl of Northum- berland.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act V. sc. 4; sc. 7.</p> <p>SETTON, <i>an officer attending on Macbeth.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.</p> <p>Son to Macduff. <i>Appears</i>, Act IV. sc. 2.</p> <p>An English Doctor. <i>Appears</i>, Act IV. sc. 3.</p> <p>A Scotch Doctor. <i>Appears</i>, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.</p> <p>A Soldier. <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 2.</p> <p>A Porter. <i>Appears</i>, Act II. sc. 3.</p> <p>An old Man. <i>Appears</i>, Act II. sc. 4.</p> <p>LADY MACBETH. <i>Appears</i>, Act I. sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.</p> <p>LADY MACDUFF. <i>Appears</i>, Act IV. sc. 2.</p> <p>Gentlewoman, <i>attending on Lady Macbeth.</i> <i>Appears</i>, Act V. sc. 1.</p> <p>HECATE. <i>Appears</i>, Act III. sc. 5.</p> <p>Three Witches. <i>Appear</i>, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1.</p> <p>Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Mur- derers, Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.</p>
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SCENE,—IN THE END OF ACT IV. IN ENGLAND; THROUGH THE REST OF THE PLAY IN
SCOTLAND.



[View from the Site of Macbeth's Castle, Inverness.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 WITCH. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain^a?

2 WITCH. When the hurlyburly's^b done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 WITCH. That will be ere the set of sun^c.

^a Some of the modern editions read "*and in rain*," to prevent that misconception of the question which they think may arise from the use of *or*. The Witches invariably meet under a disturbance of the elements; and this is clear enough without any change of the original text.

^b *Hurlyburly*. In Peacham's 'Garden of Eloquence,' 1577, this word is given as an example of that ornament of language which consists in "a name intimating the sound of that it signifieth, as *hurlyburly*, for an uproar and tumultuous stir." Todd finds the word in a collection of Scottish proverbs, and therefore decides upon the propriety of its use by the Scottish witch. This is unnecessary; for, although it might belong to both languages, Spenser had used it in our own; and it had the peculiar recommendation of the quality described by Peacham for its introduction in a lyrical composition.

^c The line before us reads, in the original,

"That will be ere *the* set of sun."

Steevens strikes out *the* as harsh and unnecessary. Any one who has an ear for the fine lyrical

1 WITCH. Where the place?

2 WITCH. Upon the heath:

3 WITCH. There to meet with Macbeth.

1 WITCH. I come, Graymalkin^a!

ALL. Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches *vanish*.]

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres. Alarum within.*

Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

DUN. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

MAL. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

SOLD. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of^b kernes and gallowglasses is supplied¹;
And fortune, on his damned quarry^c smiling.

movement of the whole scene will see what an exquisite variety of pause there is in the ten lines of which it consists. Take, for example, the line

"There to meet with Macbeth;"

and contrast its solemn movement with what has preceded it. But the editors must have seven syllables; and so some read

"There *I* go to meet Macbeth:"

others,

"There to meet with *brave* Macbeth:"

and others,

"There to meet with—*Whom?*—Macbeth."

^a *Graymalkin* is a cat; *Paddock*, a toad.

^b *Of* is here used in the sense of *with*.

^c *Quarry*. So the original. The common reading, on the emendation of Johnson, is *quarrel*. We conceive that the original word is that used by Shakspeare. In 'Coriolanus' we have,

"——— I'd make a quarry

With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high

As I could pick my lance."

It is in the same sense, we believe, that the soldier uses the word *quarry*: the "damned quarry" being the doomed army of kernes and gallowglasses, who, although fortune deceitfully smiled on them, fled before the sword of Macbeth, and became his *quarry*—his prey.

Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

DUN. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

SOLD. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break*;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

DUN. Dismay'd not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

SOLD. Yes: As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUN. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;

They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

MAL. The worthythane of Rosse.

LEN. What a haste looks through his eyes!

So should he look that seems to speak strange things.

ROSSE. God save the king!

DUN. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

ROSSE. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,

And fan our people cold.

* The word *break* is not in the original. The second folio adds *breaking*. Some verb is wanting; and the reading of the second folio is some sort of authority for the introduction of *break*, which is Pope's reading.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
 The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict :
 Till that Bellona's bridegroom^a, lapp'd in proof,
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,
 Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm^b,
 Curbing his lavish spirit : And, to conclude,
 The victory fell on us ;—

DUN. Great happiness !

ROSSE. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
 Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

DUN. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
 Our bosom interest :—Go, pronounce his present^c death,
 And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSSE. I 'll see it done.

DUN. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister ?

2 WITCH. Killing swine.

3 WITCH. Sister, where thou ?

1 WITCH. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
 And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :—" Give me," quoth I :
 " Aroint thee^d, witch !" the rump-fed ronyon^e cries.
 Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger :
 But in a sieve I 'll thither sail^f,
 And, like a rat without a tail,
 I 'll do, I 'll do, and I 'll do.

2 WITCH. I 'll give thee a wind.

1 WITCH. Th' art kind.

^a *Bellona's bridegroom* is here undoubtedly Macbeth ; but Henley and Steevens, fancying that the God of War was meant, chuckle over Shakspeare's ignorance in not knowing that Mars was not the husband of Bellona.

^b This is the original punctuation, which we think, with Tieck, is better than
 " Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm."

^c Without the slightest ceremony Steevens omits the emphatic word *present*, as "injurious to metre."

^d *Aroint thee.* See 'King Lear;' Illustration of Act III. Sc. 4.

^e *Ronyon.* See 'As You Like It;' Note on Act II. Sc. 2.

3 WITCH. And I another.

1 WITCH. I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

2 WITCH. Show me, show me.

1 WITCH. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wrack'd, as homeward he did come.

[Drum]

3 WITCH. A drum, a drum:

Macbeth doth come.

ALL. The weird^a sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine:

Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

MACB. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BAN. How far is 't call'd to Forres?—What are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

^a *Weird*. There can be no doubt that this term is derived from the Anglo-Saxon spoken; and in the same way that the word *fate* is anything spoken, *weird* and *fatal* are synonymous, and equally applicable to such mysterious beings as Macbeth's witches. We can therefore agree with Tieck that the word is *wayward*—wilful. He says that it is written in the original; but this is not so; it is written *weyward*, which Steevens says is a blunder of a transcriber or printer. We doubt this; for the word is thus written *weyward*, to mark it consists of two syllables. For example, in the second Act, Banquo says—

“I dreamt last night of the three *weyward* sisters.”

But it is also written *weyward*:—

“As the *weyward* women promis'd, and I fear.”

Here the word is *one* syllable by elision. When the poet uses the word *wayward* in the original, the editors of the original do not confound the words. Thus, in the third Act, Banquo says—

“And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a *wayward* son.”

And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MACB. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

BAN. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical*, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 WITCH. Hail!

2 WITCH. Hail!

3 WITCH. Hail!

1 WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 WITCH. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

MACB. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

BAN. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them: Whither are they vanish'd?

MACB. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

* *Fantastical*—belonging to fantasy—imaginary.

SCENE III.]

MACBETH.

BAN. Were such things here as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten on^a the insane root^b,

That takes the reason prisoner?

MACB. Your children shall be kings.

BAN. You shall be king.

MACB. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

BAN. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

ROSSE. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post^c; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

ANG. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

ROSSE. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

BAN. What, can the devil speak true?

MACB. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

ANG. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life

^a *On*. The modern editors substitute *of*; but why should we reject an ancient idiom for modernising?

^b *Herbane* is called *insana* in an old book of medicine, which Shakspeare might have seen.

^c This passage stands thus in the original:—

"He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post."

We venture to adopt the reading of Rowe; principally because the expression "as thick" was rendered familiar by poetical use: Spenser has,

"As thick as hail forth poured from the sky."

And Drayton,

"Out of the town come quarries thick as hail."

Which he deserves to lose.
 Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway;
 Or did line the rebel with hidden help
 And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
 In his country's wrack, I know not^a;
 But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
 Have overthrown him.

MACB. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
 The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
 Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
 When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
 Promis'd no less to them?

BAN. That, trusted home,
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
 And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence.—
 Cousins, a word, I pray you.

MACB. Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
 This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings:
 My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function
 Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
 But what is not.

BAN. Look, how our partner's rapt.

MACB. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
 Without my stir.

BAN. New honours come upon him,
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
 But with the aid of use.

^a We follow the metrical arrangement of the original;—not a perfect one, certainly, but better than the modern text.

MACB. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

BAN. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

MACB. Give me your favour:—

My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.

Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd

Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—

Let us toward the king.—^a

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

BAN. Very gladly.

MACB. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

DUN. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

MAL. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 't were a careless trifle^b.

DUN. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;

^a To get rid of the two hemistichs these five lines are made four in all modern editions.

^b The metrical arrangement of this speech is decidedly improved in the modern text; but the improvement is not, as in the cases where we have rejected changes, produced by the determination to effect an absurd uniformity. The same remark applies to Macbeth's answer to the king.

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

MACB. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour*.

DUN. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

BAN. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

DUN. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

MACB. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

DUN. My worthy Cawdor!

MACB. [*Aside.*] The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:

* Sir William Blackstone interprets the word *safe* as *saved*, conceiving that the whole speech is an allusion to feudal homage: "The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage* to the king, was absolute, and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love and honour*) due to the sovereign. 'Sauf la foy que j'eo doy a nostre seignor le roy,' as it is in Littleton." According to this interpretation, then, Macbeth only professes a qualified homage to the king's throne and state, as if the king's love and honour were something higher than his power and dignity. We cannot understand this. Surely it is easier to receive the words in their plain acceptation—our duties are called upon to do everything which they can do *safely*, as regards the love and honour we bear you.

The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.*

DUN. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

LADY M. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it:
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical^a aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

ATTEN. The king comes here to-night.

LADY M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:

^a *Metaphysical*—supernatural.

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

ATTEN. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

LADY M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse [Exit Atten
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it!^a Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"³—Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

MACB. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

LADY M. And when goes hence?

MACB. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

LADY M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,

^a If fear, compassion, or any other compunctious visitings, stand between a cruel purpose and its realisation, they may be said to keep peace between them, as one who interferes between a violent man and the object of his wrath keeps peace. *It* is spelt *hit* in the original, and *Thes* poses to retain *hit*. The passage appears to us to be rendered more obscure by this reading, this mode of spelling *it* was by no means unfrequent.

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

MACB. We will speak further.

LADY M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE,
ANGUS, and Attendants.*

DUN. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

BAN. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

DUN. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble*.

LADY M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith

* We have restored the old familiar expression *God-eyld*, as suiting better with the playfulness of Duncan's speech than the *God yield us* of the modern text. Malone and Steevens each give a very long paraphrase of the passage. There is great refinement in the sentiment, but the meaning is tolerably clear. The love which follows us is sometimes troublesome; so we give you trouble, but look you only at the love we bear to you, and so bless us and thank us.

Your majesty loads our house : For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits^a.

DUN. Where 's the thane of Cawdor ?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

LADY M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

DUN. Give me your hand :
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers
Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.*

MACB. If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly : If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal^b of time,
We 'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips^c. He 's here in double trust :

^a *Hermits*—beadsmen—bound to pray for a benefactor.

^b *Shoal*—in the original, *schoole*. Theobald corrected the word to *shoal*, "by which," says Steevens, "our author means the shallow ford of life." We shall not disturb the received reading, which is unquestionably the safest.

^c The entire passage, from the beginning of the speech to this point, is obscure. Without venturing to alter the common punctuation, we would recommend an attentive consideration of the reading of the first line, as given by Mr. Macready ; and then carry on the soliloquy, as suggested by that alteration :—

"If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well.
It were done quickly, if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself^a,
 And falls on the other^b—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now, what news?

LADY M. He has almost supp'd: Why have you left the chamber?

MACB. Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY M. Know you not he has?

MACB. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,

With his surcease, success, that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all. Here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come, but in these cases
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips."

The meaning of the entire passage we interpret thus: If all were concluded when this is done, then it were well. It would be done quickly if the assassination could shut up its consequences, and ensure success in Duncan's ceasing to exist, so that this blow only might be the beginning and the end of the deed. But here, standing here upon this shallow resting-place of time, we would hazard the consequences in the life to come, except that in these cases we still have here a judgment, a decree, a law, that we but teach bloody instructions, which, being taught, return to plague the inventor of them, so that this even-handed judgment commends the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to our own lips.

^a It has been proposed (by whom we do not recollect) to read, instead of *itself*, *its sell*, its saddle. However clever may be the notion, we can scarcely admit the necessity for the change of the original. A person (and vaulting ambition is personified) might be said to *overleap* himself, as well as overbalance himself, or overcharge himself, or overlabour himself, or overmeasure himself, or overreach himself.

^b After *other* Hanmer introduced *side*. It appears to us that the sentence is broken by the entrance of Lady Macbeth; that it is not complete in itself; and would not have been completed with *side*.

Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

LADY M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage^a?

MACB. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

LADY M. What beast was 't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
• And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn,
As you have done to this.

MACB. If we should fail,——

LADY M. We fail^b.

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince^c,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck^d only: When in swinish sleep

^a We find the adage in Heywood's 'Proverbs,' 1566:—"The cat would eat fish and would not wet her feet."

^b *We fail*. This is generally pointed *We fail!*—The quiet self-possession of the punctuation we have adopted appears preferable to the original "*We fail!*"

^c *Convince*—overpower.

^d *Limbeck*—alcoholic. Shakspeare understood the construction of a still, in this happy comparison of the brain to that part of a vessel through which a distilled liquor passes.

Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell^a?

MACB. Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

LADY M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

MACB. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Quell*—murder.



[*Distant View of the Heath.*]



[Scene.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.

BAN. How goes the night, boy?

FLE. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BAN. And she goes down at twelve.

FLE. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

BAN. Hold, take my sword.—There 's husbandry* in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who 's there?

MACB. A friend.

* *Husbandry*—frugality.

BAN. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
 He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
 Sent forth great largess to your offices^a:
 This diamond he greets your wife withal,
 By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
 In measureless content.

MACB. Being unprepar'd,
 Our will became the servant to defect;
 Which else should free have wrought.

BAN. All 's well.
 I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
 To you they have show'd some truth.

MACB. I think not of them;
 Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
 We would spend it in some words upon that business^b,
 If you would grant the time.

BAN. At your kind'st leisure.

MACB. If you shall cleave to my consent^c,—when 't is,
 It shall make honour for you.

BAN. So I lose none,
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
 My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
 I shall be counsell'd.

MACB. Good repose, the while!

BAN. Thanks, sir; the like to you!

[Exit BANQUO.]

MACB. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Servant.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

^a *Offices*. This is the original word. Malone would read *officers*; but it is of little consequence whether the largess was sent to the servants or the servants' hall.

^b *We* is omitted in modern editions.

^c *Consent*—union. Macbeth covertly says, If you will unite yourself to my fortunes. Malone proposes to read *content*. Tieck says that Macbeth here purposely uses an obscure form of words.

Confounds us :—Hark !—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done 't—My husband !

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. I have done the deed :—Didst thou not hear a noise ?

LADY M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak ?

MACB. When ?

LADY M. Now.

MACB. As I descended ?

LADY M. Ay.

MACB. Hark !—

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

LADY M. Donalbain.

MACB. This is a sorry sight.

[Looking on his hands.

LADY M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACB. There 's one did laugh in his sleep,

And one cried, "Murther !" that they did wake each other ;

I stood and heard them : but they did say their prayers,

And address'd them again to sleep^a.

LADY M. There are two lodg'd together.

MACB. One cried, "God bless us !" and "Amen," the other ;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,

When they did say, God bless us.

LADY M. Consider it not so deeply

MACB. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen ?

I had most need of blessing, and amen

Stuck in my throat.

LADY M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

MACB. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more !

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve^b of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast."

LADY M. What do you mean ?

MACB. Still it cried, "Sleep no more !" to all the house :

^a Here we follow the original regulation of the lines.

^b *Sleeve*—unwrought silk—the *sfilezza* of the Italians. In 'Troilus and Cressida' we have

"Thou idle immaterial skein of *sleeve* silk."

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep: and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

LADY M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACB. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

LADY M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.]

MACB. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green—one red^a.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. *[Knock.]* I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—*[Knocking.]* Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

^a The idea of this passage, and in some degree, the expression, is to be found in a line of Heywood ('Robert Earl of Huntingdon'):

"The multitudes of seas dyed red with blood."

This gives us, we think, the meaning of *multitudinous*. Upon the mode of reading the following line the commentators are at variance. In the original it stands

"Making the green one, red."

This Malone adopts. The ordinary reading,

"Making the green—one red,"

was suggested by Murphy in the 'Gray's Inn Journal,' and adopted by Steevens. There can be little doubt, we apprehend, of the propriety of the alteration. We have a similar expression in Milton's 'Comus,'

"And makes one blot of all the air."

And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

MACB. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself.

[*Knock.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I^a would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

PORTER. Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who 's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who 's there, i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who 's there? 'Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

MACD. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

PORT. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACD. What three things does drink especially provoke?

PORT. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACD. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORT. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

MACD. Is thy master stirring?—

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

^a Steevens reads "Ay, would thou couldst." He is probably right, for *ay* is invariably written *I* in the old copy. Yet the pronoun appears to us more emphatic.

Enter MACBETH.

LEN. Good morrow, noble sir!

MACB. Good-morrow, both!

MACD. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACB. Not yet.

MACD. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

MACB. I 'll bring you to him.

MACD. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 't is one.

MACB. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

MACD. I 'll make so bold to call,

For 't is my limited^a service.

[*Exit MACDUFF*]

LEN. Goes the king hence to-day?

MACB. He does:—He did appoint so.

LEN. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death:

And, prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion and confus'd events,

New hatch'd to the woeful time,

The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night:

Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake^b.

MACB. 'T was a rough night.

LEN. My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

MACD. O horror! horror! horror!

Tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee!

MACB., LEN. What 's the matter?

MACD. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' the building.

MACB. What is 't you say? the life?

LEN. Mean you his majesty?

MACD. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENO*]

^a *Limited*—appointed.

^b We have adopted a punctuation suggested by a friend, which connects "the obscure bird with "prophesying." The regulation of the lines is that of the original.

Ring the alarum bell :—Murther! and treason!
 Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
 And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
 The great doom's image——Malcolm! Banquo!
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
 To countenance this horror! Ring the bell*.

[*Bell rings.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. What 's the business,
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

MACD. O, gentle lady,
 'T is not for you to hear what I can speak :
 The repetition, in a woman's ear,
 Would murder as it fell.——

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo! our royal master's murther'd!

LADY M. Woe, alas! what, in our house?

BAN. Too cruel, anywhere.
 Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,
 And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

MACB. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
 I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
 There 's nothing serious in mortality:
 All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

DON. What is amiss?

MACB. You are, and do not know 't,
 The spring, the head: the fountain of your blood
 Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

MACD. Your royal father 's murther'd.

MAL O, by whom?

LEN. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
 Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,

* The words "*ring the bell*" form part of the original text; and the stage direction, "*bell rings*," immediately follows. The commentators strike out "*ring the bell*," contending that these words also were a stage direction. But how natural is it that Macduff, having previously cried "*ring the alarum-bell*," should repeat the order!

So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows : they star'd, and were distracted ;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACB. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

MACD. Wherefore did you so ?

MACB. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment ? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : Who could refrain
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known ?

LADY M. Help me hence, ho !

MACD. Look to the lady.

MAL. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

DON. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us ? Let 's away ; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

MAL. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

BAN. Look to the lady :—

[LADY MACBETH is carried o

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :
In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

MACD. And so do I^a.

ALL. So all.

MACB. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

ALL. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBA

^a This speech in the original belongs to *Macduff* ; but, without any explanation, it is given the variorum editors to *Macbeth*.

MAL. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

DON. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

MAL. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSSE and an old Man.

OLD M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSSE. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

OLD M. 'T is unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

ROSSE. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

OLD M. 'T is said, they eat each other.

ROSSE. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

MACD. Why, see you not?

ROSSE. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

MACD. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

ROSSE. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend*?

MACD. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

ROSSE. 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

MACD. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

ROSSE. Where is Duncan's body?

MACD. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

ROSSE. Will you to Scone?

MACD. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

ROSSE. Well, I will thither.

MACD. Well, may you see things well done there:—adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

ROSSE. Farewell, father.

OLD M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[Exit

* *Pretend*—propose.



[Iona.]



[Forres.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

BAN. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the weird women promis'd ; and I fear
 Thou play'dst most foully for 't : yet it was said,
 It should not stand in thy posterity ;
 But that myself should be the root, and father
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
 (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope ? But, hush ; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King ; LADY MACBETH, as Queen ; LEN
 ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

MACB. Here 's our chief guest.

LADY M. If he had been forgotten

It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing^a unbecoming.

MACB. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

BAN. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

MACB. Ride you this afternoon?

BAN. Ay, my good lord.

MACB. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take^b to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

BAN. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

MACB. Fail not our feast.

BAN. My lord, I will not.

MACB. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

BAN. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

MACB. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.

[Exit BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[Exit LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.]

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our pleasure?

ATTEND. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACB. Bring them before us.—[Exit ATTEND.] To be thus, is nothing:
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo

^a *All-thing*. So the original—not *all things*, as usually printed.

^b *Take*. This is the word of the original, which Steevens has very properly retained; although Malone changes it to *talk*. It is difficult to imagine a more unnecessary change. Who could doubt our meaning if we were to say, "Well, sir, if you cannot come this afternoon, we will *take* to-morrow?"

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
 Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much he dares;
 And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none but he
 Whose being I do fear: and under him
 My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd^a my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd:
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance^b!—Who 's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the doór, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 MUR. It was, so please your highness.

MACB.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you
 In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
 How you were borne in hand^c; how cross'd; the instruments;
 Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
 To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
 Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 MUR. You made it known to us.

MACB. I did so; and went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,

^a *Fil'd*—defiled.

^b *Utterance*. The French *combat-à-outrance*. See 'Cymbeline,' Act III., Scene 1.

^c *Borne in hand*—encouraged by false hopes.

That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 MUR. We are men, my liege.

MACB. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank^a of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 MUR. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 MUR. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

MACB. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 MUR. True, my lord.

MACB. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For^b certain friends that are both his and mine,

^a In the preceding part of this speech a distinction is drawn between the *catalogue* and the *valued file*. The catalogue contains the names of all; the valued file select names. So in these lines there may be a "station in the file" above that of the "worst rank." The *rank*, then, is the row,—the *file* those set apart from the row, for superior qualities. Is not this the meaning of the military term, rank and file, which is still in use?

^b For—on account of—because of.

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 MUR. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 MUR. Though our lives——

MACB. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night*,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

1 MUR. We are resolv'd, my lord

MACB. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH *and a* Servant.

LADY M. Is Banquo gone from court?

SERV. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

LADY M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

SERV. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

LADY M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

* We understand this passage as follows. Macbeth has said,

"I will advise you where to plant yourselves;"

he then adds "Acquaint you"—inform yourselves—"with the perfect spy"—with a most careful inquiry—"o' the time"—the expected time of Banquo's return;—

"The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night."

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.

MACB. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She 'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace*, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

LADY M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

MACB. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

LADY M. You must leave this.

MACB. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

* *Peace*. For this word of the original the editor of the second folio substituted *place*; a has been adopted by all succeeding editors. The repetition of the word *peace* seems very rare in Shakspeare's manner; and as every one who commits a crime such as that of Macbeth pro to himself, in the result, happiness, which is another word for peace,—as the very promptin the crime disturb his peace,—we think there is something much higher in the sentiment convy by the original word than in that of *place*. In the very contemplation of the murder of Ban Macbeth is vainly seeking for peace. Banquo is the object that makes him eat his meal in and sleep in terrible dreams. His death, therefore, is determined; and then comes the fe lesson,

“Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.”

There is no peace with the wicked.

LADY M. But in them nature's copy 's^a not eterne.

MACB. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle^b, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

LADY M. What 's to be done?

MACB. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling^c night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 MUR. But who did bid thee join with us?

3 MUR. Macbeth.

2 MUR. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 MUR. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 MUR. Hark! I hear horses.

BAN. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 MUR. Then 't is he; the rest

^a *Nature's copy.* Johnson explains this as *the copy*, the lease, by which they hold their lives from nature; and Ritson says it is the *copy of court roll*. Is not this very forced? Although the expression may be somewhat obscure, does not every one feel that the *copy* means the individual, —the particular cast from nature's mould, a perishable copy of the prototype of man?

^b *Shard-borne beetle*—the beetle borne on its shards, or scaly wing-cases. See 'Cymbeline,' Illustration of Act III., Scene 3.

^c *Seeling*—blinding. The expression is taken from the practice of closing the eyelids of hawks.

That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

1 MUR. His horses go about.

3 MUR. Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch preceding them.

2 MUR. A light, a light!

3 MUR. 'T is he.

1 MUR. Stand to 't.

BAN. It will be rain to-night.

1 MUR. Let it come down. [Assaults BANQUO.

BAN. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;

Thou mayst revenge.—O slave! [Dies. FLEANCE and Servant escape.

3 MUR. Who did strike out the light?

1 MUR. Was 't not the way?

3 MUR. There 's but one down; the son is fled.

2 MUR. We have lost the best half of our affair.

1 MUR. Well, let 's away, and say how much is done. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace. A Banquet prepared.*

Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

MACB. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome.

LORDS. Thanks to your majesty.

MACB. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

LADY M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

MACB. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:
Both sides are even: Here I 'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we 'll drink a measure
The table round.—There 's blood upon thy face.

MUR. 'T is Banquo's then.

MACB. 'T is better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

MUR. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

MACB. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet he 's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

MUR. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

MACB. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock:
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo 's safe?

MUR. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

MACB. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that 's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed;
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We 'll hear, ourselves, again.

[Exit Murderer.]

LADY M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,
'T is given with welcome*: To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

MACB. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

LEN. May it please your highness sit?

Enter the Ghost of BANAUO and sits in MACBETH's place⁵.

MACB. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

ROSSE. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

MACB. The table 's full.

LEN. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

MACB. Where?

LEN. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?

* We understand, *that 't is given with welcome.*

MACB. Which of you have done this?

LORDS. What, my good^a lord?

MACB. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

ROSSE. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

LADY M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

MACB. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

LADY M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACB. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

[Ghost *disappears*]

LADY M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

MACB. If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY M. Fie, for shame!

MACB. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

LADY M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACB. I do forget:—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;

^a Steevens omits *good*.

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;
Then I 'll sit down :—Give me some wine, fill full :—

Enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

LORDS. Our duties, and the pledge.

MACB. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth hide thee !
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

LADY M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 't is no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACB. What man dare, I dare :

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhabit then^a, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence !—Why, so ;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

[*Ghost disappears.*]

LADY M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

MACB. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

ROSSE. What sights, my lord ?

LADY M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse and worse ;
Question enrages him : at once, good night :—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

^a *Inhabit then.* This is the original reading, which has been changed into *inhibit thee*. Horne Tooke contended that the true meaning is, that if he were dared to the desert he would not skulk within his house.

LEN. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

LADY M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

MACB. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

LADY M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACB. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

LADY M. Did you send to him, sir?

MACB. I hear it by the way; but I will send:

There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

LADY M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACB. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.

1 WITCH. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

HEC. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done,
Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and everything beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that, distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*Within.*] 'Come away, come away,' &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see;
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

1 WITCH. Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be back again.

[*Exit.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, and another Lord.

LEN. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth,—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late;
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep:

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

LORD. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours;—
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

LEN. Sent he to Macduff?

LORD. He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, "You 'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

LEN. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

LORD. I 'll send my prayers with him!

[*Exeunt.*]



[*The Harmuir.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

- 1 WITCH. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 WITCH. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 WITCH. Harpier cries:—"T is time, 't is time.
1 WITCH. Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold * stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
2 WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake:

* This is the reading of the original—*cold*. The line is certainly defective in rhythm, for a pause here cannot take the place of a syllable, unless we pronounce *cold*—co-old. There is no natural retardation. We do not, however, alter the text. The emendation of Steevens is

Pope wrote,
"Toad, that under *coldest* stone."
"Toad, that under *the cold* stone."

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble;
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;
 Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

3 WITCH. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
 Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
 Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew;
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab;
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron^a,
 For the ingredients of our caldron.

ALL. Double, double, toil and trouble;
 Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

2 WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.

HEC. O, well done! I commend your pains;
 And every one shall share i' the gains,
 And now about the caldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in. [*Music and a Song, "Black spirits," &c.*]^b

2 WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes:—
 Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,
 What is 't you do?

ALL. A deed without a name.

^a *Chaudron*—entrails.

^b This is the original stage-direction. The modern editors have inserted four lines of a song, which they find in Middleton's 'Witch,' but without any authority for their introduction here, beyond the stage-direction. In the Witch scene of Act III. we have mention of a song 'Come away.' These words are also in Middleton. If the song of the fourth Act should be inserted in the text, why not that of the third Act? See Illustration.

MACB. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
 (Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me :
 Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches : though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up ;
 Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down ;
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
 Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
 Of nature's germins* tumble all together,
 Even till destruction sicken, answer me
 To what I ask you.

1 WITCH. Speak.

2 WITCH. Demand.

3 WITCH. We 'll answer.

1 WITCH. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
 Or from our masters'?

MACB. Call them, let me see them.

1 WITCH. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow ; grease, that 's sweaten
 From the murderer's gibbet, throw
 Into the flame.

ALL. Come, high, or low ;
 Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

MACB. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 WITCH. He knows thy thought ;
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

APP. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff ;
 Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—Enough.

[*Descends.*]

MACB. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks ;
 Thou hast harp'd my fear aright :—But one word more :—

1 WITCH. He will not be commanded : Here 's another,
 More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

APP. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

MACB. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

APP. Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to scorn
 The power of man, for none of woman born
 Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*]

* *Germins*—the original is *germaine*. *Germins* are seeds ; *germaine*, kindred, something closely related to another.

MACB. Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

ALL. Listen, but speak not to 't.

APP. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

[*Descends.*]

MACB. That will never be;
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head^a rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL. Seek to know no more.

MACB. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise^b is this?

[*Hautboys.*]

1 WITCH. Show! 2 WITCH. Show! 3 WITCH. Show!

ALL. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order; the last with a Glass in his hand; BANQUO following.

MACB. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—And thy hair^c,

^a *Head.* The old copy has *dead*. The correction of *head*, which is evidently required, was made by Theobald.

^b *Noise.* This is the *music* of the hautboys, the word *noise* being synonymous with the sound of instruments. It was so little understood, even by John Kemble, that under his management a *shriek* was here heard.

^c *Hair.* This is the original word; but the modern reading is *air*. Monck Mason acutely defends the old reading: "It implies that their *hair* was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeness than the *air*, which depends on habit."

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
 A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
 Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
 What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
 Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
 Which shows me many more; and some I see,
 That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
 Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 't is true;
 For the blood-bolter'd^a Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 WITCH. Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
 And show the best of our delights;
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your antique round:
 That this great king may kindly say,
 Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

MACB. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
 Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
 Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

LEN. What's your grace's will?
 MACB. Saw you the weird sisters?
 LEN. No, my lord.
 MACB. Came they not by you?
 LEN. No, indeed, my lord.
 MACB. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
 And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
 The galloping of horse: Who was 't came by?
 LEN. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
 Macduff is fled to England.
 MACB. Fled to England?
 LEN. Ay, my good lord.
 MACB. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
 The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
 Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
 The very firstlings of my heart shall be
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:

^a *Blood-bolter'd.* *Bolter'd* is a word of the midland counties, meaning begrimed, besmeared.

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool :
But no more sights !—Where are these gentlemen ?
Come, bring me where they are.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle**Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Rosse.*

LADY MACD. What had he done to make him fly the land ?
Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. MACD. He had none :
His flight was madness : When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. MACD. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love :
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself : But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further :
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves ; when we hold rumour
From what we fear ; yet know not what we fear ;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. MACD. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
I take my leave at once.

[*Exit Rosse.*]

L. MACD. Sirrah, your father 's dead ;

And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

SON. As birds do, mother.

L. MACD. What, with worms and flies ?

SON. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. MACD. Poor bird ! thou 'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

SON. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. MACD. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for a father ?

SON. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. MACD. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

SON. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. MACD. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

SON. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. MACD. Ay, that he was.

SON. What is a traitor ?

L. MACD. Why, one that swears and lies.

SON. And be all traitors that do so ?

L. MACD. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

SON. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie ?

L. MACD. Every one.

SON. Who must hang them ?

L. MACD. Why, the honest men.

SON. Then the liars and swearers are fools : for there are liars and swearers
enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. MACD. Now God help thee, poor monkey !

But how wilt thou do for a father ?

SON. If he were dead, you 'd weep for him : if you would not, it were a good
sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. MACD. Poor prattler ! how thou talkest !

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly :

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here : hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you !

I dare abide no longer.

[Exit Messenger.]

L. MACD. Whither should I fly ?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
 I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
 Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
 Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
 Do I put up that womanly defence,
 To say, I have done no harm? What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

MUR. Where is your husband?

L. MACD. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
 Where such as thou mayst find him.

MUR. He 's a traitor.

SON. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd^a villain.

MUR. What, you egg! *[Stabbing him.*
 Young fry of treachery!

SON. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you. *[Dies.*

[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying "Murder!" and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III.—England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

MAL. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
 Weep our sad bosoms empty.

MACD. Let us, rather,
 Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
 Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,
 New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
 As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
 Like syllable of dolour.

MAL. What I believe, I 'll wail;
 What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
 As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
 What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
 This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
 Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well;
 He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but something
 You may deserve^b of him through me; and wisdom

^a *Shag-hair'd*, a form of abuse found in old plays, and even in law reports. The original has *shag-ear'd*.

^b *Deserve*. The original reads *discerne*.

To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb,
To appease an angry God.

MACD. I am not treacherous.

MAL. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

MACD. I have lost my hopes.

MAL. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

MACD. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is affeer'd*.—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

MAL. Be not offended;

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds: and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

MACD. What should he be?

MAL. It is myself I mean: in whom I know

* The original reads, *the Title is affeer'd*. The modern reading is, *thy Title is affeer'd*. Does Macduff mean to say, hurt and indignant at the doubts of Malcolm, the *title* (personifying the regal title) is *afear'd*—frighted;—and, therefore, "poor country," "wear thou thy wrongs;" or, continuing to apostrophise "great tyranny," "wear thou thy wrongs"—enjoy thy usurpation; *wrong*s being here opposed to rights: the title is *afeer'd*—confirmed—admitted—as affeerors decide upon a claim, and terminate a dispute? We hold to the latter interpretation.

All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

MACD. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

MAL. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

MACD. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

MAL. With this there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

MACD. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons^a to fill up your will,

^a *Foysons*—abundant provision.

SCENE III.]

MACBETH.

Of your mere own : All these are portable*,
With other graces weigh'd.

MAL. But I have none : The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them ; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

MACD. O Scotland ! Scotland !

MAL. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as I have spoken.

MACD. Fit to govern !
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptre'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed ?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king : the queen, that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well !
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here !

MAL. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste : But God above
Deal between thee and me ! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;

* *Portable*. The word is used in the same sense in 'Lear ;'
How light and *portable* my pain seems now."

At no time broke my faith; would not betray
 The devil to his fellow; and delight
 No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 Already at a point*, was setting forth;
 Now we 'll together: And the chance, of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
 MACD. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
 'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

MAL. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

DOCT. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls
 That stay his cure: their malady convinces
 The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend.

MAL. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

MACD. What 's the disease he means?

MAL. 'T is call'd the evil;

A most miraculous work in this good king:
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks⁷,
 Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

MACD. See, who comes here?

MAL. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

* So the original. Some read, "*all ready*;" and it is held that "*at a point*" means fully equipped, as in 'Hamlet,' "armed at point." This we know is point-device; but we have no example of the use of the word with the article. Is it not that the "ten thousand warlike men" were already assembled "at a point?"—at a particular spot where they had collected—a point of space?

MACD. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

MAL. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

ROSSE. Sir, Amen.

MACD. Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSSE. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

MACD. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

MAL. What 's the newest grief?

ROSSE. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

MACD. How does my wife?

ROSSE. Why, well.

MACD. And all my children?

ROSSE. Well too.

MACD. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

ROSSE. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

MACD. Be not a niggard of your speech: How goes it?

ROSSE. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

MAL. Be 't their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

ROSSE. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them^a.

^a *Latch them*—lay hold of them.

MACD. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

ROSSE. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

MACD. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

ROSSE. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

MACD. Humph! I guess at it.

ROSSE. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

MAL. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

MACD. My children too?

ROSSE. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

MACD. And I must be from thence! My wife kill'd too?

ROSSE. I have said.

MAL. Be comforted:

Let 's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

MACD. He has no children*.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

MAL. Dispute it like a man.

MACD. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

* One would imagine that there could be no doubt of whom Macduff was thinking when he says, "He has no children:" but the commentators here enter into a discussion whether Macbeth had any children, or not; and upon the whole they consider that Macduff points at Malcolm, reproaching him for saying "Be comforted." We have seen it so acted. Look at the whole course of the heart-stricken man's sorrow. He is first speechless; he then ejaculates "my children too?" then, "my wife kill'd too?" And then, utterly insensible to the words addressed to him,

"He has no children.—All my pretty ones?"

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

MAL. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACD. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

MAL. This time^a goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Time*. Rowe changed this to *tune*. Gifford has shown, in a note on Massinger, that the two words were once synonymous in a musical acceptation; and that *time* was the more ancient and common term.



[*Forres—Eminence at the Western Extremity.*]



[Dunkeld.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

DOCT. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENT. Since his majesty went into the field*, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCT. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENT. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCT. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

* Steevens says, "This is one of Shakspeare's oversights: he forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers." We may reply, this is one of Steevens's bold assertions. In the next scene the Scotchmen say "the English power is near." When an enemy is advancing from another country, is it not likely that the commander about to be attacked would first go "into the field" before he finally resolved to trust to his "castle's strength?"

GENT. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

DOCT. How came she by that light?

GENT. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

DOCT. You see, her eyes are open.

GENT. Ay, but their sense is shut.

DOCT. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

GENT. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY M. Yet here's a spot.

DOCT. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

LADY M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two: Why, then 't is time to do 't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!

DOCT. Do you mark that?

LADY M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

DOCT. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

GENT. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

LADY M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

DOCT. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

GENT. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

DOCT. Well, well, well,—

GENT. 'Pray God it be, sir.

DOCT. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

LADY M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

DOCT. Even so?

LADY M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone; To bed, to bed, to bed.

[Exit LADY MACBETH.]

DOCT. Will she go now to bed?

GENT. Directly.

DOCT. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
 Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
 To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
 More needs she the divine than the physician.
 God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
 Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
 And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
 My mind she has mated^a, and amaz'd my sight:
 I think, but dare not speak.

GENT. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

MENT. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
 His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
 Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
 Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
 Excite the mortified man^b.

ANG. Near Birnam wood
 Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

CATH. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LEN. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
 Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
 And many unrough youths, that even now
 Protest their first of manhood.

MENT. What does the tyrant?

CATH. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
 Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
 Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
 He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
 Within the belt of rule.

ANG. Now does he feel
 His secret murders sticking on his hands;
 Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
 Those he commands move only in command,
 Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief.

^a *Mated*—amated—dismayed.

^b *Mortified man*. We think, with Warburton, that the poet here means a hermit or religious ascetic,—one indifferent to the concerns of the world, but who would be excited to fight by such "causes" of revenge as Macduff comes with.

MENT. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

CATH. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

LEN. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants..

MACB. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg^a with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon;
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

SERV. There is ten thousand—

MACB. Geese, villain?

SERV. Soldiers, sir.

MACB. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

SERV. The English force, so please you.

MACB. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push

^a *Sagg*—sink down.

Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.
 I have liv'd long enough : my way of life^a
 Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf :
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
 Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and^b dare not.
 Seyton !—

Enter SEYTON.

SEY. What 's your gracious pleasure ?

MACB. What news more ?

SEY. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

MACB. I 'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

SEY. 'T is not needed yet.

MACB. I 'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skir^c the country round ;

Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour :—

How does your patient, doctor ?

DOCT. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

MACB. Cure her of that :

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;

Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;

And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,

Which weighs upon the heart ?

DOCT. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

^a Dr. Johnson proposed to read "*May of life.*" If the poet intended to represent Macbeth as a young man,—one in the

"*May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood,*"—

who had by his crimes and their consequent anxieties

"*Fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,*"—

the emendation would be just and beautiful. But we doubt if the poet had any such intention. The expression "*way of life*" appears to us equivalent with "*time of year*" in the seventy-third Sonnet:—

"That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

Gifford says, "*way of life* is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for *life.*"

^b Modern editions read *but*; contrary to the original.

^c *Skir*—*scur*—*scour*.

MACB. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
 Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
 Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
 Come, sir, despatch:—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
 The water of my land, find her disease,
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,
 That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
 What rhubarb, senna^a, or what purgative drug,
 Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?
 DOCT. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
 Makes us hear something.

MACB. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exit.*

DOCT. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Country near Dunsinane: A Wood in view.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF,
 MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.*

MAL. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
 That chambers will be safe.

MENT. We doubt it nothing.

SIW. What wood is this before us?

MENT. The wood of Birnam.

MAL. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
 And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow
 The numbers of our host, and make discovery
 Err in report of us.

SOLD. It shall be done.

SIW. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
 Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
 Our setting down before 't.

MAL. 'T is his main hope:
 For where there is advantage to be given,
 Both more and less^b have given him the revolt;
 And none serve with him but constrained things,
 Whose hearts are absent too.

MACD. Let our just censures

^a *Senna*. The original reads *cyme*.

^b *More and less*. Shakspeare uses these words, as Chaucer and Spenser use them, for *greater and less*.

Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

MACB. Hang out our banners on the outer walls;
The cry is still, "They come:" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within, of women.*]

SEY. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

MACB. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

SEY. The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACB. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty* death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,

* *Dusty*. Warburton would read *duky*. In 'Troilus and Cressida' we have "dusty nothing." Douce has the following valuable illustration of the passage: "Perhaps no quotation can be better calculated to show the propriety of this epithet than the following grand lines in 'The Vision of Pierce Plowman,' a work which Shakspeare might have seen:—

'Death came drivynge after, and all to dust pashed
Kynges and kayzers, knyghtes and popes.'

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

MESS. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

MACB. Well, say, sir.

MESS. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and, anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

MACB. Liar, and slave !

[Striking him.]

MESS. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so ;
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

MACB. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution^a ; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth : " Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane ;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out !—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell :—Blow wind ! come wrack !
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with boughs.

MAL. Now, near enough ; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,

^a Monck Mason gives an illustration from Fletcher, which explains the use of *pull in* :—

" All my spirits,
As if they had heard my passing bell go for me,
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny."

Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

SIW. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

MACD. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none^a.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. SIW. What is thy name?

MACB. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. SIW. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

MACB. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. SIW. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

MACB. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. SIW. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

MACB. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

MACD. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy face:
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,

^a We have again the small critics discovering oversights in Shakspeare. Mrs. Lenox, the queen of fault-finders, says, "Shakspeare seems to have committed a great oversight in making Macbeth, after he found himself deceived in the prophecy relating to Birnam wood, so absolutely rely on the other, which he had good reason to fear might be equally fallacious." If Mrs. Lenox had known as much of human nature as Shakspeare knew, she would have understood that one hope destroyed does not necessarily banish all hope;—that the gambler who has lost thousands still believes that his last guinea will redeem them;—and that the last of a long series of perishing delusions is as firmly trusted as if the great teacher, Time, had taught nothing.

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.

[*Exit. Alarum.*]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

SIW. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

MAL. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

SIW. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

MACB. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

MACD. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

MACB. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

MACD. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!

[*They fight.*]

MACB. Thou lovest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

MACD. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

MACB. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

MACD. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

MACB. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough." [Exeunt, fighting.]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,
ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

MAL. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

SIW. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MAL. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

ROSSE. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

SIW. Then he is dead?

ROSSE. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

SIW. Had he his hurts before?

ROSSE. Ay, on the front.

SIW. Why, then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

MAL. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

SIW. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

MACD. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands
The usurper's curs'd head: the time is free;
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

ALL. Hail, king of Scotland!

[Flourish.]

MAL. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]



[The Dunsinane Range.]

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

¹ SCENE II.

"Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied."

In the Second Part of 'Henry VI.' we have this passage :—

"The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array."

Barnaby Rich describes the *gallowglass* as a foot-soldier armed with a skull, a shirt of mail, and a gallowglass axe. The *kernes* he denounces as the very dross and scum of the country, ready to run out with every rebel.

² SCENE III.—*"But in a sieve I'll thither sail."*

In a pamphlet called 'News from Scotland,' 1591, it is shown how certain witches, who pretended to bewitch and drown his majesty (our James I.) in the sea coming from Denmark, "together went to sea, each one in a *riddle* or *cive*, and went in the same very substantially, with flagons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way in the same *riddles* or *cives*."

³ SCENE V.—*"Come, thick night," &c.*

This celebrated passage has given rise to

much discussion, particularly with reference to the word *blanket*. This, Malone says, was certainly the poet's word, and "perhaps was suggested to him by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which, probably, while the house was yet but half lighted, he had himself often *peeped*." But Whiter has very ingeniously illustrated the passage by another view of the subject. The internal roof of the stage was anciently called *the heavens*. This was its known and familiar name. But when tragedies were represented, the back of the stage, according to Malone, was hung with black. Whiter is persuaded that, on these occasions, the decorations about the roof, which were designed to represent the appearance of the heavens, were also covered with black. This, then, was the "blanket of the dark" through which "heaven" was not to "peep." This is certainly ingenious; but is it necessary to the understanding of the passage? Drayton, without any stage associations, has this line in an early poem :—

"The sullen night in misty rag is wrapp'd."

HISTORICAL.

It is not our intention to conduct our readers through the obscure and contradictory traditions that belong to the history of Macbeth. Shakspeare found this history, apocryphal as it may be, graphically told in Holinshed; and it will be sufficient for us to select such passages as must necessarily have passed under the poet's eye in the construction of this great tragedy.

"It fortun'd as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards Forres, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way together, without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly, in the midst of a laund^a, there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of elder world, whom

^a A plain amongst trees.

when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said, All hail, Macbeth, thane of Glamis! (for he had lately entered into that dignity and office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said, Hail, Macbeth, thane of Cawder! But the third said, All hail, Macbeth, that hereafter shalt be king of Scotland!

"Then Banquo: What manner of women (saith he) are you, that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all? Yes (saith the first of them), we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him, for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarily thou indeed shalt not reign at all; but of thee shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent. Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediately out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by Macbeth and Banquo, inasmuch that Banquo would call Macbeth in jest King of Scotland; and Macbeth again would call him in sport likewise the father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, endued with knowledge of prophecy by their necromantical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken. For, shortly after, the thane of Cawder being condemned at Forres of treason against the king committed, his lands, livings, and offices were given of the king's liberality to Macbeth.

"The same night after, at supper, Banquo jested with him, and said, Now, Macbeth, thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, their remaineth only for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to pass. Whereupon Macbeth, revolving

the thing in his mind, began even then to devise how he might attain to the kingdom; but yet he thought with himself that he must tarry a time, which should advance him thereto (by the Divine Providence) as it had come to pass in his former preferment. But shortly after it chanced that King Duncan, having two sons by his wife, which was the daughter of Siward Earl of Northumberland, he made the elder of them, called Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdom immediately after his decease. Macbeth, sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old laws of the realm, the ordinance was, that, if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take council how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to do (as he took the matter), for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claim which he might in time to come pretend unto the crown.

"The words of the three weird sisters also (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him hereunto, but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of a queen. At length, therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trusty friends, amongst whom Banquo was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised aid he slew the king at Enverns, or (as some say) at Botchosvane, in the first year of his reign. Then, having a company about him of such as he had made privy to his enterprise, he caused himself to be proclaimed king, and forthwith went unto Scone, where (by common content) he received the investure of the kingdom according to the accustomed manner."

LOCAL.

SCENE II.—*"A camp near Forres."*

Probably situated in the moors to the south of the town, so as to intercept the march of the invaders from Fife to the royal residences of

the north. Wide and almost level tracts of heath extend southwards from Forres, amidst which the march of an army might be discerned from a great distance. It must be mentioned

that the stage direction, "Camp near Forres," does not occur in the original; although it is clear in the third Scene that Macbeth and Banquo are on their way thither:—

"How far is't called to Forres?"

SCENE II.—"*St. Colmes' inch.*"

Inch; Island. St. Colmes'; St. Columba's.—This island of St. Columba lies in the Firth of Forth, off the coast of Fife, a little to the east of North Queensferry. Alexander I. was wrecked on this island, and entertained by a hermit. In memory of his preservation Alex-

ander founded a monastery, to which great sanctity attached for many centuries, and the remains of which are still conspicuous. It was often plundered by English marauders; but it was so generally believed that the saint invariably avenged himself on the pirates, that the sacredness of the place, as the scene of conferences and contracts, remained unimpaired. The "Norwegian king" was probably compelled to disburse his "ten thousand dollars" on this spot before burying his men on the soil of Fife, in order to make his humiliation as solemn and emphatic as possible.



[*St. Colmes' Inch.*]

SCENE III.—"*A Heath.*"

Common superstition assigns the Harmuir, on the borders of Elgin and Nairn, as the place of the interview between Macbeth and the weird sisters. A more dreary piece of moorland is not to be found in all Scotland. Its eastern limit is about six miles from Forres, and its western four from Nairn, and the high road from these places intersects it. This "blasted heath" is without tree or shrub. A few patches of oats are visible here and there, and the eye reposes on a fir-plantation at one extremity; but all around is bleak and brown, made up of peat and bog-water, white stones and bushes of furze. Sand-hills and a line of blue sea, beyond which are the distant hills of Ross and Caithness, bound it to the north; a farmstead or two may be seen afar off; and the ruins of a castle rise from amidst a few trees on the estate of Brodie of Brodie on the north-west. There is something startling to a stranger in seeing the solitary figure of the peat-digger or rush-gatherer

moving amidst the waste in the sunshine of a calm autumn day; but the desolation of the scene in stormy weather, or when the twilight fogs are trailing over the pathless heath or settling down upon the pools, must be indescribable.

Boece narrates the interview of Macbeth and Banquo with the weird sisters as an actual occurrence; and he is repeated by Holinshed. Buchanan, whose mind was averse from admitting more superstitions than were necessary to historical fidelity, relates the whole scene as a dream of Macbeth's. It is now scarcely possible even for the imagination of the historical student to make its choice between the scene of the generals, mounted and attended by their troops, meeting the witches in actual presence on the waste of the Harmuir, and the encounter of the aspiring spirit of Macbeth with the prophets of its fate amid the wilder scenery of the land of dreams. As far as the superstition is concerned with the real history, the poet has bound us in

his mightier spells. The Witches of Shakspeare have become realities.

SCENE III.—“*Thane of Glamis.*”

Glamis Castle, five miles from Forfar, is one of the four or five castles in which the murder of Duncan is erroneously declared to have been perpetrated. Previous to 1372 a small castle, two stories high, stood on this spot, commanding a wide extent of level country, bounded in one direction by the range of Dunsinane Hills, and within view of Birnam Hill. Tradition assigns this old stronghold as the occasional residence of Macbeth; who, however, as will be seen elsewhere, could never have dwelt within

stone walls. The present magnificent edifice is above a hundred feet in height, and contains a hundred rooms; and the walls of the oldest part of the building are fifteen feet thick. An ancient bedstead is preserved in it, on which it is pretended that Duncan was murdered. Glamis Castle is made by tradition the scene of another murder—that of Malcolm II., in 1034. The property passed into the hands of the Strathmore family (to whom it still belongs) in 1372, on occasion of the marriage of John Lyon, ancestor of the family, with a daughter of Robert II., from whom the estate was received as a gift.



[Glamis Castle.]

SCENE III.—“*Thane of Cawdor.*”

Cawdor Castle is another supposed scene of the murder of Duncan. A portion of Duncan's coat-of-mail is pretended to be shown there; and also the chamber in which he was murdered, with the recess, cut out of the thickness of the walls, in which the king's valet hid himself during the perpetration of the deed. Cawdor Castle is about six miles from Nairn, and stands on a rising ground above the windings of the Calder, overlooking a wide tract of woodland, bounded on the north by the Moray Firth. It has a moat and drawbridge; and a part of it, without date, shows marks of very high antiquity. The more modern part bears the date of 1510. Tradition says that the original

builder of this castle was desired to load an ass with the gold he could afford for his edifice, to follow where the ass should lead, and build where it should stop. The ass stopped at a hawthorn in the wood, and this hawthorn was built into the centre chamber of the ground-floor of the castle. There it is still, worn and cut away till it is a slender wooden pillar in the midst of the antique apartment. Beside it stands the chest which contained the gold; and here, it is supposed, did the train of Duncan mingle in revel with the servants of Macbeth on the night of the murder. The stranger who stands in the low dim vault, regrets that history and tradition cannot be made to agree.



[Caerlor Castle.]

SCENE IV.—“*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*”

Forres is a town of great antiquity. At its western extremity there is an eminence commanding the river, the level country to the coast of Moray Firth, and the town. On this spot, advantageous for strength and survey, stand the ruins of an ancient castle, the walls of which are very massive, and the architecture Saxon. Tradition declares, that before this castle was built the fort stood there in which King Duffus was murdered in 965 or 966. It is probable that this fort was the residence of Duncan, and afterwards of Macbeth, when the court or royal army was at Forres. The imagination of the student of the chroniclers or of Shakspeare fixes on this green mound as the spot where Macbeth bent the knee to his sovereign, while internally occupied with the greetings which had just met him on the Harmuir.

SCENE V.—“*Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*”

Boece declares that Macbeth's castle, in which Duncan was murdered, was that which stood on an eminence to the south-east of the town of Inverness. It is certain that the building, called a castle, which stood there, was razed to the ground by Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, who built another on a different part of the hill. It was this last, dismantled in the war of 1745, which Dr. Johnson and Boswell entered in 1773, apparently without any suspicion that it was not the identical place in which Duncan was received by Lady Macbeth. Boswell not only recognises the “pleasant seat” of the building, but looks up with veneration to the battlements on which the raven croaked. He declares—“I had a romantic satisfaction in seeing Dr. Johnson actually in it.” It appears,

however, from the researches of antiquarians, that the castles in Macbeth's days were not built of stone and mortar at all. The "vitrified forts," whose vestiges are found scattered over Scotland, and which are conjectured to be the work of the primitive Celtic inhabitants, remain a mystery, both as to their construction and purposes; but, with the exception of these, there are no traces of erections of stone of so early a date as the reign of Duncan. The forts and castles of those days appear to have been composed of timber and sods, which crumbled and dissolved away ages ago, leaving only a faint circle upon the soil, to mark the place where they stood. It is thus that the site of Lunfanan Fort, in Perthshire (the supposed scene of Macbeth's death), has been ascertained. This fact about the method of building in that age settles the question of Duncan's murder at Cawdor Castle, or Glamis, or any other to which that event has been assigned. It could not have taken place in any building now in existence.

It is now believed by some that Duncan was not assassinated at all, but slain in battle. Later

historians follow Boece in his declaration that the king was murdered in Macbeth's castle at Inverness; but the register of the Priory of St. Andrew's says, "Doncath interfectus est in *Bothgonanan*." Fordun says that, being wounded, he was conveyed to Elgin, and died there. The meaning of *Bothgonanan* being "the smith's dwelling," it has been conjectured that the king was murdered by ambushed assassins, at or near a smith's dwelling, in the neighbourhood of Elgin.

Supposing the murder to have taken place, however, at Macbeth's castle at Inverness, the abode might well be said to have "a pleasant seat." The hill overhangs the river Ness, and commands a fine view of the town, the surrounding levels, and the mountains which inclose Loch Ness to the west. The eminence is at present crowned with the new castle, not long ago finished, which contains the courts and the offices connected with them. No vestiges remain of Malcolm's castle, visited by Dr. Johnson and Boswell as the Macbeth's castle of Boece and Shakspeare.

ACT II.

' SCENE II.—"Who's there?—what, ho!"

AFTER "That summons thee to heaven or to hell," Tieck inserts—"he ascends,"—and says, "we learn afterwards that he descends. I have inserted this stage direction that the reader may the better understand the construction of the old theatre." Again, when Macbeth calls out "Who's there?" he inserts, before the exclamation, "he appears above," and after it, "he again withdraws." Tieck says, "I have also added these directions for the sake of perspicuity. The editors make him say this without being seen—'within'—which is an impossibility. To whom should he make this inquiry within the chambers, where all are sleeping? The king, besides, does not sleep in the first, but in the second chamber; how loud, then, must be the call to be heard from within the second chamber in the court-yard below! The original

at this passage has '*Enter Macbeth*.' I explain this peculiar direction thus:—Macbeth lingers yet a moment within: his unquiet mind imagines it hears a noise in the court below, and thoughtlessly, bewildered, and crazed, he rushes back to the balcony, and calls beneath, 'Who's there?' in his agony, however, he waits for no answer, but rushes back into the chambers to execute the murder. Had Fleance, or Banquo, or even any of the servants of the house, whom he had but just sent away, been beneath, the whole secret deed would have been betrayed. I consider this return, which appears but a mere trifle, as a striking beauty in Shakspeare's drama. He delights (because he always sets tragedy in activity through passion as well as through intrigue) in suspending success and failure on a needle's point."

LOCAL.

SCENE IV.

"And gone to Scone,
To be invested."

The ancient royal city of Scone, supposed to

have been the capital of the Pictish kingdom, lay two miles northward from the present town of Perth. It was the residence of the Scottish

monarchs as early as the reign of Kenneth M'Alpin, and there was a long series of kings crowned on the celebrated stone enclosed in a chair, now used as the seat of our sovereigns at coronations in Westminster Abbey. This stone was removed to Scone from Dunstaffnage, the yet earlier residence of the Scottish kings, by Kenneth II., soon after the founding of the abbey of Scone by the Culdees in 838, and was transferred by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey in 1296. This remarkable stone is reported to have found its way to Dunstaffnage from the plain of Luz, where it was the pillow of the patriarch Jacob while he dreamed his dream.

An aisle of the abbey of Scone remains. A few poor habitations alone exist on the site of the ancient royal city.



[Coronation Chair.]

SCENE IV. "Where is Duncan's body?
Carried to Colmes-kill."

Colmes-kill (St. Columba's Cell). *Icolm-kill*. *Hyona*. *Iona*.—The island of Iona, separated only by a narrow channel from the island of Mull, off the western coast of Argyle, was the place of sepulture of many Scottish kings; and, according to tradition, of several Irish and Norwegian monarchs. This little island, only three miles long and one and a half broad, was once the most important spot of the whole cluster of British Isles. It was inhabited by Druids previous to the year 563, when Colum M'Felim M'Fergus, afterwards called St. Columba,

landed with twelve companions, and began to preach Christianity. A monastery was soon established on the spot, and others afterwards arose in the neighbouring isles, and on the mainland. A noble cathedral was built, and a nunnery at a short distance from it, the ruins of both of which still remain. The reputation of the learning, doctrine, and discipline of these establishments extended over the whole Christian world for some centuries; devotees of rank or other eminence strove for admission into them; missionaries of the highest qualifications issued from them; the records of royal deeds were preserved there; and there the bones of kings reposed. Historians seem to agree that all the monarchs of Scotland, from Kenneth III. to Macbeth, inclusive—that is, from 973 to 1040—were buried at Iona; and some suppose that the cathedral was a place of royal sepulture from the time of its erection. The island was several times laid waste by the Danes and by pirates; and the records which were saved were removed to Ireland in consequence of the perpetual peril; but the monastic establishments survived every such attack, and remained in honour till the year 1561, when the Act of the Convention of Estates was passed, by which all monasteries were doomed to demolition. Such books and records as could be found in Iona were burnt, the tombs were broken open, and the greater number of its host of crosses thrown down or carried away.

The cathedral of Iona, as seen afar off from the outside of Fingal's Cave in Staffa, standing out against the western sky, is a singular object in the midst of some of the wildest scenery of the ocean,—the only token of high civilisation—the solitary record of an intellectual world which has passed away. It presides over a wide extent of stormy waters, with their scattered isles; and the stone crosses of its cemetery, and the lofty walls and Saxon and Gothic arches of its venerable buildings, form a strange contrast with the hovels of the fishermen which stand upon the shore.

In the cemetery, among the monuments of the founders and of many subsequent abbots, are three rows of tombs, said to be those of the Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings, in number reported to be forty-eight. For statements like these, however, there is no authority but tradition. Tradition itself does not pretend to individualise these tombs; so that the stranger must be satisfied with the knowledge that within

the enclosure where he stands lie Duncan and Macbeth.

Corrach, two miles from Fort William, retains some distinction from being the place whence the bodies of the Scottish monarchs were embarked for the sacred island. While traversing the stormy waters which surround these gloomy western isles, the imagination naturally reverts to the ancient days when the

funeral train of barks was tossing amidst the waves, and the chant of the monks might be heard from afar welcoming the remains of the monarch to their consecrated soil.

Some of the Irish and Norwegian kings buried in Iona were pilgrims, or had abdicated their thrones and retired to the monastery of St. Columba.

ACT III.

* SCENE IV.—“*Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place.*”

THIS is the stage direction of the original; and nothing can be more precise. It presents the strongest evidence that, in the representation of this tragedy within sixteen years of its original production, and only seven years after the death of its author, the ghost of Banquo was exhibited to the audience. It has been maintained, however, and the opinion was acted upon by John Kemble, that the ghost of Banquo ought not to be visible to the audience; and that, as it was visible only to Macbeth of all the company assembled at the solemn supper, it can only be regarded as

“A false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain,”

like the dagger which he saw previous to the murder of Duncan. This opinion is, of course, supported by the argument that the visible introduction of the ghost is to be ascribed to an injudicious stage-direction of the players, and was not intended by the poet. Tieck, in his translation of this tragedy, receives, though unwillingly, the stage-direction; and he explains that the banquet takes place on the secondary stage (see ‘Othello,’ Illustration of Act V.), and that the ghost enters from behind the curtain of that stage. There cannot, we think, be any hesitation about the acceptance of the stage-direction as evidence how the play was acted by Shakspeare’s “fellows;” and this is the best evidence we can have of Shakspeare’s own conception of the thing. But it has been held that the ghost which first startles Macbeth was not that of *Banquo*, but of *Duncan*; and that the second was that of *Banquo*. Is there anything, then, in the text inconsistent with the stage-direction? When Macbeth has hypocritically said, in his consciousness of the murder,—

“Were the grac’d person of our Banquo present,”

it is a piece of consummate art that he should see the table full, and his own chair occupied by the vision of him whose presence he has just affected to desire. His first exclamation is

“Thou canst not say I did it.”

The hired murderers had done it,—the common evasion of one perpetrating a crime through the instrumentality of another. If it be *Duncan’s* ghost, we must read,

“Thou canst not say I did it.”

But we have afterwards the expression,—

“If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.”

This must apply, it is said, to Duncan:—“Duncan is in his grave.” Of Banquo, Macbeth has just heard, “safe in a ditch he bides.” But the same species of argument is equally strong against the proposed change. If the second ghost is to be the ghost of Banquo, how can it be said of him,—“Thy bones are marrowless”? There can be no doubt that these terms, *throughout the scene*, must be received as general expressions of the condition of death as opposed to that of life; and have no more direct reference to Duncan than to Banquo.

But there is no direction in the original copy for the disappearance of the ghost before Macbeth exclaims “If I stand here I saw him.” The direction which we find is modern; but the ghost is unquestionably gone, as far as Macbeth is conscious of its presence. Macbeth recovers his self-possession. After “Give me some wine, fill full,” we have in the original the stage-direction,

Enter Ghost.

Now, then, arises the question, Is this the ghost of Banquo? The stage-direction does not prevent the belief that here it may be the ghost of Duncan.

HISTORICAL.

The murder of Banquo is thus told by Holinshed :—

"These and the like commendable laws Macbeth caused to be put as then in use, governing the realm for the space of ten years in equal justice. But this was but a counterfeit zeal of equity showed by him, partly against his natural inclination, to purchase thereby the favour of the people. Shortly after, he began to show what he was,—instead of equity, practising cruelty : for the prick of conscience (as it chanceth ever in tyrants, and such as attain to any estate by unrighteous means) caused him ever to fear lest he should be served of the same cup as he had ministered to his predecessor. The words also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which, as they promised him the kingdom, so likewise did they promise it at the same time unto the posterity of Banquo. He willed therefore the same Banquo, with his son, named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was indeed, as

he had devised, present death at the hands of certain murderers whom he hired to execute that deed, appointing them to meet with the same Banquo and his son without the palace as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slay them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might clear himself if anything were laid to his charge upon any suspicion that might arise.

"It chanced yet by the benefit of the dark night that, though the father were slain, the son, by the help of Almighty God reserving him to better fortune, escaped that danger ; and afterwards having some inkling (by the admonition of some friends which he had in the court) how his life was sought no less than his father's, who was slain not by chance-medley (as by the handling of the matter Macbeth would have had it to appear), but even upon a devise ; whereupon, to avoid further peril, he fled into Wales."

ACT IV.

* SCENE I.—"*Black spirits,*" &c.

In Act III. Scene 5, we have the stage-direction, "*Song, within, Come away, come away, &c.*" In the same manner we have in this Scene "*Music and a song, Black spirits, &c.*" In Middleton's 'Witch' we find two songs, each of which begins according to the stage-direction. The first is,

"Come away, come away;
Hecate, Hecate, come away. } *in the air.*
Hec. I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may."

The second is called 'A Charm Song about a Vessel :—

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;
Fire-drake, Puckey, make it lucky;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.

Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in, all good keep out!"

* SCENE III.

"*Hanging a golden stamp about their necks.*"

Holinshed thus describes the gift of curing the evil which was alleged to exist in the person of Edward the Confessor :—"As it has been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to help those that were vexed with the disease commonly called the king's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realm." The golden stamp is stated to be the coin called *an angel*; for the origin of which name, as given by Verstegan, see the 'Merchant of Venice,' Illustrations of Act II.

HISTORICAL.

We continue our extracts from Holinshed :—
"Neither could he afterwards abide to look upon the said Macduff, either for that he thought

his puissance over great; either else for that he had learned of certain wizards, in whose words he put great confidence, (for that the prophecy

had happened so right which the three fairies or weird sisters had declared unto him,) how that he ought to take heed of Macduff, who in time to come should seek to destroy him.

"And surely hereupon had he put Macduff to death, but that a certain witch, whom he had in great trust, had told that he should never be slain with man born of any woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castle of Dunsinane. By this prophecy Macbeth put all fear out of his heart, supposing he might do what he would without any fear to be punished for the same; for by the one prophecy he believed it was impossible for any man to vanquish him, and by the other impossible to slay him. This vain hope caused him to do many outrageous things, to the grievous oppression of his subjects. At length Macduff, to avoid peril of life, purposed with himself to pass into England, to procure Malcolm Cammore to claim the crown of Scotland. But this was not so secretly devised by Macduff but that Macbeth had knowledge given him thereof: for kings (as is said) have sharp sight like unto Lynx, and long ears like unto Midas: for Macbeth had in every nobleman's house one sly fellow or other in fee with him, to reveal all that was said or done within the same, by which flight he oppressed the most part of the nobles of his realm.

"Immediately then, being advertised whereabout Macduff went, he came hastily with a great power into Fife, and forthwith besieged the castle where Macduff dwelled, trusting to have found him therein. They that kept the house, without any resistance opened the gates, and suffered him to enter, mistrusting none evil. But nevertheless Macbeth most cruelly caused the wife and children of Macduff, with all other whom he found in that castle, to be slain. Also he confiscated the goods of Macduff, proclaimed him traitor, and confined him out of all the parts of his realm; but Macduff was already escaped out of danger, and gotten into England unto Malcolm Cammore, to try what purchase he might make by means of his support to revenge the slaughter so cruelly executed on his wife, his children, and other friends.

"Though Malcolm was very sorrowful for the oppression of his countrymen the Scots, in manner as Macduff had declared; yet, doubting whether he were come as one that came unfeignedly as he spake, or else as sent from

Macbeth to betray him, he thought to have some further trial; and thereupon, dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth.—

"I am truly very sorry for the misery chanced to my country of Scotland, but, though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason of certain incurable vices which reign in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensuality (the abominable fountain of all vices) followeth me, that, if I were made king of Scots, I should seek to destroy your maids and matrons, in such wise that mine intemperancy should be more importable unto you than the bloody tyranny of Macbeth now is. Hereunto Macduff answered, This surely is a very evil fault, for many noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdoms for the same; nevertheless there are women enough in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsel: make thyself king, and I shall con the matter so wisely, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise that no man shall be aware thereof.

"Then said Malcolm, I am also the most avaricious creature on the earth, so that if I were king I should seek so many ways to get lands and goods that I would slay the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by furnished accusations, to the end I might enjoy their lands, goods, and possessions; and therefore, to show you what mischief may ensue on you through my unsatiable covetousness, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There was a fox having a sore place on him overset with a swarm of flies that continually sucked out his blood; and when one that came by, and saw this manner, demanded whether he would have the flies driven beside him, he answered, No; for if these flies that are already full, and by reason thereof suck not very eagerly, should be chased away, other that are empty and an hungered should light in their places, and suck out the residue of my blood, far more to my grievance than these, which, now being satisfied, do not much annoy me. Therefore, said Malcolm, suffer me to remain where I am, lest, if I attain to the regiment of your realm, mine unquenchable avarice may prove such that ye would think the displeasures which now grieve you should seem easy in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might ensue through my coming amongst you.

"Macduff to this made answer, how it was a far worse fault than the other; for avarice is

the root of all mischief, and for that crime the most part of our kings have been slain and brought to their final end. Yet, notwithstanding, follow my counsel, and take upon thee the crown. There is gold and riches enough in Scotland to satisfy thy greedy desire. Then said Malcolm again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all other kind of deceit, so that I naturally rejoice in nothing so much as to betray and deceive such as put any trust and confidence in my words. Then, sith there is nothing that more becometh a prince than constancy, verity, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those fair and noble virtues which are comprehended only in soothfastness, and that lying utterly overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to govern any province or regiment; and, therefore, sith you have remedies to cloak and hide all the rest of my other vices, I pray you find shift to cloak this vice amongst the residue.

"Then said Macduff, This yet is the worst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore say, Oh ye unhappy and miserable Scotchmen, which are thus scourged with so many and sundry calamities, each one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth

over you without any right or title, oppressing you with his most bloody cruelty. This other, that hath the right to the crown, is so replete with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing worthy to enjoy it; for, by his own confession, he is not only avaricious and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withal, that no trust is to be had unto any word he speaketh. Adieu, Scotland! for now I account myself a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation. And with those words the brackish tears trickled down his cheeks very abundantly.

"At the last, when he was ready to depart, Malcolm took him by the sleeve, and said, Be of good comfort, Macduff, for I have none of these vices before remembered, but have jested with thee in this manner only to prove thy mind: for diverse times heretofore hath Macbeth sought by this manner of means to bring me into his hands; but the more slow I have showed myself to condescend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall I use in accomplishing the same. Incontinently hereupon they embraced each other, and, promising to be faithful the one to the other, they fell in consultation how they might best provide for all their business, to bring the same to good effect."

LOCAL.

SCENE II.—*"Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle."*

On the Fifeshire coast, about three miles from Dysart, stand two quadrangular towers, supposed to be the ruins of Macduff's castle.

These are not the only remains in Scotland, however, which claim to have been the abode of Macduff's wife and children when they were surprised and slaughtered by Macbeth.

ACT V. HISTORICAL.

HOLINSHED thus narrates the catastrophe:—

"He had such confidence in his prophecies, that he believed he should never be vanquished till Bernane wood were brought to Dunsinane; nor yet to be slain with any man that should be or was born of any woman.

"Malcolm, following hastily after Macbeth, came the night before the battle unto Bernane wood, and, when his army had rested awhile there to refresh them, he commanded every man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might bear,

and to march forth therewith in such wise that on the next morrow they might come closely and without sight in this manner within view of his enemies. On the morrow, when Macbeth beheld them coming in this sort, he first marvelled what the matter meant, but in the end remembered himself that the prophecy which he had heard long before that time, of the coming of Bernane Wood to Dunsinane Castle, was likely to be now fulfilled. Nevertheless, he brought his men in order of battle, and exhorted them to do valiantly; howbeit his

enemies had scarcely cast from them their boughs when Macbeth, perceiving their numbers, betook him straight to flight, whom Macduff pursued with great hatred, even till he came unto Lunfannaine, where Macbeth, perceiving that Macduff was hard at his back, leaped beside his horse, saying, Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldst thus in vain follow me, that am not appointed to be slain by any creature that is born of a woman? Come on, therefore, and receive thy reward, which thou hast deserved for thy pains: and therewithal he lifted up his sword, thinking to have slain him.

"But Macduff, quickly avoiding from his horse ere he came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his hand), saying, It is true,

Macbeth, and now shall thine insatiable cruelty have an end, for I am even he that thy wizards have told thee of; who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her womb: therewithal he stepped unto him, and slew him in the place. Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm. This was the end of Macbeth, after he had reigned seventeen years over the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his reign he accomplished many worthy acts, very profitable to the commonwealth (as ye have heard); but afterwards, by illusion of the devil, he defamed the same with most terrible cruelty. He was slain in the year of the Incarnation 1057, and in the sixteenth year of King Edward's reign over the Englishmen."

LOCAL.



[In Birnam Wood.]

SCENE IV. "What wood is this before us?
The wood of Birnam."

Birnam Hill is distant about a mile from Dunkeld; and the two old trees, which are believed to be the last remains of Birnam Wood, grow

by the river side, half a mile from the foot of the hill. The hills of Birnam and Dunsinane must have been excellent posts of observation in time of war, both commanding the level country which lies between them, and various

passes, lochs, roads, and rivers in other directions. Birnam Hill, no longer clothed with forest, but belted with plantations of young larch, rises to the height of 1040 feet, and exhibits, amidst the heath, ferns, and mosses, which clothe its sides, distinct traces of an ancient fort, which is called Duncan's Court. Tradition says that Duncan held his court there. The Dunsinane Hills are visible, at the distance of twelve miles, from every part of its northern side. Birnam Hill is precisely the point where a general, in full march towards Dunsinane, would be likely to pause, to survey the plain which he must cross; and from this spot would the "leavy screen" devised by Malcolm become necessary to conceal the amount of the hostile force from the watch on the Dunsinane heights:—

"Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us."

SCENE V.

"As I did stand my watch upon the hill."

It is not ascertained on which hill of the Dunsinane range, in Perthshire, Macbeth's forces were posted. Behind Dunsinane House there is a green hill, on the summit of which are vestiges of a vitrified fort, which tradition has declared to be the remains of Macbeth's castle.

The country between Birnam and Dunsinane is level and fertile, and from several parts of the Dunsinane range the outline of Birnam Hill is visible; but, as the distance is twelve miles in a direct line, no sentinel on the Dunsinane Hills could see the wood at Birnam begin to move, or even that there was a wood. We must suppose either that the distance was contracted for the poet's purposes, or that the wood called Birnam extended from the hill for some miles into the plain:—

"Within this three mile may you see it coming."

WITCHCRAFT.

THERE is a point of specific knowledge in the tragedy of 'Macbeth' which opens out a wide field of inquiry. Coleridge has said—"The Weird Sisters are as true a creation of Shakespeare's, as his Ariel and Caliban,—fates, furies, and materialising witches being the elements. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience." Fully acknowledging that the weird sisters are a creation—for all the creations of poetry to be effective must still be akin to something which has been acted or believed by man, and therefore true in the highest sense of the word—we have still to inquire whether there were in existence any common materials for this poetical creation. We have no doubt that the witches of 'Macbeth' "are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers." Charles Lamb says of the 'Witch of Edmonton,' a tragi-comedy by Rowley, Dekker, and Ford, that Mother Sawyer "is the plain traditional old woman witch of our ancestors; poor, deformed, and ignorant; the terror of villages, herself amenable to a justice." She has "a familiar which serves her in the likeness of a black dog." It is he who strikes the horse lame, and nips the sucking child, and forbids

the butter to come that has been churning nine hours. It is scarcely necessary to inquire whether the 'Witch' of Middleton preceded the 'Macbeth' of Shakespeare. Davenant engrafted Middleton's Lyrics upon the stage 'Macbeth;' but those who sing Locke's music are not the witches of Shakespeare. Middleton's witches are essentially unpoetical, except in a passage or two of these Lyrics. Hecate, their queen, has all the low revenges and prosaic occupations of the meanest of the tribe. Take an example:—

"Hec. Is the heart of wax
Stuck full of magic needles?
Stodlin. 'T is done, Hecate.
Hec. And is the farmer's picture, and his wife's,
Laid down to th' fire yet?
Stod. They are a roasting both, too.
Hec. Good;
Then their marrows are a melting subtly.
And three months' sickness sucks up life in 'em.
They deny'd me often flour, barm, and milk,
Goose-grease and tar, when I ne'er hurt their churning,
Their brew-locks, nor their batches, nor fore-spoke
Any of their breedings. Now I'll be meet with 'em.
Seven of their young pigs I have bewitch'd already
Of the last litter; nine ducklings, thirteen goslings,
and a hog
Fell lame last Sunday after even-song too.
And mark how their sheep prosper; or what soup
Each milch-kine gives to th' pail: I'll send these snakes
Shall milk 'em all beforehand: the dew'd-skirted dairy wenches
Shall stroke dry dugs for this, and go home cursing:

I'll mar their syllabubs, and swathy feasting
Under cows' bellies, with the parish youth."

Maudlin, the witch of Ben Jonson's 'Sad Shepherd,' is scarcely more elevated. He has, indeed, thrown some poetry over her abiding place—conventional poetry, but sonorous:—

"Within a gloomy dimble she doth dwell,
Down in a pit o'ergrown with brakes and briars,
Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey,
Torn with an earthquake down unto the ground,
'Mongst graves and grots, near an old charnel-house."

But her pursuits scarcely required so solemn a scene for her incantations. Her business was

"To make ewes cast their lambs, swine eat their farrow,
The housewives' tun not work, nor the milk churn;
Write the children's wrists, and suck their breath in sleep,
Get vials of their blood; and where the sea
Casts up his slimy ooze, search for a weed
To open locks with, and to rivet charms,
Planted about her in the wicked feat
Of all her mischiefs, which are manifold."

For these ignoble purposes she employs all the spells of classical antiquity; but she is nevertheless nothing more than the traditional English witch who sits in her form in the shape of a hare:—

"I'll lay
My hand upon her, make her throw her skut
Along her back, when she doth start before us.
But you must give her law: and you shall see her
Make twenty leaps and doubles; cross the paths,
And then squat down beside us."

The peculiar elevation of the weird sisters, as compared with these representations of a vulgar superstition, may be partly ascribed to the higher character of the scenes in which they are introduced, and partly to the loftier powers of the poet who introduces them. But we think it may be also shown, in a great degree, that some of their peculiar attributes belong to the superstitions of Scotland rather than to those of England; and, if so, we may next inquire how the poet became familiarly acquainted with those superstitions.

The first legislative enactment against witchcraft in England was in the 33rd of Henry VIII. This bill is a singular mixture of unbelief and credulity. The preamble recites that "Where [whereas] divers and sundry persons unlawfully have devised and practised invocations and conjurations of spirits, pretending by such means to understand and get knowledge for their own lucre in what place treasure of gold and silver should or might be found or had in the earth or other secret places, and also have used and

occupied witchcrafts, enchantments, and sorceries, to the destruction of their neighbours' persons and goods." Thus the witches have pretended to get knowledge of treasure, but they have used enchantments to the injury of their neighbours. The enactment makes it felony to use or cause to be used "any invocations or conjurations of spirits, witchcrafts, enchantments or sorceries, to the intent to get or find money or treasure, or to waste, consume, or destroy any person in his body, members, or goods." So little was the offence regarded in England, or the protection of the law desired, that this statute was repealed amongst other new felonies in the first year of Edward VI., 1547. The Act of the 5th of Elizabeth, 1562-3, exhibits a considerable progress in the belief in witchcraft. It recites that, since the repeal of the statute of Henry VIII., "Many fantastical and devilish persons have devised and practised invocations and conjurations of evil and wicked spirits, and have used and practised witchcrafts, enchantments, charms, and sorceries, to the destruction of the persons and goods of their neighbours, and other subjects of this realm." The enactment makes a subtle distinction between those who "use, practise, or exercise any invocations or conjurations of evil and wicked spirits to or for any intent or purpose," and those who "use any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person shall happen to be killed or destroyed." The conjuration of spirits, for any intent, was a capital crime: plain witchcraft was only capital when a person was through it killed or destroyed. It would seem, therefore, that witchcraft might exist without the higher crime of the conjuration of evil spirits. By this enactment the witchcraft which destroyed life was punishable by death; but the witchcraft which only wasted, consumed, or lamed the body or member, or destroyed or impaired the goods of any person, was punishable only with imprisonment and the pillory for the first offence. The treasure-finders were dealt with even more leniently. The climax of our witch legislation was the Act of the 1st of James I., 1603-4. This statute deals with the offence with a minute knowledge of its atrocities which the learning of England had not yet attained to. The King brought this lore from his own land: "And for the better restraining the said offences, and more severe punishing the same, be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that if any person or

persons, after the said Feast of Saint Michael the Archangel next coming, shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil and wicked spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil and wicked spirit to or for any intent or purpose, or take up any dead man, woman, or child out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone, or any other part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; or shall use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in his or her body, or any part thereof; that then every such offender or offenders, their aiders, abettors, and counsellors, being of any the said offences duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer pains of death as a felon or felons, and shall lose the privilege and benefit of clergy and sanctuary." It is a remarkable proof of the little hold which the belief in witchcraft had obtained in England, that the legislation against the crime appears to have done very little for the production of the crime. "In one hundred and three years from the statute against witchcraft, in the 33rd of Henry VIII. till 1644, when we were in the midst of our civil wars, I find but about sixteen executed."* The popular fury against witchcraft in England belongs to a later period, which we call enlightened; when even such a judge as Hale could condemn two women to the flames, and Sir Thomas Browne, upon the same occasion, could testify his opinion that "the subtlety of the devil was co-operating with the malice of these which we term witches." It was in 1597 that James VI. of Scotland [James I.] published his 'Dæmonology,' written "against the damnable opinions of two principally, in our age, whereof the one called Scott, an Englishman, is not ashamed, in public print, to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft." The opinions of the King gave an impulse, no doubt, to the superstitions of the people, and to the frightful persecutions to which those superstitions led. But the popular belief assumed such an undoubting form, and displayed itself in so many shapes of wild imagination, that we may readily believe that the legal atrocities were as much a consequence of the delusion as

that they fostered and upheld it. If Shakspeare were in Scotland about this period, he would find ample materials upon which to found his creation of the weird sisters, materials which England could not furnish him, and which it did not furnish to his contemporaries.

On the 2nd of February, 1596, a commission was issued by the King of Scotland "in favour of the Provost and Baillies of the burgh of Aberdeen, for the trial of Janet Wishart and others accused of witchcraft." Other commissions were obtained in 1596 and 1597, and during the space of one year no less than twenty-three women and one man were burned in Aberdeen, upon conviction of this crime, in addition to others who were banished and otherwise punished. Many of the proceedings on this extraordinary occasion were recently discovered in an apartment in the Town House of that city, and they were published in 1841 in the first volume of 'The Miscellany of the Spalding Club,'—a Society established "For the printing of the historical, ecclesiastical, genealogical, topographical, and literary remains of the north-eastern counties of Scotland." These papers occupy more than a hundred closely-printed quarto pages; and very truly does the editor of the volume say "There is a greater variety of positive incident, and more imagination, displayed in these trials than are generally to be met with in similar records. . . . They reflect a very distinct light on many obsolete customs, and on the popular belief of our ancestors." We opened these most curious documents with the hope of finding something that might illustrate, however inadequately, the wonderful display of fancy in the witches of Shakspeare—that extraordinary union of a popular belief and a poetical creation which no other poet has in the slightest degree approached. We have not been disappointed. The documents embody the superstitions of the people within four years of the period when Shakspeare is supposed to have visited Scotland; and when the company of which he was one of the most important members is held to have played at Aberdeen. The popular belief, through which twenty-four victims perished in 1597, would not have died out in 1601. Had Shakspeare spent a few weeks in that city, it must have encountered him on every side, amidst the wealthy and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the clergy and the laity. All appear to have concurred in the unshaken confidence that they were acting

* 'An Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft,' by Francis Hutchinson, D.D., 1720.

rightly in the allegation and the credence of the most extraordinary instances of supernatural power. It was unnecessary that Shakspeare should have heard the trials or read the documents which are now open to us, if he had dwelt for a short time amongst the people who were judges and witnesses. The popular excitement did not subside for many years. To the philosophical poet the common delusion would furnish ample materials for wonder and for use.

'Graymalkin,' the cat, and 'Paddock,' the toad, belong to the witch superstitions of the south as well as the north. The witches of the extreme north, the Laplanders and Finlanders, could bestow favourable winds. Reginald Scott, with his calm and benevolent irony, says, "No one endued with common sense but will deny that the elements are obedient to witches and at their commandment, or that they may, at their pleasure, send rain, hail, tempests, thunder, lightning, when she, being but an old doting woman, casteth a flint stone over her left shoulder towards the west." Shakspeare in 'Macbeth' dwells upon this superstition :—

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair,"

say the witches in the first Scene. The second and third sisters will each give their revengeful sister "a wind :"—

"I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card."

Macbeth and Banquo, before they meet the sisters, have not seen "so foul and fair a day." Macbeth, in the incantation scene, invokes them with,

"Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches."

In the 'Dittay against Issobell Oige' at Aberdeen she is thus addressed :—"Thou art indicted and accused of practising of thy witchcraft in laying of the wind, and making of it to become calm and lowdin [smooth] a special point taught to thee by thy master Satan."^a In those humble practices of the witches in 'Macbeth' which assimilate them to common witches, such as "killing swine" in the third Scene of the first Act, Shakspeare would scarcely need the ample authority which is furnished by charge upon charge in the trials at Aberdeen. But even amongst these there is one incident so

^a In these quotations we shall take the freedom to change the Scottish orthography into English, to save unnecessary difficulty to our readers.

peculiar that we can scarcely believe that the poet could have conceived it amongst the woods and fields of his own mid-England :—

"A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :—' Give
me,' quoth I :
' Aroint thee, witch !' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger :
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do."

One of the images here employed certainly came from Scotland. The witches who were evidence against Dr. Fian, the notable sorcerer who was burnt at Edinburgh in 1591, in their discovery "how they pretended to bewitch and drown his Majesty in the sea coming from Denmark," testified "that all they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or *sieve*." The revengeful witch goes on to say,

"Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd."

In the indictment against Violet Leys, she is told that "Alexander Lasoun thy husband, being one long time mariner in William Finlay's ship, was put forth of the same three years since. Thou and thy umquhile mother together bewitched the said William's ship, that since thy husband was put forth of the same she never made one good voyage; but either the master or merchants at some times through tempest of weather were forced to cast overboard the greatest part of their lading, or then to perish, men, ship, and gear." This is a veritable seaport superstition; and it is remarkable that nearly all the dialogue of the witches before "Macbeth doth come" is occupied with it. Such delusions must have been rife at Aberdeen at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the witch superstitions of England, whether recorded in legislative enactments, in grave treatises, or in dramatic poetry, we find nothing of witchcraft in connection with maritime affairs.

We have seen that, in the enactment of Henry VIII., the superstitious belief that the power of witchcraft could waste the body, was especially regarded. Shakspeare need not, therefore, have gone farther for,

"Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary sev'n nights nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

But the extent to which this belief was carried

in Aberdeen, in 1596-7, is almost beyond credence. There was no doubt a contagious distemper ravaging the city and neighbourhood; for nearly all the witches are accused of having produced the same effects upon their victims—"The one half day rossin [roasting] as in a fiery furnace, with an extraordinary kind of drought that she could not be slookit [slaked], and the other half day in an extraordinary kind of sweating, melting and consuming her body as a white burning candle, which kind of sickness is a special point of witchcraft." Still this is not essentially a superstition of the north. Bishop Jewell, preaching before the Queen previous to the revived statute against witchcraft, says, "Your grace's subjects pine away even unto the death. Their colour fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is benumbed, their sense is bereft." But there is a superstition alluded to in 'Macbeth' which we do not find in the south. Banquo addresses the weird sisters,—

"If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me."

This may be metaphorical, but the metaphor is identical with an Aberdeen delusion. In the accusation against Johnnet Wischert there is this item—"Indicted for passing to the green growing corn in May, twenty-two years since or thereby, sitting thereupon tymous in the morning before the sun-rising, and being there found and demanded what she was doing, thou answered, I shall tell thee, I have been piling [peeling] the blades of the corn, I find it will be one dear year, the blade of the corn grows withersones [contrary to the course of the sun], and when it grows songatis about [with the course of the sun] it will be good cheap year."

The witches' dance can scarcely be distinctly found in any superstition of the south. In 'Macbeth' the first witch says,—

"I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round."

The Aberdeen trials abound with charges against those who partook in such fearful merriment. They danced early in the morning upon St. Catherine's Hill; they danced at twelve-hours at even round the Fish Cross of the borough. The devil, their master, was with them, playing on his form of instruments. Marion Grant is thus accused: "Thou confessed that the devil thy master, whom thou termost Christsonday, caused thee dance sundry times with him, and

with Our Lady, who, as thou sayest, was a fine woman, clad in a white wallcoat, and sundry others of Christsonday's servants with thee whose names thou knowest not, and that the devil played on his form of instruments very pleasantly unto you." Here is something like the poetry of witchcraft opening upon us. Here are dances something approaching to those of Hecate—

"Live elves and fairies in a ring."

Here is what the editor of the 'Witchcraft Trials' so justly calls a display of "imagination." What if we here should find the very character of Hecate herself—something higher than the Dame Hecate of Ben Jonson,—more definite in her attributes than the Hecate of the mythology? Andro Man is thus indicted:—"Thou art accused as a most notorious witch and sorcerer, in so far as thou confessest and affirmest thyself that by the space of threescore years since or thereby the devil thy master came to thy mother's house in the likeness and shape of a woman whom thou callest the Queen of Elphen." The Queen of Elphen, with others, rode upon white hackneys. She and her company have shapes and clothes like men, and yet they are but shadows, but are starker [stronger] than men; "and they have playing and dancing when they please, and also that the Queen is very pleasant, and will be old and young when she pleases." The force of imagination can scarcely go farther than in one of the confessions of this poor old man:—"Thou affirmest that the Queen of Elphen has a grip of all the craft, but Christsonday is the good man, and has all power under God, and that thou kenest sundry dead men in their company, and that the king who died in Flodden and Thomas Rymour is there." There is here almost imagination enough to have suggested the scene of that vision of the dead of which Macbeth exclaimed—

"Now, I see, 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me."

* The reader cannot fail to observe that this article of the witch-belief lingered in Scotland until the period when Burns preserved it for all time in 'Tam o' Shanter':—

"Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and merriment in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes, and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl."

COSTUME.

THE rudely-sculptured monuments and crosses which time has spared upon the hills and heaths of Scotland, however interesting to the antiquary in other respects, afford but very slender and uncertain information respecting the dress and arms of the Scotch Highlanders in the eleventh century; and attempt how we will to decide from written documents, a hundred pens will instantly be flourished against us. Our own opinion, however, formed long ago, has within these few years been confirmed by that of a most intelligent modern historian^a, who says "it would be too much, perhaps, to affirm that the dress, as at present worn, in all its minute details, is ancient; but it is very certain that it is compounded of three varieties in the form of dress which were separately worn by the Highlanders in the seventeenth century, and that each of these may be traced back to the remotest antiquity." These are:—1st, The belted plaid; 2nd, The short coat or jacket; 3rd, The truis. With each of these, or, at any rate, with the two first, was worn, from the earliest periods to the seventeenth century, the long-sleeved, saffron-stained shirt, of Irish origin, called the *Leni-croich*^b. Pitscottie, in 1573, says, "they (the Scotch Highlanders) be clothed with ane mantle, with ane schirt, saffroned after the Irish manner, going bare-legged to the knee." And Nicolay d'Arfeville, cosmographer to the King of France, who published at Paris, in 1583, a volume entitled '*La Navigation du Roy d'Escosse Jacques, cinquiesme du nom, autour de son Royaume et Isles Hebrides et Orchades, soutez la conduite d'Alexandre Lindsay, excellent Pilote Escossois*,' says, "they wear, like the Irish, a large full shirt, coloured with saffron, and over this a garment hanging to the knee, of thick wool, after the manner of a cassock (*soutane*). They go with bare heads, and allow their hair to grow very long, and they wear neither stockings nor shoes, except some who have buskins (*botines*) made in a very old fashion, which come as high as the knees." Lesley, in 1578, says, "all, both nobles and common people, wore mantles of one sort

(except that the nobles preferred those of different colours); these were long and flowing, but capable of being gathered up at pleasure into folds. . . . They had also shaggy rugs, such as the Irish use at the present day. . . . The rest of their garments consisted of a *short woollen jacket*, with the sleeves open below, for the convenience of throwing their darts, and a covering for the thighs of the simplest kind, more for decency than for show or defence against cold. They made also of linen very large shirts, with numerous folds and very large sleeves, which flowed abroad loosely on their knees. These the rich coloured with saffron, and others smeared with some grease to preserve them longer clean among the toils and exercises of a camp, &c."^a Here we have the second variety—that of the short woollen jacket with the open sleeves; and this confirms most curiously the identity of the ancient Scottish with the ancient Irish dress, as the Irish chieftains who appeared at court in the reign of Elizabeth were clad in these long shirts, short open-sleeved jackets, and long shaggy mantles, the exact form of which may be seen in the woodcut representing them engraved in the '*History of British Costume*,' p. 369, from a rare print of that period in the collection of the late Francis Douce, Esq. The third variety is the truis, or trowse, "the breeches and stockings of one piece," of the Irish in the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, and the *bracchæ* of the Belgic Gauls and Southern Britons in that of Cæsar. The truis has hitherto been traced in Scotland only as far back as the year 1538; and there are many who deny its having formed a portion of the more ancient Scottish dress: but independently that the document of the date above mentioned recognises it as an established "*Highland*" garment at that time, thereby giving one a right to infer its having long previously existed, the incontrovertible fact of a similar article of apparel having been worn by all the chiefs of the other tribes of the great Celtic or Gaelic family is sufficient, in our minds, to give probability to the belief that it was also worn by those of the

^a 'The Highlanders of Scotland,' by W. F. Skene, F.S.A. Scot. 2 vols. 12mo, London, Murray, 1837.—Mr. Skene in this excellent work has also thrown great light upon the real history of Macbeth, from a careful investigation and comparison of the Irish annals and the Norse Sagas.

^b "From the Irish words *leni*, shirt, and *croich*, saffron."
—Martin's '*Western Isles of Scotland*.'

^a Jean de Beaugne, who accompanied the French auxiliaries to Scotland in 1548, in like manner describes "*les sauvages*," as he calls the Highlanders, naked except their stained shirts (*chemises taintes*) and a certain light covering made of wool of various colours, carrying large bows and similar swords and bucklers to the others, i. e., the Lowlanders.

ancient Scotch Highlanders. Mr. Skene, after remarking that it was from the very earliest period the dress of the gentry of Ireland, adds that he is therefore inclined to think it was introduced from that country; but hints at no particular period, and leaves us at liberty to presume such introduction to have taken place even centuries prior to the birth of Macbeth. With regard to another hotly-disputed point of Scottish costume, the colours of the chequered cloth, commonly called *tartan* and *plaid* (neither of which names, however, originally signified its variegated appearance, the former being merely the name of the woollen stuff of which it was made, and the latter that of the garment into which it was shaped), the most general belief is, that the distinction of the clans by a peculiar pattern is of comparatively a recent date: but those who deny "a coat of many colours" to the ancient Scottish Highlanders altogether must as unceremoniously strip the Celtic Briton or Belgic Gaul of his tunic, "flowered with various colours in divisions," in which he has been specifically arrayed by Diodorus Siculus. The chequered cloth was termed in Celtic *breacan* and the Highlanders, we are informed by Mr. Logan*, give it also the poetical appellation of "*cath-dath*," signifying "the strife" or "war of colours." In Major's time (1512) the plaids or cloaks of the higher classes alone were variegated. The common people appear to have worn them generally of a brown colour, "most near," says Moniepennie, "to the colour of the hadder" (heather). Martin, in 1716, speaking of the female attire in the Western Isles, says the ancient dress, which is yet worn by some of the vulgar, called *arisad*, is a white plaid, having a few small stripes of black, blue, and red. The plain black and white stuff, now generally known in London by the name of "Shepherd's plaid," is evidently, from its simplicity, of great antiquity, and could have been most easily manufactured, as it required no

* 'History of the Gaël.' 2 vols. 8vo. London.

process of dyeing, being composed of the two natural colours of the fleece. Defoe, in his 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' describes the plaid worn in 1639 as "striped across, red and yellow;" and the portrait of Lacy the actor, painted in Charles II.'s time, represents him dressed for Sawney the Scot in a red, yellow, and black truis and belted plaid, or, at any rate, in stuff of the natural yellowish tint of the wool, striped across with black and red.

For the armour and weapons of the Scotch of the eleventh century we have rather more distinct authority. The sovereign and his Lowland chiefs appear early to have assumed the shirt of ring-mail of the Saxon; or, perhaps, the quilted *panzar* of their Norwegian and Danish invaders: but that some of the Highland chieftains disdained such defence must be admitted from the well-known boast of the Earl of Strathearn, as late as 1138, at the Battle of the Standard:—"I wear no armour," exclaimed the heroic Gaël, "yet those who do will not advance beyond me this day." It was indeed the old Celtic fashion for soldiers to divest themselves of almost every portion of covering on the eve of combat, and to rush into battle nearly, if not entirely naked.

The ancient Scottish weapons were the bow, the spear, the claymore (clédheamh-more), the battle-axe, and the dirk, or bidag, with round targets, covered with bull's-hide, and studded with nails and bosses of brass or iron. For the dress and arms of the Anglo-Saxon auxiliaries of Malcolm the Bayeux tapestry furnishes, perhaps, the nearest authority.

The Scottish female habit seems to have consisted, like that of the Saxon, Norman, and Danish women—nay, we may even add the ancient British—of a long robe, girdled round the waist, and a full and flowing mantle, fastened on the breast by a large buckle or brooch of brass, silver, or gold, and set with common crystals, or precious gems, according to the rank of the wearer. Dio describes Boadicea as wearing a variegated robe.



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